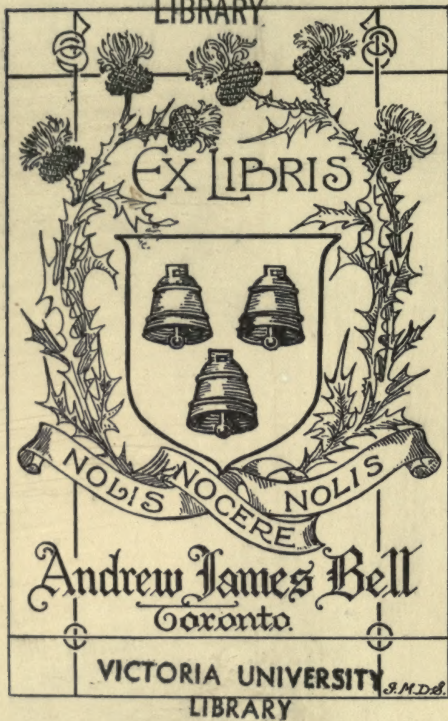
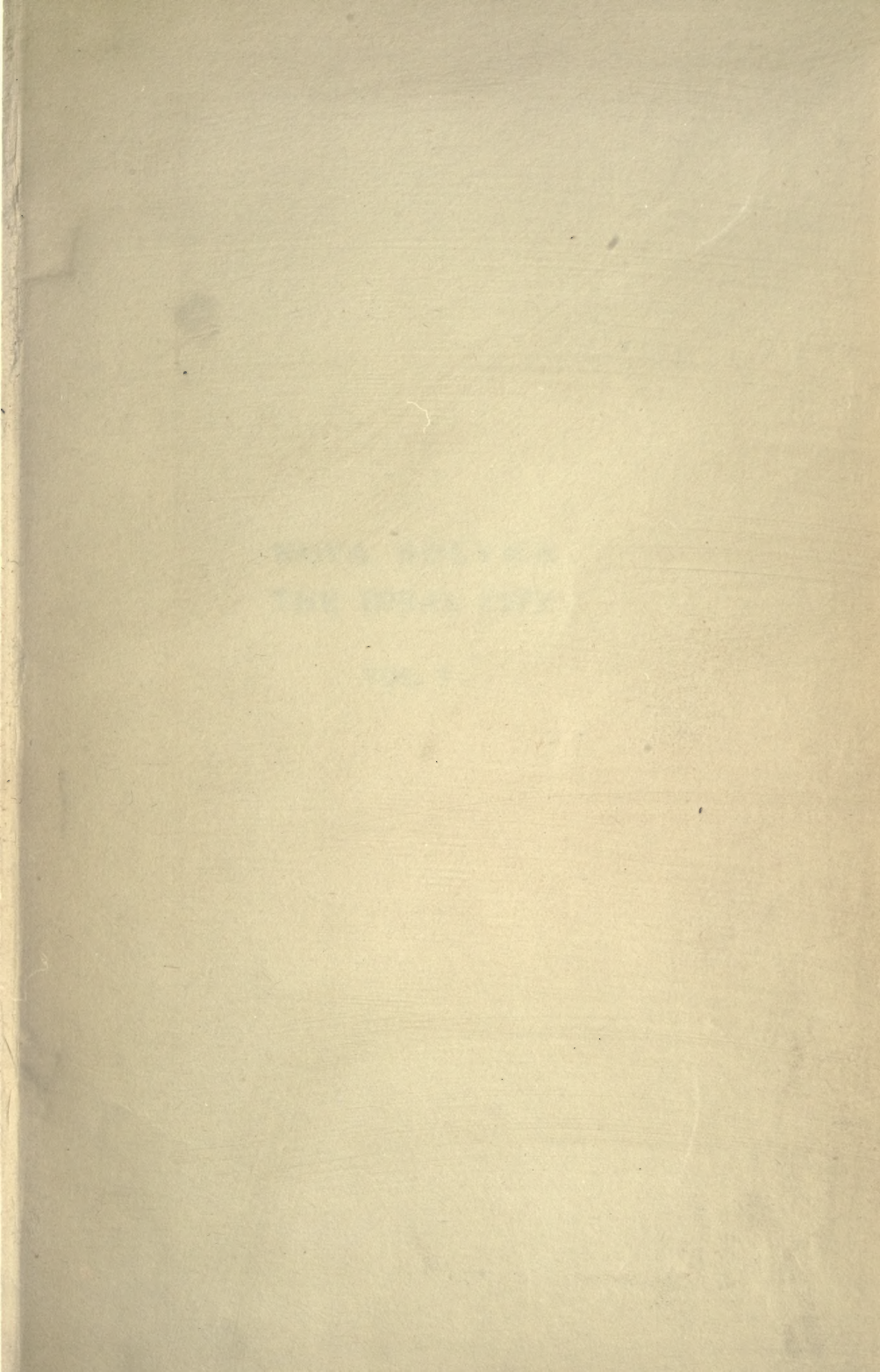
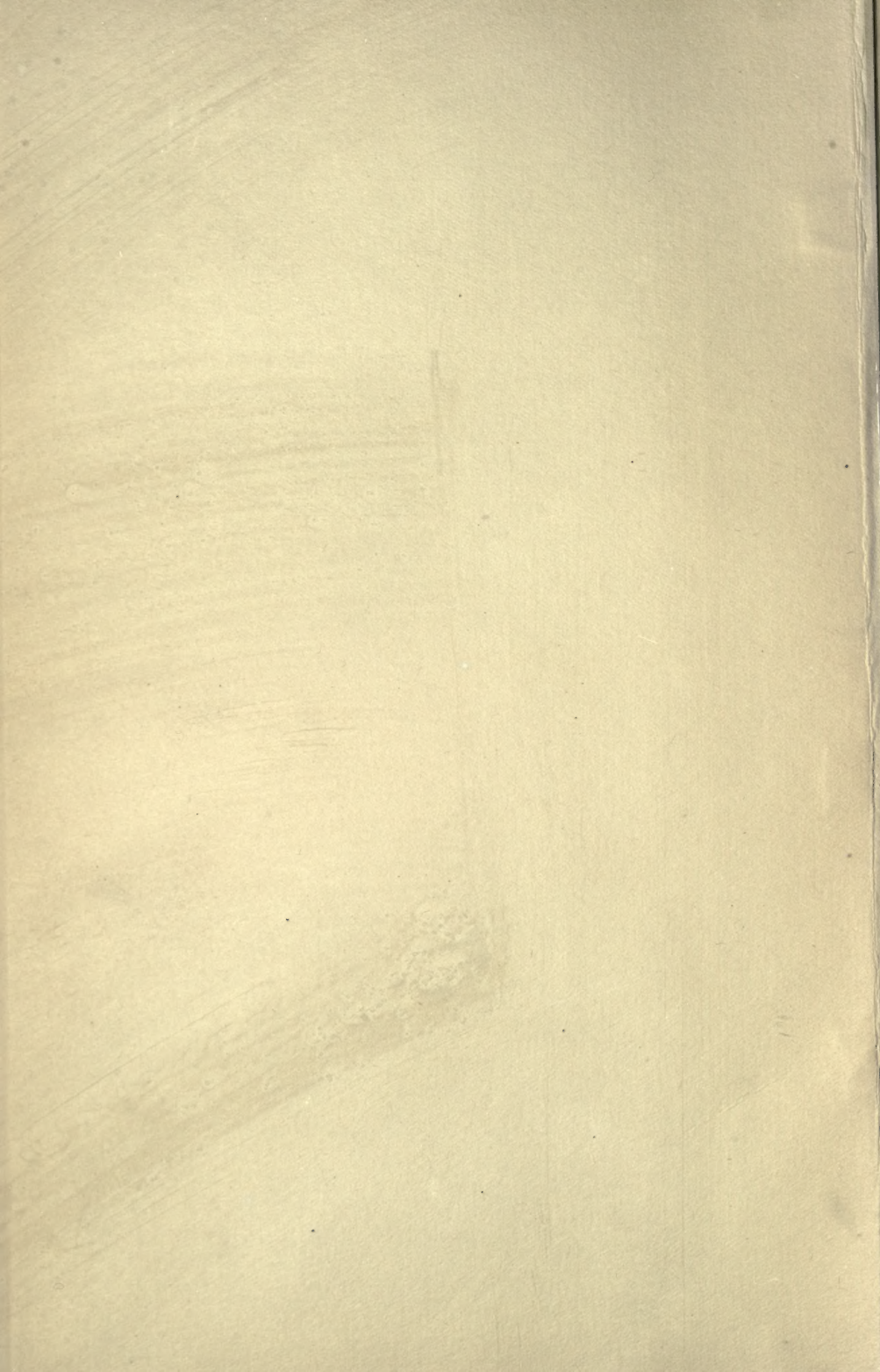


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MDCXLVIII.

NOVA SOLYMA, THE IDEAL CITY; OR JERUSALEM REGAINED

AN ANONYMOUS ROMANCE WRIT-
TEN IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

NOW FIRST DRAWN FROM OB-
SCURITY, AND ATTRIBUTED
TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS
JOHN MILTON

WITH INTRODUCTION, TRANSLATION, LITERARY ESSAYS
AND A BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY THE REV. WALTER BEGLEY

VOL. I

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1902

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PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
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TO
MY OLD FRIEND
AND
FELLOW-BIBLIOPHILE
JAMES HILTON, F.S.A.
IN REMEMBRANCE
OF MUCH PLEASANT SPORT
IN THE
CURIOUS BY-WAYS
OF
LITERATURE

"IN TALİ NUNQUAM LASSAT VENATIO SYLVÂ"

"THE lucubrations of a mind which could conceive *Paradise Lost* or the *Areopagitica* must always have a certain value."

(GRAHAM, *Selections from Milton*, p. 6.)

"WE regard the series of thoughts that was in his [Milton's] mind through any month or series of months as something of prime interest in the spirit of the past, a prize that we would give gold to recover."

(MASSON'S *Life of Milton*, iii. 52.)

"IT surely must be a matter of the utmost interest to ascertain what a man [Milton] so eminently endowed, and so free from the restraints of authority and custom in his sentiments, thought on matters which men have agreed in regarding as those of the deepest importance."

(KEIGHTLEY'S *Life of Milton*, p. 153.)

"AN editor of Milton's juvenile poems cannot but express his concern that their number is so inconsiderable. With Milton's *mellow hangings*, delicious as they are, we reasonably rest contented; but we are justified in regretting that he has left so few of his early blossoms, not only because they are so exquisitely sweet, but because so many more might have naturally been expected."

(THOMAS WHARTON, *Minor Poems of Milton, English, Italian, and Latin*, London, 1791, p. xiii.)

"MILTON was no democrat: he was an aristocratic republican like Plato. He was for an ordered liberty, a commonwealth of men whom, as Cowper said, the truth had made free, living under a reign of law. If our life and influence as a nation are to stand for a living influence in the world, if we are to be saved from the very real perils of materialism, we shall go to Milton for our ideal."

(Article in *Spectator*, November 18th, 1899.)

At ultimi nepotes
Et cordatior aetas
Judicia rebus aequiora forsitan
Adhibebit integro sinu,
Tum, livore sepulto,
Si quid merimur sana posteritas sciet.

(JOHN MILTON, *Ad Joannem Rousium*, January 13th, 1646.)

PREFACE

I HERE present to the English-speaking world, for the first time, an unknown writer of the seventeenth century of the highest character and interest, and a Latin poet withal of striking imagination as well as of great lyrical sweetness and harmony. This no one can rightly refuse to admit, for the original book carries its own incontrovertible witness with it.

That such a wide-reaching, learned, and varied work should have been allowed to remain unappreciated and utterly ignored for more than two hundred and fifty years is certainly a very surprising literary fact.

But something much more astonishing is to be added, if my contention as to its true authorship be confirmed. For it is here contended, by such evidence and inference as I have been enabled to gather, that the unknown writer is no less a personage than the illustrious John Milton himself.

The author has been careful to conceal himself throughout the book. As he mentions in his *Autocriticon* (a kind of postscript at the end of his book), he wishes, after the manner of Apelles, to take his stand, out of sight, behind his picture, so as to hear what the passers-by, the critics, and the men of the age, might say about it. He tells us it is, in the main, a work of his fervid youth, and that he had slightly touched it up later on before presenting it to the world. He says he is not yet quite satisfied with it, but he had the work by him, and could not take the trouble

or spare the time to paint it again ; but, he adds, if the critics like it, he will be perfectly ready to profit by their hints, and endeavour to present them with a better picture.

The critics seem to have been both blind and deaf. They gave no encouraging praise, and no disheartening condemnation. They simply took no notice. And so this great work of seventeenth-century art vanished from the sight of men. A few copies were put away in college libraries, where they rested for years undisturbed and dust-covered in their original positions, and have so continued to rest for two centuries and a half, lost to the world.

It was a real loss in any case, for in this book, *Nova Solyma*, we get the intimate personal philosophy of a great and independent mind living in the stirring times just before the Commonwealth.

This, apart from the Miltonic authorship, must be of considerable literary value ; but if the mind in question should be the mind of John Milton, then we have a treasure indeed, for, as we well know, Milton was nothing if not autobiographical. All students of Milton's writings are agreed in this, that whether prose or verse was flowing from his pen, John Milton was sure to put as much of himself into his work as he possibly could.

In this very way Milton has betrayed himself again and again in *Nova Solyma*, although here his object was to remain behind the screen and out of sight. The autobiographical instinct was too strong for him, and, as we shall see, it was constantly making the anonymous author put first one part of himself and then another in evidence beyond the screen.

"Oh! but Milton is an impossible assumption," I seem to hear. "For what important or startling novelty on the subject of Milton can possibly come to the front just now? Professor Masson's monumental work¹ effectually bars the way to any such endeavour.

¹ *The Life of Milton*, by David Masson (Vol. I., 1859, to Vol. VII., 1894, index : Macmillan & Co.).

"In his six thick volumes nothing seems omitted ; there is no clue that is not most carefully followed up ; every available scrap of paper on which Milton wrote or scribbled has been carefully recorded ; even his neglected Latin poems receive their full meed of attention and appreciation. The attempt to add anything worth notice seems impossible, or, at best, only a case of *rem actam agere*—that is to say, mere repetition ; if true, it cannot be new.

"We are veritable Athenians of the market-place if any startling novelty or discovery is brought to light ; but there must be an air of sweet reasonableness and probability about such new things, otherwise they are dismissed along with the *canards* of the pushing newspaper and the eccentricities of the last crank. They tend to waste our precious time, and so we do not care either to listen or to read.

"We are proud of Milton ; we are proud of the world-wide admiration which has been shown for his supreme genius ; we value the immense biographical and critical literature which is extant concerning him, for, after Shakespeare, he holds by common consent the second place in the English Poet's Corner of the Universal Temple of Fame, the Literary Valhalla of the World, nor would his place be far down if there were but one Poet's Corner for all the human race. We are proud that a countryman of ours has gained a position of such distinction, and has built for himself a monument more lasting than one of brass or marble ; but the monument is finished. The headstone of the corner has just been put in position, and patience has had her perfect work in the great six-volume biography. Therefore there is now no more to be said except *ite, ite, consummatum est*—that is to say, 'O ye literary workmen, pack up your tools and begone elsewhere ; this job is finished.'"

With these imagined words ringing in my ears, I have yet ventured, and to me it is a pleasant task, to introduce to the world of letters in an English dress the four hundred pages of Latin prose and poetry which sprang, as I

contend, from the fertile brain of our illustrious Puritan poet when in his early prime. They were produced, most probably, either during his last years at college or during his peaceful retirement in his father's house at Horton, or possibly in part even slightly earlier. For years we may suppose them lying beside his other carefully preserved manuscripts—close to *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, close to his college exercises, close to his Latin lyrics, withheld, as was his wont, from public gaze. Milton was, as we know, most unwilling to expose the delicate and fragrant flowers of his early fancy to the cold, cruel winds of criticism. Nothing but outside pressure or suggestion could induce him to withdraw them from the *scrinia* where they were hoarded up. His friend Lawes, it is true, gained his consent to print the divine *Comus* in 1637; but how pathetically does the real author deprecate such wanton exposure in his Latin motto on the title-page! *Lycidas* in 1638 must of course be published with the elegies of the other authors, and even here it is only the half-anonymous J.M. that attests that a poet of the very highest order was dwelling in the land. But all the rest were kept back in their dim and perhaps dusty security. Milton rarely destroyed anything he had once written; some MSS. he kept by him more than forty years, some thirty, some twenty. Indeed, when Humphrey Moseley¹ first persuaded him to give a selection of his poems to the world, they were, with few exceptions, nearly twenty years old.

"But what about this wonderful new Romance that you say Milton wrote?—what about that?" So seem I to hear the impatient voice of the modern *quidnunc* dinning

¹ Keenest of publishers, and one who really knew a good thing when he saw it. This was in 1645, and when now at last the mask was withdrawn, and Milton's face (terribly mangled by Marshall) was revealed to the public along with his poems, it was not so much the desire for fame in the author as the enterprise and literary judgment of Humphrey Moseley that we have to thank for first safely gathering together the Sibylline leaves inscribed by our great poet.

in my ears. Well, that "new and audacious" production was lying *perdu* nearly twenty years, and though it lost many of its finest companions in 1645, it was not "drawn" (for Milton required considerable "badgering") until 1648, and the man who must be awarded that honour was, I think, Samuel Hartlib. "But what was it all about?" again I hear. Well, it is here to speak for itself, and I have endeavoured to introduce it to the best of my ability; but some few needful remarks shall be made *in limine* before the threshold is crossed.

First, then, and principally, this Romance is very full of advanced theories of Education. We meet with University Extension schemes; equal opportunities for all on the Kidd principle; school cavalry-athletics of a military kind, very similar to what has been recently advocated as the result of our experience with the Boers; also an Army Reserve and Volunteer movement; schools for Technical Education for the humbler classes; and many such-like projects three hundred years before their time.

Then it deals with the master-passion Love, which is considered philosophically, Platonically, and realistically, but not quite in the manner of the modern novel, for, *more Miltonico*, it is not woman's place to be much in evidence in the preliminaries of the tender passion, but rather to accept proposals duly endorsed by parental authority, and to be in subjection to her husband.

But there is one notable exception, and that is the pathetic tale of Philippina's true love. Here we have all the elements of a short modern novel years and years before Pamela first led the way to sentimental fiction of a less archaic stamp. Milton had an emotional nature which he sternly kept in subjection from his youth up, but it burst forth now and again, for the May Queen, for instance, of his seventh elegy, and for the mysterious and beautiful foreign face which bent over him as he lay asleep beneath a tree one summer's day near Cambridge.

And although the love adventures of *Nova Solyma* may fail to afford that highly spiced excitement which

some modern readers require, still, there is an analysis of the tender passion and an acquaintance with its hidden springs quite unusual at this period of our romantic literature. From Sidney's first Pamela in his *Arcadia* to Samuel Richardson's second and better-known Pamela there was little emotional incident or attempted critical analysis of the passion anywhere.¹

Our Romance also deals much with poetry. We have here the astounding number of 1,600 lines of the most varied and excellent verse brought to light more than three hundred years after the death of the illustrious poet who composed them. Here, too, are selected portions from a great projected epic on the Armada, in themselves amounting to 256 hexameters.

There are other jewels too, smaller but even more brilliant and costly than this. There are gems from the Psalmist and other sweet singers of Israel, enhanced by a beautiful setting from a master's hand. There are also original lyrical odes and hymns, short epics from Job, and "a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon consisting of two persons and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges."

Now, these were all subjects which Milton in 1641 in his *Reasons of Church Government* had plainly hinted at as "what the mind at home in the spacious circuits of her memory hath liberty to propose to herself." The suggestion is that even then in 1641 he had them all at home carefully preserved, and now, late indeed, but I hope not too late, I have attempted to unroll them before the eyes of my readers.

The Romance has also much to say on the Philosophy of Religion, on Conversion, Salvation, the Beginning and End of the World, the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, of Almsgiving, of Self-control, of Angels and the Fall of Man, and Man's Eternal Fate. Surely it would

¹ One little-known German romance, *Die Adriatische Rosemund* (c. 1645), may be excepted; cf. Bibliography for this (Vol. II., p. 397).

not be Milton's work if these last three items were absent. Here, and indeed throughout, the work is clearly that of a "soul that dwelt apart," an "upright heart and pure," whose lips had been truly touched and purified by the living coals from God's altar.

However, all who care for such mental and spiritual provender can in this part of the book enjoy a rich feast.

In thoughts more elevate and reasoned high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy and glory and shame.

(*Paradise Lost*, ii. 564.)

Some few parts of this section will, however, be a little tedious to the modern reader, for they belong to the pre-evolution and pre-scientific age, and naturally the theology is that of *Paradise Lost* and the *Christian Doctrine* of the same author. But there is this to make us bear with them: they are the honest, God-fearing convictions of an especially gifted nature, of a great genius who, as Dr. Symmons says in his Biography, "when he was summoned to his final account, no one of his species perhaps had ever been better prepared." Strong words indeed! but the present work does not belie them in any part of its four hundred pages.

Then there is a lighter vein of adventure—tales of brigands and pirates, robbers' dens, and dreadful sea-fights, lighter than the theology and philosophy, but still singularly free from the levity and rather coarse humour that usually accompanies such buccaneering tales. This is thoroughly Miltonic, for with all his varied talents he was absolutely without any trace of genial humour.

Next there is an account of college quads and college lectures, these latter given in full; a long and strange relation of a man possessed by the devil; two accounts of the annual pageant through the streets of Nova Solyma; and, omitting many other curious items, there is the very

striking and lively allegory of Philomela's Kingdom of Pleasure, a foretaste of Bunyan mixed up with a taste of *Comus*—not so much the immortal *Comus* as the one by Puteanus, which Milton had evidently read, as we shall see by the present work, and as Masson and others, especially Immanuel Schmidt, had clearly conjectured years ago.

Here, then, is a banquet of many courses. We are sitting down to no Barmecide feast.

And but one thing more. If any of my readers are accustomed to a harmless pick-me-up before dining, may I offer them the following? A millionaire who had made his money very quickly somewhere—say South Africa—was fitting up his newly built house in London, and gave orders for bookshelves, and also books to fill them. He was not very particular about the books so long as the binding was respectable, but he mentioned that he must have Pope, Shakespeare, and Milton. And, "Look here," he added to the bookseller, "if any of those fellows should publish anything more, be sure to let me have it, for I choose to have their works complete." That bookseller can now execute part of his commission! By all means let him do so, say I.

P.S.—Since the completion of my book there has been discovered in the Bodleian Library a MS. containing the earliest Life of Milton known to be extant. It does not contain much that is new to the world, but the little new information we obtain is in favour of my contention rather than against it. For instance, we learn for the first time that the posthumous book entitled *De Doctrina Christiana* was not printed or given to the world by Milton because (as it was thought) there were certain judgments in speculative points which differed from those commonly received. Now, this is one of my principal reasons for *Nova Solyma* being so strictly anonymous, and therefore my argument is helped. Another new and curious anecdote given is that Milton, who always used to wake early and

had a stock of verses in his head ready for the amanuensis, was wont to complain, if the scribe happened to come later than usual, in the following strange fashion : he would say "he wanted to be milked." Also his evenings were spent in reading some choice poets, by way of refreshment after his day's work, and to "store his Fancy against Morning." This bears out my theory of Milton's frequent but unconscious plagiarism. See further, *English Historical Review* for January, 1902.



CONTENTS OF VOLUME I

	Pages
INTRODUCTION	1-76

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

THE HERO RETURNS TO HIS FATHERLAND

Spring-time—Return of the hero Joseph to Nova Solyma, bringing with him two English friends—The city and its annual pageant described—Love at first sight—All are hospitably received and entertained by old Jacob—Conversation before supper—The return of the twelve tribes—The education of young children—Stirpiculture—Physical, moral, and intellectual training up to ten years old	77-96
--	-------

CHAPTER II

THE YOUNG CAMBRIDGE STUDENTS

Adventures of the two young Cambridge students who left home and college to see the world—Their meeting with Joseph—Jacob discourses on filial duties and God's providence—The song of Auximus—The young Englishmen have a bedroom discussion on love	97-105
---	--------

CHAPTER III

SECOND DAY IN NOVA SOLYMA

Second day in Nova Solyma—Discussion on dress—Anna, the "Daughter of Zion," is introduced to the young Englishmen	
---	--

	Pages
—The nurse's dream—The long allegory, or spiritual romance, of the Kingdom of Pleasure—Joseph's ode, "All things are full of labour" (Eccles. i. 8)	106-133

CHAPTER IV

TERRIBLE ADVENTURES WITH BANDITTI

Alcimus returns to Nova Solyma and relates his terrible adventures with the banditti in Sicily—Joseph completes the tale by his own experience :	134-155
--	---------

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

A PHILOSOPHICAL GARDEN PARTY

The guests make a tour of inspection in the garden behind their house—The portico and its sculptures in bas-relief of Isaac's sacrifice—Abraham's meditation, a poem—The garden described—Statue of Niobe—Artificial caves and rockwork—Discussion on Nature and Art—Reasons for the relative inferiority of Art	157-173
--	---------

CHAPTER II

THIRD DAY IN NOVA SOLYMA

Third day in Nova Solyma—The picture of the daughter of Zion in Joseph's bedroom—The song of Joseph on his return to his fatherland—The guests are taken to a high tower of the house, and with a fine view outspread before them, they discuss generally the works of God	174-177
--	---------

CHAPTER III

THE TOWER DIALOGUES

Discussions: (1) The creation of the world; (2) formation of man in the womb; (3) the argument for design, with three objections considered, viz. chance, necessity, and self-generative power—The world the <i>idolum</i> of the Deity, and how we may be enabled to know God in a degree	178-192
--	---------

CHAPTER IV

THE STRANGE ECSTASY OF JOSEPH

Pages

Joseph, while discussing these high themes, falls into an ecstatic state—Recovers himself by the jerk of the head well known among trance and inspirational speakers of later days, and after an eloquent peroration on God, he ends in an ecstatic ode to the angelic choir on high, calling them to take up the lofty song—Finally, the conference is adjourned and dismissed with prayer 193-200

CHAPTER V

THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE AND THE MEETING WITH PHILANDER

The two English youths now determine to send letters to their friends at home, through the merchants trading thither—Visit to the Merchants' Exchange and description of it, Joseph being their guide—Here by chance they meet Philippina (who is in love with Joseph), disguised as a young lad—His manner attracts all three, and they ask his history and name 201-207

CHAPTER VI

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF THEOPHRASTUS

The stranger, calling himself Philander, relates his adventures and the history of his love for Crescentia—Joseph not recognising Philippina, lodgings are found for her as a man in the house of the widow Antonia, who begins to conceive a violent affection for the supposed youth—The case of Theophrastus, who thought himself eternally damned and sold to the devil body and soul—Lucas, a doctor and friend, tries medical treatment and argument—Theophrastus relates his compact with the devil—He becomes obsessed—A day is appointed to drive out the evil spirit by prayer and fasting—Ultimate success of this attempt—Lucas prepares a true report of the strange case, signed by all present 208-220

CHAPTER VII

OLD JACOB'S SEARCH FOR THE ONE TRUE RELIGION

Old Jacob begins the history of his search for the one true religion 221-228

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

THE COLLEGES OF NOVA SOLYMA DESCRIBED

Pages

Auximus, a younger brother of Joseph, leaves home for his college career—His father Jacob's parting advice—The college buildings and porter's lodge described—Visit to the college tutor, who explains their method of instruction, and the way they deal with the different characters and dispositions of their pupils—The principles of teaching and learning languages 229-249

CHAPTER II

THE SYMBOLICAL PRIZE PENS

The method of prize-giving—The symbolical prize pens for: (1) ordinary Language; (2) History; (3) Rhetoric, with a defence of true Rhetoric and a suggestion for an anti-Rhetoric; (4) Poetry, with an apology for the Christian muse . . . 250-259

CHAPTER III

A DISCOURSE ON POETRY

(4) Poetry (*continued*): Examples of various kinds of poetry—The use of epigrams illustrated, with references to four pictures on Scriptural subjects—Rules for style and excellency in poetry—Word-building—Accent and quantity—Harmony—Heroics 260-268

CHAPTER IV

EPIC POETRY—JOSEPH'S ARMADA EPIC

(4) Poetry (*continued*): Epic poetry—Joseph's great epic, "The Armada"—The symbolical prize pen for the fifth and last kind of literary work, viz. (5) the Composite Style—The present work, *Nova Solyma*, an example of this—The argument and purport of the book 269-303

CHAPTER V

*THE GYMNASIUM VISITED—THE LOVE TROUBLES OF THE
YOUNG ENGLISHMEN*

	Pages
Visit to the gymnasium, the playgrounds, and the rooms for study	
—Discussion on religious instruction in schools—The visitors	
leave the college, and on their way home pay an unsuccessful	
visit to Joseph's sister—The love troubles of the young	
Englishmen Eugenius and Politian	304-310

END OF BOOK III

EXCURSUS A: THE PROBABLE "BEGETTER" OF <i>NOVA</i>	
<i>SOLYMA</i>	311-319
EXCURSUS B: MILTON'S NEPHEWS—HOW DID THEY PROFIT	
BY THEIR UNCLE'S EDUCATIONAL THEORIES?	320-325
EXCURSUS C: ARMADA EPIC	326-338
EXCURSUS D: TERROR'S LAUGH (ARMADA EPIC)	339-344
EXCURSUS E: THE ANGEL-SWAN SIMILE (ARMADA EPIC)	345-348
EXCURSUS F: THE JEWS (IN 1648) AND <i>NOVA SOLYMA</i>	349-359



INTRODUCTION

NOT the least extraordinary fact connected with this new Romance by Milton is that it was not discovered in manuscript in some old library, nor yet unearthed from old and forgotten bundles of documents in the State Paper Office, as was the case with the last find of Milton's *De Doctrina Christiana* about seventy-five years ago. Although this former find created considerable literary sensation, the treatise, long as it was, contained very little novel or interesting except the new fact that Milton in later life was a pronounced Arian, and held certain other even more unexpected opinions. The singular thing is that this present work—a much more important, varied, and fascinating one—has been in print for over two hundred and fifty years, and no one has ever alluded to it, or, as far as I can at present make out, known of its existence. One reason may be its great rarity; there are very few copies extant, and these nearly all shut up in college or academical libraries. That rarity reason may hold for recent times; but how is it that no notice seems to have been taken of it at the time it was first given to the world, and easily could be obtained? This is a preliminary which I think should be looked into before further considering the contents or authorship.

First, then, I think, it may be said that the date of issue (1648) has a great deal to do with this neglect. The year was one full of excitement throughout the country, as the year before the king's execution would be naturally. Probably very few cared just then, or indeed had time, to tackle nearly four hundred pages of closely printed

Latin about such an unpromising and vague subject as *Nova Solyma*. If any of the Millenarian fanatics, or Apocalyptic Expounders, or Fifth Monarchy men had been perchance taken by the title, a mere glance at almost any page would have made it perfectly clear that this was no book for them. Moreover, the sectaries who swarmed in the army and distinguished themselves as pamphleteers were, as a rule, men of little culture beyond effective use sometimes of the vernacular. The *Litterae Humaniores* were beyond them altogether. In that remarkable series of publications between 1638 and 1660, collected by Thomason, and preserved in so strange a manner, the Latin books are very few and far between. In 1648 *Nova Solyma* fell flat from the press, because the age was in no humour for such learned diversions of literary leisure. The congenial and appreciative readers of such a work had been scattered far and wide by the great Rebellion, and the exiled court of Henrietta Maria and the small band of literary Royalists who were attracted to it, had other thoughts than about "New Jerusalem," or educational theories, or Latin books at all. There had been, no doubt, a very good audience a decade or so previously for Barclay's somewhat similar style of Latin romance, his *Argenis* and his *Euphormio*; but in those days a learned pedant was on the throne, the pupil of the most distinguished Latinist of his time, and Latin plays were the rage with scholars, and Latin romances such as the two above-named were a striking novelty, and the *Argenis* had, in addition to this, been more than once translated for English readers.

The times were indeed unpropitious for Milton's fine attempt. Civil dudgeon is no friend to the scholar or his publisher. Virulent ephemeral politics may spring up and prosper in many a tract and edition, but in 1648, on the very eve of the last act of the great tragedy of the Rebellion, what interest could even such a remarkable literary novelty as *Nova Solyma* possibly excite? As in 1648, so again in 1848, politics and revolution obscured every other interest, and Chateaubriand's great work, for

which 100,000 francs had been prepared, his *Memoires d'outre Tombe*, could hardly obtain a reader. And there was yet more against the circulation of our book ; it was anonymous, without a licenser, and without even a publisher's name to it. The last was added shortly afterwards, and although this has helped us in the identification of the author, it did not apparently help to increase the demand for it at the time.

If perchance a scholar or two in England or on the Continent had glanced through a few pages at random, when it originally appeared, it would seem to many at first sight merely an academical *Argenis*, smelling strongly of the schools, and as such dismissed for something more interesting. Anyhow, no reader has put forth a word of praise for the many patches of purple both in prose and verse which are so manifestly there. They have become rather dusty and old-fashioned through the neglect of ages ; perhaps somewhat moth-eaten by *Tempus Edax*, who will allow nothing to be fresh unless it is "up to date." Still I am proud to have obtained the privilege of dusting them a little and making them somewhat more presentable and accessible to Milton's co-patriots and my own contemporaries.

I am the more pleased because there seems every appearance nowadays that Milton's reputation, like Cromwell's, is distinctly rising, among those who ought to know, both in our own country and America. Only a few days ago I was highly gratified by reading a statement that our acknowledged highest authority on printed books, when asked what books should be packed in a small travelling-trunk for use on a voyage or holiday, began in the following order :

1. The Bible and Shakespeare.
2. Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Having thus somewhat abated a natural prejudice against accepting a book as Milton's which has been in print for so many generations, and noticed by no one, let us consider what is its literary history, and what its contents and place in literature.

1. *Literary History.*

The book was first presented to the public in small octavo form with this title page:

NOVÆ
SOLYMÆ

Libri Sex.

LONDINI

Typis JOANNIS LEGATI.

MDCXLVIII.

The book contained three hundred and ninety-two pages of which the last contained the errata of the printer's short notice to the reader. There was no preface or introduction of any kind, and no notes. The only printed extra was this Latin motto in the middle of the blank page facing the title:

*Cujus opus, studio cur tantum quaeris inani ?
Qui legis, et frueris, feceris esse tuum.*

which I turn thus:

"Whose is the book?" do you ask. "Why start such a bootless enquiry?"

If you but read and enjoy, you will have made it your own."¹

In 1645 Milton brought before the public for the first time his college verses and other MS. treasures, with the object, as is significantly hinted at by a motto on the title page, of vindicating his claim to the inspiration of a bard (*vates*). He was known at this period chiefly as a pamphleteer whose energetic prose was used mainly for polemical purposes; for demolishing the Historical Episcopate, the current opinions on Divorce, and the press censorship. With those who disagreed with him he was the best hated man of the time, possibly because he hit the hardest, and no doubt the *mala lingua* wagged itself freely at his expense. However, he determines they shall know that they have a poet among them; and so this Latin motto is placed just over the publisher's name, in the very same position that the motto occupies in the second title page of *Nova Solyma*—

Baccare frontem

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro—

i.e. he felt he was worthy of "some green thing round the brow" for what he had done in the "heat of youth," and those other great things yet to come—unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

The next year the same book was published again—an evident attempt to utilise the unsold remainder, as there was no difference whatever except a new title page

¹ Milton was fond of prefixing appropriate Latin mottoes to his early productions. There is his pathetic motto, when in 1637 he allowed his friend Lawes to publish *Comus*. I will give it in full here:

Eheu quid volui misero mihi? floribus Austrum
Perditus—

which may be turned:

Ab, wretched me!

Why have I yielded to my own undoing?

Why thus expose my buds to bitter winds?

with the old fly-leaf motto included in it and a page at the end containing the autocriticon. In the only copy I have seen, the title page runs as follows :

Novae Solymae Libri Sex ; sive Institutio Christiani

1. De Pueritia.
2. De Creatione Mundi.
3. De Juventute.
4. De Peccato.
5. De Virili Aetate.
6. De Redemptione Hominis.

*Cujus opus, studio cur tantum quaeris inani?
Qui legis, et frueris, feceris esse tuum.*

Londini: Typis Johannis Legati, et venundantur
per Thomam Underhill sub signo Biblii in vico
Anglice dicto Woodstreet. MDCXLIX.

Here we have the very useful addition that it was published by Thomas Underhill, of Wood Street.

Now, when Milton wished to publish anything anonymously, he seems to have chosen this same Thomas Underhill for the purpose of carrying the matter through.

Milton's first three anti-prelatical pamphlets, and his tractate on Education to Master Samuel Hartlib (1644), were all strictly anonymous, and were all printed for Thomas Underhill. The education pamphlet had nothing in it to point to Underhill, but his connection with it was discovered by a chance reference to the stationer's books. Now, *Nova Solyma* was published anonymously in 1648, and the next year disclosed Underhill's connection with it.

As to the imprint on the title page—*Londoni: Typis Joannis Legati*—my first impression was that it was fictitious, for Legat had never before printed anything for Milton, nor was he a likely man to be asked, as he was on the list duly licensed by the Star Chamber, that abomination in Milton's eyes. And the book looked as if it had been published abroad, for both my copies are

alike in their original vellum bindings with a small turn-down flap, much more like Dutch than English.

However, when I compared the type of *Nova Solyma* with the type of certain books of John Legat, printed in 1637 and 1647, I saw distinct peculiarities of type common to all three; and on showing them to an expert at the British Museum (Mr. Proctor), he kindly informed me there was no doubt whatever that the type was Legat's. So that point is clear.

But it does not logically follow that therefore Legat was the printer. I have a book where the types are Dr. Fell's which he gave to Oxford University, but the printer is a fellow of Worcester College still, I believe, alive; of course Legat may have sold or otherwise disposed of his types in the ten years or more after 1637, and indeed he did not enter either of the later books with his imprint at Stationers' Hall as we should expect, neither is his name in the list of printers for 1649-50. The printer or typographer may be Adrian Vlacq¹ of the Hague. Vlacq had much business with Hartlib, about this time and later, with reference to printing books and especially any books of Milton's, saying he was at the Hague and had better type than he formerly had. I have many reasons for thinking that it was Hartlib who overcame Milton's natural repugnance and cunctativeness in issuing his Romance to the world; and so the Dutch binding made me think of Vlacq who in his other books is so often a self-assertive *Typographus* addressing his readers, as in *Nova Solyma* and airing his Latin. Moreover, we know that Hartlib lost all his books printed in Holland by a fire at the booksellers, which may be a reason for the rarity of *Nova Solyma*. But there is not space to go

¹ For more concerning Vlacq see Masson's Index to Milton's Life, where he is called Ulac throughout. This is, I think, a misnomer. Vlacq = Flack = Platt, and Milton dubs him Flaccus in his *Defensio Secunda*. The great Dutch *Biog. Dict.* of A. J. van der Aa knows no name Ulac under U, but under V there are five Vlacqs, one being Adrian the very man. We have reason to remember the word nowadays by Vlakfontein.

into these matters fully, nor is it of much importance, since in any case the type was that of John Legat. Possibly it was printed in London, and a number of copies wet from the press were sent over to Vlacq by Hartlib and bound in Holland by him, which would account for my two in original binding.¹ And the great fire of London (1665) might be responsible for the loss of the English remainder.

But Vlacq was not alone at the Hague as a printer. There was an English (or rather Scotch) bookseller there named Samuel Browne who printed many books for the English market; and, curiously enough, he used a printing-press and types that he had brought over from England. So it will not do to be at all confident as to who printed *Nova Solyma*. It may be Sam Browne; it may be Vlacq; it may be some London friend of Milton or Hartlib whose press was within a stone's throw of St. Paul's. In this matter I feel very diffident about the "who" and "where," and whatever be the conclusion I favour, I shall not state it. For I tremble lest the awful form of some omniscient expert should presently rise up before and declare that, "with the exception of a few printed in Kentucky, all the copies of *Nova Solyma* were undoubtedly from the private press of the Sultan of Morocco." This last little piece of humour about Kentucky and Morocco, I ought to say, comes from Mr. Almack's *Bibliography of Eikon Basilike*, p. 57, where I was looking up Sam Browne.

But, leaving conjectures, to what class does the book belong? Now, a literary work wherein we find Milton's

¹ The few other copies I have examined have all been rebound and therefore do not help. The British Museum copy, which was not obtained till 1888, seems to have been bound abroad, and is placed in the class of reserved books, as a token, I suppose, of its great rarity and the absence of all bibliographical notice. On the fly-leaf of this copy there are some amusing literary *graffiti*.

1. (In ink.) "Cet ouvrage est du fameux Emmanuel de Swedenborg. Il en existe une traduction par M. Chastanier. Londres, Hawes, 1784."

2. (Lower down, in pencil.) "Stuff. Swedenborg born 1688 died 1772."

genius discussing at considerable length and with much variety, the greatest problems that can be presented to the human mind must needs be worth classifying, but it is really somewhat difficult to place it in any recognised class of books. It is neither History, Science, Poetry, nor Romance, and yet it contains something of each. It is more of didactic Romance than anything else, and to some extent it may be classed with More's *Utopia* and Bacon's unfinished *Nova Atlantis*.¹ How the author himself classed it is quite clear from certain pages of *Nova Solyma*,² where he describes the different styles of writing and authorship or the different "pens," as he puts it. In his youthful ardour and confidence, Milton places his book as the work of the last pen (*ultimus calamus*); that is, in the best class of most carefully varied and finished literature. And he describes what the "last pen" work should be. It should comprise in itself all styles of composition and all subjects; it should be steeped in the poetic spirit, though cast in the mould of prose. From time to time, when Fancy at her own sweet will should bid, there were to be strewn here and there flowers of the most varied poesy. It was to be the pen of a ready writer, this last and best of all pens or styles. Not the Iron Pen of ordinary daily discourse, and of such trivial subjects as are therewith connected; not the larger and more lasting Pen of Bronze, the Pen of History; not the Silver Pen of Rhetoric, nor yet the Golden Pen of Poetry, but a Pen *ex omni metallo conflatus*, of an amalgam in which all

¹ That Milton had a high opinion of a well and usefully written Utopian Romance is evident from his own words on the subject in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*. He says: "That grave and noble invention" (the Romance of a model State), "which the greatest and sublimest wits, in sundry ages, Plato in *Critias*, and our two famous countrymen, the one in his *Utopia*, the other in his *New Atlantis*, chose, I may not say as a field, but as a mighty continent, wherein to display the largeness of their spirits, by teaching this our world better and exacter things than were yet known or used." Strange to say, if I am right, this was what Milton himself had already attempted in *Nova Solyma*, and it was even then lying in a rough state in his own desk.

² Book III., chapters ii. and iii.

these literary gifts and adornments are by the heat of genius so combined or welded together as to form the supreme monument of literary endeavour. This was, as we should say nowadays, "a large order"; but Milton felt himself called to great and lofty themes. It was the very humour of the man, it was his inbred nature, it was emphatically his *genius*, an expression which the author of *Nova Solyma* often uses in connection with Joseph, the hero of the book, who was so often the very autobiographical personation of himself. Milton believed in his genius just as Napoleon and other heroes of history have believed in their star. In his *Reason of Church Government* he speaks of "an inward prompting, which in his youth grew daily upon him, that by labour and intense study he might perhaps leave something so written to after time, as they would not willingly let it die." To his dear friend Diodati, in 1637, he also wrote that he was meditating an immortality of fame. But nothing gives us a better idea of the varied literary projects that had their dwelling in Milton's fertile brain, than the long autobiographical passage in his *Reason of Church Government* (1641). And as it gives strong evidence for the Miltonic authorship of *Nova Solyma*, some extracts become necessary here.

"Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempt; whether that epic form whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; . . . the Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges. Or if occasion shall lead to imitate those magnificent odes and hymns wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable.

"These abilities wheresoever they may be found, are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right time; to celebrate in *glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightyness*, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high Providence in His church; to sing . . . *the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ*. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, *whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexes of man's thoughts from within, all these things with a solid and tractable smoothness to paint out and describe.*"

Here throughout, but especially and most remarkably in the passages put in italics, we find *Nova Solyma* described and compressed as in a nutshell. The chief beauties and characteristics of our present anonymous work are here severally named in 1641 as if they were present to the great poet's mind, and, as the reader knows, our contention is that they were then lying carefully preserved, though unrevised, among the poet's papers. Here in *Nova Solyma* are the very themes, the same high tone of literature that Milton had proposed to his mind "in the spacious circuits of her musing." Here, at the end of our book, is the *Canticum Sacrum*, the "divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon," the "two persons and a double chorus." Here are the lyric songs from "the law and prophets," Abraham's meditation on Mount Moriah, Cain's lamentation for Abel, David's lament for Saul and Jonathan, and many a noble ode and hymn from the Psalms and short epics from Job. Here, too, is the Armada epic of a just and pious nation triumphing valiantly against its enemies; and here, too, are the glorious and lofty hymns with which Joseph (*i.e.* Milton) celebrates

the Almightiness of God, His throne, His equipage, His Majesty. And finally what words can more aptly and truly describe the various "adventures and changes of fortune," the self-communings and heart-burnings, the religious terrors of despair, the flux and reflux of mental anguish laid bare to us in so many pages of *Nova Solyma*, what words, I say, could paint all this better than those last italicised words of Milton above? The force of this argument cannot naturally be fully seen until the book has been read through. But after all it amounts to no more than this—viz. that the general character and contents of *Nova Solyma*, when compared with the great literary projects that were so clearly and constantly in Milton's mind both in 1641 and earlier, as to Christian Lyrics, Christian Dramas, and Christian short Epics of a high-toned Biblical character, present a most remarkable and consistent similarity. It is a strong piece of general internal evidence, but nothing more, and I have only dwelt on it here because I was introducing the reader to the kind of book he was about to enter upon.

I began by classing the book as a "didactic Romance," but it is always best, if possible, to let a book speak for itself. The second title page of 1649 adds to the original name *Nova Solyma* the words *sive Institutio Christiani*—i.e. "or the Institution of a Christian"; or perhaps more clearly, the laws and precepts that concern a Christian,¹

¹ Xenophon's *Cyropaedia* was always entitled *Institutio Cyri*, or the Institution of Cyrus, at that time. But *Institutio* is a very Protean word, and changes through several shades of meaning according to the context, and the same holds good of its English equivalents, Institution or Institute. All these words were used by Milton in his published works, but not as we use them. He speaks of the "Institution of Physic" in his oft-quoted "Tractate"; he means the laws and precepts concerning it. In his *Defensio Secunda*, speaking of this same "Tractate," he says: *Institutionem deinde liberorum uno opusculo brevius quidem tractabam*, i.e., "After that I wrote a somewhat brief tractate on the education of children." In 1646, when he sent a bound volume of his published writings to Rouse, the Bodley librarian, it contained a list of the pieces in Milton's own handwriting; and the "Tractate" we are speaking of was described as *De Edu-*

the education of a Christian. And no doubt the general idea running through the whole book might be described as the Theory and Practice of a Liberal Education founded on religious principles, and the author says as much at p. 164. But if *Nova Solyma* had been as strictly confined to this subject, as Milton's first tractate on Education was, how much should we have lost? *Nova Solyma, or the Education of a Christian Man*, contains much more than such a title promises. My preface has already hinted at that, and I will leave my readers the pleasure of finding out the gems for themselves, and go on to speak of other characteristic features: its language and style, and place in literature.

Next, then, the language and style of composition.

The language was Latin. Scholars wrote their works in Latin almost universally in those days in order to obtain a hearing from the wide-spread Republic of Letters. *Nova Solyma*, we contend, was Milton's first projected *magnum opus* for the learned world, but he held it back. Good Latin was a necessity if an author wished to make his works current among a fit audience. The great Francis Bacon showed this plainly in 1605 when he published in English his two books on *The Advancement of Learning*, for three years later he wrote to Dr. Playfere, a Cambridge Professor and Latinist of renown, asking him to translate the work into Latin for him, giving as chief reason "the privateness of the language wherein it is

catione Ingenueorum Epistola, clearly showing the Miltonic interpretation of *Institutio*, and showing also what many writers on Milton have wasted pages in proving, that the "Tractate" was only concerned with young men of good family and position. Milton uses "Institute" as well: "To return to our own institute," he says in his "Tractate," meaning his literary attempt then before their eyes. And in exactly a similar way we read in the *Autocriticon* at the end of *Nova Solyma*, "In tam novo et audaculo instituto," i.e., "In such a new and daring attempt as this is." Such undesigned parallelisms are suggestive at least. But there is evidence still stronger. Milton's own words about an ideal Republic are: "A Commonwealth ought to be as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man." Quoted by G. H. Pike, *Cromwell and his Times*, 1899, p. 239.

written excluding so many readers." Petrarch and Dante made several literary efforts in Latin, although they were almost the first to bring the vernacular into vogue in Italy; indeed, it has been said that Dante had almost made up his mind to write his great Epic in that universal language, which would surely have been a grievous loss to modern literature. But it is to be remembered that he who wrote then in Latin, wrote *urbi et orbi*, for scholars throughout the world; and not till nearly the end of the seventeenth century did authors begin to see, that wide as the reach of the Latin language might extend, it did not go very deep down to the lower strata, and did not reach in fact the vast and increasing majority of the reading middle classes of all countries. It was felt to be somewhat of a mandarin language, not understood by, or of much use to the many millions of all classes who had not received an academical diploma. Moreover, the reformers and Puritans gradually condemned its extensive use: it was not a lay language; it was the language of Babylon more than of Zion, and the word of God and all good knowledge they felt should be open to the people. But the author of *Nova Solyma*, though a decided Puritan, was clearly an academic with a well-filled wallet of the finest literary tools, and the prejudice I have mentioned had not yet arisen very strongly. And why should tools which had cost so much time and trouble to get together be rendered almost unavailing? So thought many elegant Latinists just then, and no doubt Milton amongst others.

In the period 1600-1650 a new departure in Latin literature came into fashion, which deserves a little attention, inasmuch as our present Romance shows many marked similarities to the newly arisen school of composition, and our author had evidently read some of the best examples of their kind, had been attracted by their novel charm, and had imitated them in his *magnum opus* to a considerable extent. These compositions were written in elaborate Latin prose, mingled with verse of various metres. The model of Latinity chosen was generally Petronius or Apuleius rather than Cicero or

Livy. Much as they differed, there was always in them some feature either of the Romance—the Romance of Petronius and the Milesian tales for choice—or the Extravaganza or Moral Satire. The name by which they were presented to the public were *Somnium*, *Ludus*, *Satyricon*, *Satyra*, and such like. They were generally written with a view to show their author's literary abilities and good Latinity; *styli aut ingenii causa*, as Puteanus says in the beginning of his *Comus*, which was a *Somnium* and one of the best of them, well known to Milton without doubt, and borrowed from, in his inimitable and improving manner, both in his own *Comus* and in *Nova Solyma*, as shall appear in the notes to the Latin poems. In point of fact, scholars who did not wish their light hidden under a bushel, chose such a candlestick for it advisedly. Some few were much admired, the *Argenis* and the *Euphormionis Satyricon* of the Gallo-Scot, John Barclay, written when Milton was a boy and frequently reprinted and translated, coming perhaps first in public favour, and the *Comus* of Puteanus (1st ed., 1608), of which there is a very rare translation and also an Oxford edition of 1634, being a good second favourite. All these stars of the literary firmament have apparently set to rise no more. Even *Argenis*, though it has been translated into eight or nine languages, including Hungarian and Icelandic, and though it has been called the indispensable link in the chain which unites classical with modern fiction, seems clean gone for ever. Strange to say, this absolutely defunct book has equally pleased men of action and men of letters. It won the admiration of Richelieu and Leibnitz, and received the enthusiastic verdict of Coleridge, who pronounced the style concise as Tacitus, and perspicuous as Livy! But this is really too much praise, and excites ridicule rather than agreement, for whatever value or charm *Argenis* may possess, it certainly has not the two qualities that Coleridge gives it. I believe the style adopted was that of Petronius, elevated by study of more dignified models, and not free from Gallicisms here and there. But the

plot and characters are so confused, perplexing, and so far the reverse of stimulating, that I must confess (*pace* Coleridge) that it is almost unreadable nowadays. But Milton read it and thought it worthy of imitation, and, as was the rule with him, improved upon it much—at least, so it seems to me.

Milton has told us in his *Apology for Smectymnuus* that he had read one of these Satyrae, the *Mundus Alter et Idem*, which he attributed to Bishop Hall, and satirises most bitterly as “the idlest and paltriest mime that ever mounted upon bank” as “the wretched pilgrimage over Minsheu’s *Dictionary*.” This was a slip on the part of the castigator, for Minsheu’s *Dictionary* was first published in 1617 and the *Mundus* in 1607, so there was no pilgrimage possible. But this Latin Romance of Bishop Hall, which was such an abomination in Milton’s eyes, must keep us a little longer on account of what Hallam says about it. Treating of prose fiction he says (*Literature of Europe*, 1839, iii. 684):

“I can only produce two books by English authors in this first part of the seventeenth century (1600–1650) which fall properly under the class of novels or romances, and of these one is written in Latin. This is the *Mundus Alter et Idem* of Bishop Hall, an imitator of the latter and weaker volumes of Rabelais.” (Of course *Nova Solyma* was unknown to Hallam.) “The other is Bishop Godwin’s *Journey to the Moon*, a kind of philosophical Romance belonging to the class of *Voyages Imaginaires*, first published in 1638, and from which Swift is supposed to have derived some portion of his voyage to Laputa.”

Godwin was successively Bishop of Llandaff and Hereford, and Hall of Exeter and Norwich, so here, according to Hallam, who is a first-class authority, we have two sober and venerable prelates of the Church responsible for the whole native fiction of this great country of England for the long period of fifty years, and the result was two odd Romances, one of which was in Latin. This seems at first sight incredible—like Dominie Sampson we cry, “Pro-di-gi-ous!” For what did the

people read? Had the art of reading been lost, or was there no demand? Well, the answer is simple enough. The thing is true, but there were numerous readers and romances as well, though the books in fashion were all either translations from the French, or productions in the affected style of Lyly's *Euphues*, hailing from the end of the century preceding. So if Hallam had known of *Nova Solyma* it would have made the third work of fiction written by an Englishman within the fifty years (1600-1650), and the second Latin romance, and this strange little trio of books would have been composed by two double-distilled Church Bishops, and the most inveterate and able anti-prelatist in the whole country.

It is even doubtful whether one of these three works was written by an Englishman at all. The claims of Alberico Gentili, an Italian scholar who spent some time at Oxford, are very strong as to the possible author of the *Mundus Alter et Idem* as against the Bishop.¹ So that would leave the home-made fiction for fifty years represented entirely by *Nova Solyma* and another. When we consider the enormous present output of fiction for each year, and compare it with *Nova Solyma* and its one, or at most two, companions, the sole output for fifty years, the book certainly rises in our value as a great literary curiosity if nothing more. Of course I contend it is a great deal more. It takes a high place in its own class of literature, which I have just been describing, and, in the lyrics and heroics that are interspersed, it is unequalled for a certain musical charm of assonance which was, by the way, so evident in our acknowledged Milton that critics have said his ear for music was perfect.

The prose descriptions of the beauties of Nature are carefully done, and stand well in comparison with those in *Argenis* and the Latin *Comus*, which were the admiration of the learned at the time. In fact it can well hold its own against any of the *Ludi*, the *Somnia*, the *Satyricons*, and the other curiously elaborated samples of

¹ See an excellent bibliographical article on this by Mr. Petherick in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1896.

Latin elegancies which the scholars of Europe exhibited from time to time, for the applause of the learned, and the glorification of themselves.

Nova Solyma did not abandon the usual stage furniture of the romance; there are the brigands, the pirates, the shipwrecks, the tales of love and adventure, the tales of supernatural and daemonic agency, and even a tale which we may not unjustly style "Milesian with a moral," I mean the "Kingdom of Philomela." So we see all the paraphernalia of the Greek and Roman romances here brought into service. Yet there is one notable and Miltonic exception; that filthy Asmodean spirit, which used to flit about the scenes intermittently like a modern Harlequin, is forbidden entrance here, exorcised, as I think, by the same marvellous enchanter's wand that called up Comus and his band of revellers only to be vanquished by the Virtue that "alone is free."

There is a spirit of pure, lofty, and unselfish morality evident throughout all the various scenes of this interesting and unaffected book. It shows us the brightest, strongest elements of God-fearing Puritanism; while the Antinomian and levelling spirit, sometimes associated with that name, is as absent from the book as it was from Milton himself.

May it not be that some great resurrection of the better side of Puritanism, shorn of its narrowness and fanaticism, but retaining its "high seriousness," is the agency which is destined to transform this sensual avaricious age, and make Englishmen again in the likeness of the best men of the Puritan Commonwealth? This is a question which has been asked more than once during the newspaper controversies about our unfortunate war in South Africa, and it is a question which our countrymen, high and low, rich and poor, would do well to ponder in these latter days.

I am very glad to find that there is good recent authority for the high estimation in which Milton is held among English-speaking peoples, especially across the Atlantic. The American Ambassador, Mr. Choate, gave an address in 1899 on the anniversary of the Royal

Literary Fund in London, and spoke very highly of this Miltonic influence. "I would call your attention," he said, "to three, four, or five books which seem to me to have been an imperishable bond of union between the English-speaking peoples. First, the most important of all, I would put the English Bible. . . . Then there was that most truly religious novel or that most brilliant dream, whichever you please to call it, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Then came Milton. I need not enlarge upon the wonderful power of that man over the English-speaking people. But I venture to say that if for fifty or a hundred years after his death, every line he ever published had been blotted out, all could have been reproduced from the memories of American readers and American scholars." (Cheers.) A very strong assertion this last, and somewhat rhetorical perhaps, but we understand what is meant, and there can be no doubt of the favourable reception a "truly religious novel" is sure to get among the great mass of the people in the "States." *Nova Solyma*, although it is written in a very different manner from Bunyan's immortal work, is a "most truly religious novel" in the widest sense, and if the American representative at St. James's has rightly judged the feelings of his countrymen, I look with some confidence to its being gladly welcomed on its own merits.

Nova Solyma is written with less straining effect, and is consequently free from the glaring faults of some others of its class. For instance, it is not couched in the difficult Latin and far-fetched classical allusions that are found in *Misoponeri Satyricon*, which was dedicated to our James I. in 1617, possibly by Casaubon (though Mark Pattison thinks not), but certainly by a great Latinist, and a pretty stiff specimen of scholar's Renaissance-Latin it is. Nor was *Nova Solyma* couched in the bizarre Latinity of that learned *érotomane* Hadrian Beverland; nor had it "marginal stuffings" heaped up with laborious quotations and authorities jotted down from useful *adversaria*. A Lipsius, a Barthius, a Saldenus, and many another learned pedant might work in this way, but

the author of *Nova Solyma* was too scrupulous, and, I may add, too self-sufficient, to borrow such needless and vain-glorious adjuncts. Moreover, our author shows throughout the book his utter dislike for pedantry; he attacks the *grammaticasters* as if they were personal foes, and even tries to make game of them in a clumsy left-handed manner.

Now, this was Milton "all over," as every admirer will recognise. Milton was not a good or genial humorist, neither was he a pedant. He did not think it a hanging matter to make an occasional solecism, or even a false quantity, or mistake in prosody. He was remorselessly gibbeted for such things by his great opponent Salmasius, but I do not suppose he felt much the worse for it. The more we go into this question of language, the more evidence do we find to connect Milton with the authorship of *Nova Solyma*.

Milton is acknowledged to be the best Latinist of his time in England, and as a versifier following the best classical models of Rome, he was in the first ranks. But he was no pedant, no Dr. Dryasdust digging deep into the barren strata of archaic derivations, emendations, and forgotten tongues. He was careless about his prosody, and what is called nowadays fine scholarship, for he valued the spirit of a language more than the minor details of its mechanical form. He was fond of coining words, not always most correctly built up. He has a short vowel twenty-seven times before *sp* and *sc*. He has hexameter lines now and then without a caesura (strong). He has one or two fine examples of those rare lines where the sound goes musically with the sense, *e.g.* :

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum.

Elegia, iv. 119.

Now all these marked peculiarities without one exception can be shown to be the common property of the author of *Nova Solyma* as well. This is surely more than a casual coincidence, but the notes to the Latin poems will be the proper place to show these things in detail.

When I say Milton was no pedant, and use this fact to help in the identification of our anonymous author, what I mean is that, learned as Milton undoubtedly was, and a Latin scholar of the widest range, he was not anxious to be a philologist, or an erudite classical antiquarian, or an emendator of obscure fragments of ancient authors. Literary achievements of this character had a minor value in his estimation, and he ceded the glory of them willingly to the Scaligers, the Casaubons, and the portentously heavy Dutch *literati* who delighted in such minute details. He thought more of the *genius* of a writer (a most frequent word in *Nova Solyma*) and the soul or spirit of his book, than all the richly brocaded trappings worked up with amazing labour from ancient materials which were often, as he well knew, only the deceptive externals of a very meagre and commonplace intellect.

In this, as in many other literary, social, and political matters, he showed the very independent character of his mind; for among scholars Milton was almost alone in the small value he placed on what the vast majority considered the choicest treasures of the ripest fruit of classical culture. Now in *Nova Solyma* this peculiar Miltonic view is strongly enforced whenever there is occasion to speak of the critical study of languages.

But with all this evidence of remarkable similarity in the faults as well as the perfections of the language used, there is still one noticeable dissimilarity which we must not omit to mention; for nothing is ever eventually gained by shirking what seems a difficulty. In *Nova Solyma* there is undoubtedly an absence of the rich classical allusions which are so frequent in Milton's early poems and letters. But I think this can be fairly met, and a good reason given. Our book is on the general theme of the *Institutio Christiani*, the Education of a Christian. Any references to the recondite Ethnic mythologies would be manifestly out of place here. As Milton says in his oft-quoted "Tractate," "The end of Learning is to repair the ruins of our first Parents by regaining to know God aright." This would not leave much room for Parnassus

or Helicon. We know as a fact that in later life, when Milton had to give his views *De Doctrina Christiana*, he miss altogether the rich expression and splendid imagery of some of his other works. In such matters his aim was plainness and perspicuity.¹ Milton's work on Christian Teaching is dry, plain, and logical, but it is Milton's nevertheless, and may we not say the same of some chapters of *Nova Solyma*? And we must not forget that if the rich classical imagery and mythology be absent, their place is occupied by more important and by sublimer themes, by the hopes and fears of Christian men, by the praises of the Angelic Choir, and by the voice and will and righteousness and justice of God Himself.

What cannot fail to strike every reader of this Romance is the fact that, although written by an intense Puritan, there is an utter absence of that religious narrowness and quasi-cant so often associated with the "painful" preachers and expounders of that denomination. Here is no hatred of the Grand Passion of love, although its follies are pleasantly unbared to the view. Here Truth and Justice and the Fear of God are all placed on the high pedestals they so well deserve; and there is withal a kindly insistence everywhere on those great teachings which tend to make life more abounding in hope, more perfect in self-restraint, and more "lifted up" in spirit.

The lyrics and other poems of our Romance are just what we should expect from an author brought up in a Puritan home under the best possible tutors, where music was heard daily, where the Bible was the one great authority for faith and morals, and where Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas came next in the domain of poetry and cosmogony. When we consider Milton's early training at home, what can be more likely than that these fine Hebraic and Biblical lyrics are his?

We know, too, from Milton's MSS. at Trinity College,

¹ Milton is his own witness to us in this matter. In 1659 he wrote: "Pomp and ostentation of Reading is admired among the Vulgar; but doubtless in Matters of Religion he is learnedest who is planest (*sic*)."—*Works*, ii., 755, ed. 1698.

Cambridge, how many subjects, both Scriptural and historical, he used to jot down for reference or trial. His MSS. contain nearly a hundred. Sixty of these are from Scripture, and thirty-three from history, chiefly early British. But there is nothing on Cain, nothing on the Armada, although both would be likely subjects in such a catalogue. Is it not possible that they were omitted from the list that Milton jotted down for trial, for the good reason that they had been *already* tried?

There is one claim I advance for this Romance, which must, in all fairness, be allowed, quite apart from its authorship, and that is that we have here a most interesting and uncommon specimen of Puritan literature. We have very little real literature from the Puritans; theological folios and political pamphlets were abundant enough, but they are not what we mean by literature. As Professor Dowden well remarks in his *Puritan and Anglican*, recently published: "We must bear in mind the fact that Puritanism was only for a short time triumphant. Except for a few years Puritanism was militant or Puritanism was depressed. We can only conjecture whether a great literature would have developed on a Puritan basis, if the Commonwealth had existed even for one entire generation; we can only surmise on the question whether righteousness would have flowered in beauty, and severity have worn the garments of joy."

When I read these words only a few days ago, how I wished that the writer of them had been able first to see *Nova Solyma*, and so to tell us whether he recognised there a Puritan preacher of righteousness with his singing garments on him, and decked with beauteous flowers, and whether he knew the features of the singer! For the professor is a good judge of the gifts of Puritan passion and Puritan faith, and tells us that in spite of the lack of real literature among the Puritans, "certain works remain to us which serve as more than an indication of the possibilities. We have," he goes on to say, "the impassioned exhortation of the *Saint's Rest*; we have the

epic of seventeenth-century theology—the poems of the loss of Paradise by man, and its recovery by a greater man; we have the Puritan drama of God's afflicted champion obtaining victory by obedience unto death; we have the story, ardent, tender, humorous, of the Pilgrim's wayfaring from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City."

Here ends his list—a short one truly—and I must leave it to the critics to say whether I may add, with their permission, "The six books of *Nova Solyma*."

If the great French critic Taine is right, the following is the reason why there is so little real literature from the Puritans. He says: "The Puritan destroys the artist, stiffens the man, fetters the writer; and leaves of artist, writer, and man only a sort of abstract being, the slave of a watchword. If a Milton springs up among them, it is because by his wide curiosity, his travels, his comprehensive education, above all, by his youth saturated in the greatest poetry of the preceding age, and by his independence of spirit, loftily adhered to even against the sectarians, Milton passes beyond sectarianism."¹

Again, I must leave it to my critics and readers to say whether they think the Puritan author of *Nova Solyma* was a poor artist and a stiffened, fettered writer, or whether he was an independent poet saturated with the best products of the poet's art, and a Puritan who had passed beyond sectarianism. Much as Taine depreciated our National Epic, I wish we could have his opinion on this.

MILTON'S EARLY PROJECTED *MAGNUM OPUS*

What this was, and why it was given up, is naturally a subject very interesting in connection with the present work. Our chief authority is our great Poet himself, who tells us he was a great admirer in his youth of the Romances of Chivalry, and contemplated about 1639

¹ Taine, *Hist. Eng. Lit.*, Ed. 1887, i. 398.

writing an epic on "Arthur." But in his *Reason of Church Government* (1642) he seems to allude to something else. "The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse that urgent reason hath plucked from me by an abortive and foredated discovery, and the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise." And then he goes on to "covenant" with his readers that within some few years he will make up for this by a work "not to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

What the "abortive and foredated discovery" was that for a time robbed us of Milton's long premeditated *magnum opus* remains a mystery to me, and I have never heard that it has been satisfactorily cleared up. It has indeed been very little noticed by any one, and the only suggestion I remember is that Milton has discovered that the history of "Arthur" was non-historical and fabulous, and therefore an unworthy theme. But Milton had many other themes in his head besides "King Arthur," and how are the words "abortive and foredated" to be explained on this supposition? I am induced to suggest two or three other hypotheses, simply for what they are worth; at least they seem as probable as the Arthurian myth theory and one I think more so. ˘

(1) It may have been some great work or Latin poem on the Fall of Man and the Fall of the Rebel Angels, that Milton was meditating upon, but that in Italy, or through his Italian friends in England, he had brought to his notice the work of Odoricus Valmarana, entitled *Daemonomachia, or the Wars of the Angels*, in fifteen books, published in 1623, being the *first part only* as mentioned on title page. This fine Latin poem on his own lines "plucked" the ground from under his

feet, and was, moreover, abortive (incomplete) and foredated.¹

Or (2) Milton might have fixed on John the Baptist (Baptistes) as his great theme. We know it was one of the many themes specially enlarged by him, and very suitable to tell against the tyranny of Charles I. and Laud, the Herod and High Priest of current politics. And then he discovered that Buchanan had foredated and forestalled him by a dramatic poem with the same name and subject. What put this third hypothesis in my head was the very curious coincidence that Buchanan in his preface to his *Baptistes* speaks of it as his abortive offspring (*foetus abortivus*). And, stranger still, this *Baptistes* of Buchanan was translated in 1641 into blank verse by somebody who withheld his name. Peck² thinks it was undoubtedly Milton.

Or (3) he may have been thinking of working up and completing that Armada Epic of which he had disjointed portions already among his early papers; and then discovered during his Italian journey some foredated Latin poems on the subject already in possession of the field, *e.g.*, the *Naumachiae* of John Tolmer, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth in 1588 or others, not to speak again of the aforementioned abortive work of Valmarana, which would clash with the warlike ministry of the Angelic Host in the Armada Epic, or at least cover to some extent the same ground and follow the same method.

Or (4) it may be that Lord Bacon's *New Atlantis* which was published (imperfect) in 1627 was the abortive and foredated work which nipped *Nova Solyma* in the bud, at least for a time.

Of this much, however, we may be fairly certain, that the thing which he had to say, and the intentions which had lived within him, ever since he could conceive himself

¹ A copy of this book was for sale by Thomason, the bookseller, in 1647, as appears by his catalogue of books brought from Italy published in that year. What if Milton had sold his Italian books procured in 1639 when on his travels, and this one of them?

² *New Memoirs of Milton* (1740, 4to).

worth anything to his country, have reference to a *Latin magnum opus*; for it was not until his visit to Italy, where he recited some of his Latin compositions in the audience of the learned dilettanti societies of that country, that he formed the new intention of writing his great work, whatever it might eventually be, in his own vernacular for the glory, example, and edification of his fellow countrymen first of all. This early conceived work of his was, in his own words,¹ a work wherein he was "fed with cheerful and confident thoughts," and one where he felt himself "beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." Now *Nova Solyma*, with its Armada Epic and its serious, confident tone, is somewhat such a work as he here describes, and it is in Latin too. Moreover, "the bright countenance of truth" has more affinity with it, than with the great Arthurian myth.

Next we must devote a few lines to

MILTON'S EARLY LOVES

The reason for this is that the two principal love episodes in our Romance seem to be cunningly disguised reminiscences of Milton's own experiences in the tender passion.

It is well known that our great poet in the matter of the master-passion could boast of exceptional self-control, and that from youth to manhood the enticements of Venus failed to lead him astray; in other words, he sowed no wild oats in Cambridge or London or even later on in the more fertile and luxuriant fields of dangerous Italy. He has said so himself, and his fellow-students indirectly endorsed it when they called him "The Lady of Christ's." But Cupid's darts smote him twice in his youth, once in London, most likely on that Mayday when he was in his nineteenth year, and once near Cambridge when he had been lying asleep under a tree in the country. On the first occasion, described

¹ *Reason of Church Government* (1642), p. 481 (Bohn).

in his seventh elegy, he saw for a moment or two the May Queen (as I suggest), either accompanied through the streets or surrounded in her bower by her satellites. Their eyes met, and he fell, Love's helpless victim, or, as Cowper renders him :

A fever new to me of fierce desire
Now seized my soul, and I was all on fire ;
But she the while whom only I adore
Was gone, and vanish'd, to appear no more ;

and so the poet is left disconsolate, able to follow her only in thought, murmuring to himself :

Oh, could I once, once more behold the fair!
Speak to her, tell her of the pangs I bear !

Now we have only to read two or three pages at the very beginning of *Nova Solyma*, and we come at once to a scene where the circumstances and the effects are of a very similar kind—the Daughter of Zion in her vine-covered arbour taking the place of the May Queen in her bower. I will only add that I cannot help thinking that we have here a distinct *Miltonic* reminiscence of the great poet's first young dream of Love, rather than the ordinary invention of some unknown romancer. There is this also to help the hypothesis ; for just as Milton, when he published this love elegy in later life (1645), put in a disclaimer of such youthful folly in some verses which he appended to it ; exactly the same kind of disclaimer occurs more than once in our anonymous Romance, as will appear by the notes at the proper passages. And the reasons for these changed opinions about love which Milton expressed in his maturer years, are just the reasons which Joseph gives in *Nova Solyma*, and they are not the reasons that would occur to the ordinary mind. Let us compare these.

Milton, in his disclaimer of 1645, the postscript to his seventh elegy, says :

"Such vain trophies of worthless levity (*nequitia*) did I long ago set up, for wrong conceptions seized and impelled

me then. . . . My intractable youth was a bad guide for me until the shady groves of the Academy" (I agree with Masson that Milton here means not the University, but Plato's philosophy) "offered to my sight its Socratic streams, and (as I drank) that yoke fell from my neck."

What Joseph, the hero of the Romance of 1648, says is to be found in Book V., Chapter II., when Politian, "meeting Joseph one day by chance, asked him by what power he was able to resist such a universal conqueror as Love. 'I am,' answered Joseph, 'under the power of Love far more than you think; but it is the Love which is Heavenly and Divine which possesses me body and soul. Nor am I a laggard or faint-hearted herein, but ardent and sanguine. You shall hear, if you will, a poetic outburst of the sacred flame.'"

Then follows that fine Latin Ode to the Love which is Divine and Eternal, which is, in the elegance of its language, its purity, and its sublimity, well worthy of Milton at his best, and when we consider it was written "in the heat of youth," as the author admits, it is more wonderful still. This, if I may be permitted to say it, I consider another high trump card to help me to win my game.

The card that now follows is a much lower one. For the other love-passage in Milton's youthful days is not told us anywhere in his works, but seems to have been a tradition about him, possibly apocryphal, and indeed Professor Masson calls it a "myth." It runs thus: Milton one summer's day, while taking a long walk out of Cambridge, rested for a while at the foot of a tree and fell asleep. A foreign lady passing the spot was so struck with his beauty that she wrote some Italian verses in pencil, and placed them in his hand. When he awoke, and had read them, he was so eager to find out the fair *incognita* that he travelled to Italy with the hope of meeting her. The verses were concerning his beautiful eyes.

The parallel love-passage in *Nova Solyma* is where the disguised Philander relates how he first fell in love. From

the result of a hunting accident, he was lying in a dead faint on the ground, when a girl, a foreigner, taking a walk, saw the accident and came with all speed to help him, bent over him with every attention, and at last brought him back from his "Lethean sleep." When his eyes gazed upon the face that was bending over him, then love took possession of his heart. Perhaps being semi-conscious helped the illusion and made him an easy prey, at least he said so when he told the tale; and after some further complicated adventures, the final result is that Philander leaves home and country to seek for his true love. I mention this as a possible reminiscence of some event in Milton's life which caused the traditional myth; but as a piece of evidence I attach no importance to it. It is curious that there should be such a myth connected with Milton, and that there should be such a tale in our Romance. That is all—the parallel is not sufficiently close to be worth much.

As to the general relations of Milton to the fair sex, Mark Pattison has a few excellent remarks to which I thoroughly subscribe. "With Milton, as with the whole Calvinistic and Puritan Europe, woman was a creature of an inferior and subordinate class. Man was the final cause of God's creation, and woman was there to minister to this nobler being. The Puritan had thrown off chivalry as being parcel of Catholicism, and had replaced it by the Hebrew ideal of the subjection and seclusion of women. . . .

"Milton, in whose soul Puritan austerity was as yet (*i.e.* in his younger days) only contending with the more genial currents of humanity, had a far greater than average susceptibility to the charms of woman. Even at the latter date of *Paradise Lost*, voluptuous thoughts, as Mr. Hallam has observed, are not uncongenial to him. And at an earlier age his poems, candidly pure from the lascivious innuendoes of his contemporaries, have preserved the record of the rapid impression of the momentary passage of beauty upon his susceptible mind."¹

¹ *Milton*, by Mark Pattison (London, 1883, pp. 53, 54).

We shall find, I think, that all the love-passages and scenes of *Nova Solyma* fully bear out the above criticism.

But next, while on the subject of these interesting features of Milton's inner consciousness, I should like to lead another good card which I draw from the same chapter in the Romance, a few lines further on, in fact just after the ode.

It has been the opinion of several good critics that in the poetical masterpieces of Milton Love does not enjoy that supremacy which, in the realm of poetry, so justly belong to the Great Passion. Milton, they say, great poet and genius as he was, yet never came near to the fervid and entrancing exposition of Human Love, which those sons of Belial his contemporaries, Sedley and Rochester, again and again poured forth in their love-songs and lyrics. Roystering libertines as they were, they were more edifying lovers than the austere husbands of Mary Powell and Eve. The didactic endearments of Adam in *Paradise Lost* read hardly like a human document, and are more a cold *douche* than a stimulating potion. To this party of critics has the last exponent of Milton, Professor Raleigh, joined himself. Besides holding the opinions just expressed, he thinks that Rochester's best love poetry reaches the topmost pinnacle of achievement in that kind—a new departure for a professor of English literature, assuredly—but he upholds it in an eloquent passage as follows:

“The wind bloweth where it listeth; the wandering fire of song touches the hearts and lips of whom it will. Milton built an altar in the name of the Lord, and he made a great trench about the altar, and he put the wood in order, and loaded the altar with rich exotic offerings, cassia and nard, odorous gums and balm, and fruit burnished with golden rind. But the fire from heaven descended upon the hastily piled altars of the sons of Belial, and left Milton's gorgeous altar cold.”¹

Milton's gorgeous altar cold! Oh, surely not so! This *dernier mot* is far too strong, even assuming that the

¹ Pp. 262-63.

professor refers solely to the great epics, and the poems of later life. His *igneus vigor* and its Heavenly Flame burnt brightly on every altar he raised whether early or late. And there was warmth too, as well as clear up-darting flame, proceeding from them. Cold is *not* the word; self-restrained, self-respecting, somewhat severe it may be, but not *cold*.

Let these critics read again Milton's seventh Latin elegy, which they know, and let them read in the original the "Bridal Song of Loves," here unworthily paraphrased, which they do not know, and I hope that, having considered this latter, they will agree to modify somewhat their present views, and to put it rather, that when Milton in his youth was building an altar to the Lord, and was from time to time resting and musing during the discontinuous work—that *once* at least, while he was yet musing, the fire kindled, and he spake with his tongue—and the altar was not cold then, but aglow with such a warmth both from the Human and from the Divine, as it is not often in mortal's power to command.

It has always up to now been a great slur on our illustrious poet, that he is one of the few English poets who have not sung of Love, and that, as far as the greatest poets are concerned, he stands absolutely alone in this respect. To use the words of the last appreciation of Milton (Raleigh, *Milton*, p. 30): "His only English love-poem, the sonnet *To the Nightingale*, is his earliest and poorest sonnet. He elected in his later poems to sing of Marriage, its foundation in reason, its utility, its respectability and antiquity as an institution, and, above all, its amazing dangers. He has thus lost the devotion of the young, who while they read poetry by the ear and eye for its sonorous suggestions, and its processions of vague shapes, love Milton; but when they come to read it for its matter and sentiment, leave him—in most cases never to return." It is to be hoped that this present work, if accepted, will help in some degree to remove what I believe to be a very unfair estimate of Milton's true nature.

He felt the power of Love, and could write of it, and sing of it too, as well as many another touched with the Great Ecstasy. But in his case the passion was a great deal more etherealised than it was with those coarse and casual lovers, the sons of Belial, who would run here and there for meat and grudge if they were not satisfied; and then in the evening they would return, grin like a dog, and go about the city. Milton knew them well enough, and described them under the prototype of their first father and namesake Belial:

In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage; and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

All which may be compared with the more detailed account of the obscene horrors of Night in that fine Ode at the end of the Fifth Book of *Nova Solyma*.

Here, too, does Milton speak and show the manner of man he was. Such love as theirs was wont to lie in the dark and obscene valleys of earth; they loved darkness rather than light, because their doings were evil; but Milton lifted up his eyes to the hills, where the air was purer, brighter, and nearer to God.

THE PYTHAGOREAN PRINCIPLES OF *NOVA SOLYMA*

This brings me to another striking characteristic which the author of *Nova Solyma* and Milton possess in common, and to which few other poets can put in a claim; I mean the practice and praise of the restrained abstinence and the hardy virtues of the Samian philosopher.

While speaking (*Nova Solyma*, Book V.) of a poet's love and a poet's life as it should be, our author strongly advocates what may be perhaps best described as Pythagorean Principles. Now this was Milton's most pronounced view, and indeed almost peculiar to himself. He wrote in 1642, in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, in the

midst of one of those valuable autobiographical reminiscences with which he studded some of his prose works: "I was confirmed in this opinion that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things" (iii. p. 118, Bohn). His domestic habits were those of a sober and temperate student; in his diet he was rarely influenced by delicacy of choice, illustrating his own admirable rule (*Paradise Lost*, xi. 530):

The rule of not too much; by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight.

For some poets, as Milton says, it might be no disqualification to be votaries of Ceres, Bacchus, and Venus. But for such a poet as *he* aspired to be it was different. For such a poet there must be a peculiar regimen. Let him live safely, soberly, austerely. (*Solidum aliquod ac severum vitae genus* are the very words in our Latin text of *Nova Solyma*.)

Now, as Professor Masson goes on to say in his exhaustive *Life of Milton*, i. 317: "It was Milton's ambition to be a poet of this order, not merely a *poeta*, but a *vates*. . . . Did we live as erst did Pythagoras, should there not begin again to resound in our ears, faint at first, but gradually more and more clear and loud, that famous sphere music of his, to which the orbs do keep time, and the young-eyed cherubs do unceasingly listen, albeit to humanity at large it has been so long a fable. So Milton argued and so he proved to himself. When his earlier writings are compared to those of his coevals at the University, what strikes us most, next to their vastly greater merit altogether, is their more ideal tone. As more than any of them he was conscious of the *os magna soniturum*, the mouth formed for great utterances, so all that he does utter has a certain character and form of magnitude. The stars, the gods, time, space, Jove, eternity, immortality, these and all other such notions

and existences of the vast, which men in general treat as belonging to the high Platonic sphere of intellect, and mention but rarely and then apologetically, and with a kind of shame, what are they but the intellectual common-places of young Milton, the phrases which his voice most fondly rolls, the themes to which he habitually tends. In his Latin poems and academical exercises in particular, there is a prevailing tone of the grandiose and magniloquent, which his college fellows must have noticed, and which even then might have been named or nicknamed the Miltonic."

Again, elsewhere (*Milton's Poetical Works*, i. 267, edit. Masson, 1890), this same great authority adds: "For those who would speak of high matters, for those whose poetry would rise to the prophetic strain, not wine and conviviality were fitted, but spare Pythagorean diet, a life even ascetic in its abstinence and scrupulously pure! This is an eminently Miltonic idea, perhaps pre-eminently *the* Miltonic idea; and it occurs again and again in Milton's writings."

Thus far I have quoted, and at some length, Professor Masson because, when these words were written, neither he nor the rest of the world had any such thought that Milton had composed, and, later on, even published a youthful work of his own, in which all these notable and identical characteristics were plainly to be seen and read of all men; even *Nova Solyma*, with its sublime Virgilian epic, its sweet Latin lyrics, its high serious tone throughout, its ecstatic perorations, its magniloquent addresses to the Deity, and, not the least remarkable feature of all, that peculiar combination in the hero of the book, Joseph, of a strict moral elevation of character with a certain self-esteem and independent thought which was Milton's own most distinguishing mark, and which designated him as a soul which "dwelt apart."

That *Nova Solyma* is throughout so much in accordance with what the highest living authority declares to be the tendency and character of Milton's youthful work, is surely a good addition to the cumulative argument—

another stone to the heap, and a very big one, though never designed to lie where it does—but undesigned coincidences are often the strongest and most convincing.

LITERARY FORECASTS

As for the title *Nova Solyma*, or New Jerusalem, chosen for the book, a curious literary forecast must be here noticed.

There is a large Miltonic literature, both English and foreign, ranging from long laborious works like those of Masson and the German Life *Milton und seine Zeit* (Leipzig, 1877-79), in two thick volumes, a meritorious independent attempt by Stern based on original sources, down to the many popular monographs of recent times. In my own opinion of these latter there are two which, for literary charm, piquancy, and concentrated criticism, rank far above their fellows; I mean the Biographies of Milton by Dr. R. Garnett and the late Mark Pattison, the well-known Rector of Lincoln College.

It was this last great critic who, when speaking of that sentiment in Milton "which dominated his whole being, and which is the inspiration at once of his poetry and of his prose," went on to describe it thus, and if the contention of the present work be correct, his words are a marvellous instance of prophetic insight and verbal clairvoyance. He says (p. 68):

"It was an inspiration at once real and vague, after a new order of things, an order in which the old injustices and oppressions should cease; after a NEW JERUSALEM, a Millennium, a Utopia, an Oceana. . . . It is the ardent aspiration after the pure and noble life, the aspiration which stamps every line he wrote, verse or prose, with the dignity as of an heroic age." I have only altered his letter-press by putting the two most striking words in capitals, for I think they deserve it. And I will round off this singular forecast by a somewhat personal matter. My second copy of *Nova Solyma* was for some years in the library of Mark Pattison, being sold to him by a

well-known bookseller, who, when the opportunity occurred, rebought it, and it appeared (the only appearance in public) in his second-hand catalogue, and was bought by me (by telegram); and when I claimed my treasure in the shop I heard the tale. The copy is perfectly fresh and clean, having no appearance of being read.

In addition to Mark Pattison's remarkable literary forecast concerning Milton and a New Jerusalem Romance, two others, hardly less singular, have been made.

Professor Raleigh has only very recently made his. He says (p. 57):

"Milton was an idealist pure and simple in politics. Had he lived under the Tudor sovereigns, he would have been reduced with Sir Thomas More, Montaigne, and John Barclay, the author of *Argenis*, to express himself by way of romance and allegory. . . . Here was an opportunity that has not often in the world's history come to a poet of realising the dream that he had dreamed in his study, of setting up again for the admiration and comfort of posterity, the model of an ancient Republic."¹

The other was made by that excellent French appreciator of Milton, M. Edmond Scherer.

"At bottom Milton is an absolute spiritualist, and this is the essence of his thought. He idealises and abstracts everything. . . . He sees all things, so to speak, in God, and the earthly state confounds itself in his mind with Jerusalem which is on high."²

One more writer also deserves a certain meed of praise, *viz.*, J. J. G. Graham, who in 1872 spoke of Milton as "the Utopian and Atlantic idealist, educator, and reformer."³

But I think the best literary forecast of all was made by a German (Heinrich von Treitschke). It was a double-barrelled one and both shots hit the mark. It is referred to further on.

¹ *Milton*, by Walter Raleigh (London, 1900, 8).

² *Essays on English Literature*, by Edmond Scherer, translated by George Saintsbury (London, 1891), p. 115.

³ Preface to *Milton's Life in his Own Words*, edited by J. J. G. Graham (London, 1872, 8vo).

THE PROOF FROM MUSIC

Milton was a great lover of Music, and a performer on the organ certainly, and most likely the bass viol and other instruments, and accompanied the music with his voice. His father was a proficient, and there was music in the family circle after the studies and work of the day. Milton had a most accurate ear, and took "most extraordinary delight in music," says Toland, who is a good authority for this. Strange to say, Warton and Samuel Johnson are of opinion that Milton is defective in the sense of harmony, but Landor has effectually disposed of them by a clever "right and left." He says: "Warton had lost his ear by laying it down in low and swampy places, on ballads and sonnets; and Johnson was a deaf adder coiled up in the brambles of party prejudice"; and he adds his own opinion that Milton's "peculiar excellence above all others was in his exquisite perception of rhythm, and the boundless variety he has given it, both in verse and prose. Virgil comes nearest to him in his assiduous study of it, and in his complete success."¹ Now, this judgment is most true and most applicable to *Nova Solyma*, where the author professes to follow Virgil in these very points of excellence in his Armada Epic. Both Landor and Hallam would have rejoiced to see Milton's then unknown Latin Epic; for they were clear-sighted critics in this, and were opposed by the majority when they both rightly attributed a Virgilian character to Milton's Latin verse.

But besides a "good ear" Milton had a practical and theoretical knowledge of music, most unusual with literary celebrities of that age. Mr. Edward Taylor, Gresham Professor of Music, says: "Other writers, ancient or modern, in prose or poetry, rarely speak of music without betraying their ignorance of it. They deal in vague generalities, or if they attempt anything more, blunder. Milton, wherever he speaks of music—and how often does

¹ *Landor's Works*, viii. 388.

the divine art present itself to his mind—is always technically correct" (*Edinburgh Quarterly*, vol. cxi.)

And what do we find in *Nova Solyma*? Why, at the very outset, in the description of the pageant of the Daughter of Zion, there is a simile such as we could expect only from a lover of music and an expert in the art. And constantly throughout the book we have references to music. There were musical reunions in Jacob's household. Joseph was a skilled performer, playing the accompaniments to his own songs. He was often heard practising in his chamber. His young brothers had a music- and singing-master. And just before the Armada Epic there is some criticism of the relation of poetry to music (*de musica poeseos*) which bespeaks clearly the trained musical ear, taste, and experience of the author. In other places Joseph's (*i.e.* Milton's) great delight in the art is pointedly mentioned, especially when he accompanied his young brother's song on the harp. But for all this love of music our Romance is in favour of songs and praise in God's house with the human voice *alone*; and such was Milton's view after 1639, in spite of the well-known earlier passage in *Il Penseroso* about the "pealing organ" and "full-voiced quire" which referred most likely to his attendance and delight in the musical services of King's College Chapel—

And love the high embowed roof—¹

or possibly his own college chapel, or old St. Paul's when he was a young Pauline. Milton in his last work, *De Doctrina Christiana*, ignores Church music altogether. He speaks of singing psalms and hymns, and gives New Testament texts for it, but will admit no Old Testament texts on this subjects, considering, I suppose, that the Old Testament ritual was utterly abolished.

Taken altogether, this argument from musical tastes and knowledge is, I think, a fairly strong one, for a good musician is seldom a learned man or a great poet, indeed, as a rule, is seldom distinguished out of his profession.

¹ *Il Penseroso*, 157.

Milton was "one in a thousand" as a learned man, a great poet, and a good musician combined, and the anonymous author of *Nova Solyma* would seem to be another "one in a thousand." Strange that no one has ever heard of this prodigy! What was his profession? Where did he live and die? What else did he write beside *Nova Solyma*? He is his own witness that he led a very busy and disturbed life; how is it that a man of his talents did not leave his mark on his age and country? He did. He left a mark not for an age, but for all time. He did indeed write something beside *Nova Solyma*; he wrote *Lycidas*, *Comus*, and *Paradise Lost*, and the world will not be likely to forget *them*—at least, such is my contention.

THE PEDAGOGICAL PROOF

There is so much about education and its methods in *Nova Solyma* that any one reading it would at once suppose that the author *prima facie* was a schoolmaster or at least connected in some way with practical pedagogy. All this fits in exactly with what we know of Milton, and favours my hypothesis. Milton was peculiarly fond of pedagogy, says the great authority Masson (iii. 666).

Sir Walter Scott in a singular passage in *Woodstock* makes Sir Henry Lee say of Milton, that he was a schoolmaster by profession.

Graham in his preface to *Milton's Life in his Own Words*, speaks of him as the Utopian and Atlantic idealist, educator and reformer. Mr. E. E. Morris, Professor of English Literature in the University of Melbourne, says that Milton was the best Latin scholar of his time in England. Here he is doubtless right, but he adds:¹ "It may fairly be said that Milton was the greatest man that ever was a schoolmaster—as a man the very head and front of the profession." This last statement is not so certain, and is at least open to controversy. There was an Italian of the Renaissance² for whose claim to that

¹ Introduction to Milton's tractate on Education, p. xviii.

² Vittorino da Feltre (1378–1446).

very high position a great deal might, I think, be urged. First at Padua and then at Venice he obtained such a reputation as an educator, "to whose care the youth of both sexes might be entrusted with implicit confidence," that finally under the patronage of the Gonzagas he settled at Mantua in a fine villa and devoted himself to the training of noble youths. Few lives, it is said, have been so perfectly praiseworthy as his, and few have more nobly realised the idea of living for the highest objects of the age.¹

In *Nova Solyma* we find the very highest appreciation of the work of a schoolmaster. The person and office of the *ludimagister* are both much magnified in the Ideal State on Mount Zion ; the rising generation, and therefore the great future of the State, depends on their worthiness and work. So to them much honour and thanks are justly due.

But this was by no means the way schoolmasters were looked at in England during the time of the Civil War. They were indeed at a discount just then, and most of them, through the disturbed social state of the country, were in abject condition, and desired in vain to be put into some country school that they might "eat a piece of bread"; and indeed I think the origin of the parsonic influence over schools in the country, which is such a bitter pill to the Nonconformists, almost dates from this period of our history. But whatever the general depreciative opinion might be, Milton thought otherwise; and when he came back from his Italian trip so prematurely, it was, by his own confession, to do some good work for his troubled country. It was then, too, that he began his pedagogical labours. It was, he evidently thought, useful work of the highest character, or his proud spirit would not have stooped down to it.

We generally hold the opinion nowadays that the tone, direction, and fate of our Empire is considerably determined by our great public schools. An influential

¹ J. A. Symonds, *Renaissance in Italy*, p. 289 sqq.

ludimagister, such was Arnold of Rugby, exercises one of the noblest and most important functions that can fall to the lot of man in his generation. Milton clearly held this opinion centuries in advance of his age, and, according to his position, did his part both in theory and practice. It is true his theories had to be drawn from him first in his smaller tractate on Education in 1644, where his "few observations" had "flowered off," as he says, and secondly in his much larger and anonymous work *Nova Solyma*, which was possibly the original bush that afforded the flowers. In both cases it seems that Hartlib was the means of overcoming the habitual cunctativeness of our original genius; but what I chiefly seek to show here is, that in Milton's acknowledged words and actions he was a schoolmaster who magnified his office as few did in those days—and that the author of *Nova Solyma* held exactly the same views.¹

OUR AUTHOR A PROTESTANT SCHOLASTIC

Another proof of the Miltonic authorship of *Nova Solyma* is the following strong one.

There were two mental characteristics joined together in Milton, which are very seldom found existing in one and the same man. He was a great Protestant Scholastic and a poet of the first rank withal. We may almost call him the *greatest* Protestant Scholastic of his time, for just as an ape sitting on the shoulders of a giant can see farther than the giant, so Milton (who was certainly,

¹ By a strange coincidence there was another John Milton, a schoolmaster, of whom the world knows very little, although he reigned supreme over that ancient foundation of William of Wykeham at Winchester (for the space of half a year) in 1394. He is celebrated by C. Tonson, who was also headmaster of the same great school in 1590, and one of the finest Latinists of his time, in the following distich:

Causa latet, medio docuit non amplius anno
Miltonus, hunc vitæ credo habuisse modum.

—Ric. Willeius, *Poemata* (London, 1573, 8vo).

Next Milton taught for barely half a year,
How brief a spell! Death made it so, I fear.

however, no ape) had a wider outlook than those Reformed Scholastic and Protestant giants of theological erudition on whose shoulders he had raised himself. All his life this particular study had been a favourite one with him. He was constantly perusing his Hebrew Bible and his Greek Testament with this view before him. He would be drawing up a *Compendium Theologicum* for his pupils for Sunday discussion, and later on he spent years carefully collecting Biblical proofs for his *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*. He laid his foundation on the pure word of God in the original tongues, and put aside as of quite inferior importance the Fathers, the Councils, and the decrees and dogmas of the Church. They were beams and pillars far too rotten for the structure he would build. He would not even be beholden to the really great scholastics of the Church, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, and the rest. He was a "Protestant" scholastic, and the only helps he would use were such as adhered to and defended the Reformed Faith. Such men as Amesius, Wollebius, Polanus, Tilenus, Curcellaeus (now all forgotten), together with Calvin and Beza were the props he used wherewith to shore up his work, and, putting aside Calvin, he himself was the greatest and most independent of them all.

As a poet, what need to speak in detail? He was the sweetest lyric and the most sublime epic poet of that or any age.

In what other man of that age have two such diverse gifts been joined together, with such marvellous fecundity? Where else in those days was such theological independence of the Puritan stamp to be found combined with the noblest and loftiest efforts of Poesy?

I contend (and strange indeed that it has not been contended long before now) that this great and uncommon union of intellectual gifts is to be found in the unknown author of *Nova Solyma*. He, too, is a Protestant Scholastic, if ever one deserved that name. His theological discussions are all-embracing, profound and independent to a degree. He will have nothing to do

with Councils or patristic authority. He will take the Bible in the original language as he understands it, irrespective of all versions of men. And ever and again, in the midst or at the conclusion of some high moral or religious theme, he will sound forth the impassioned lyric or the rolling hexameter with that unstudied facility which belongs alone to the *os magna sonaturum*, to the tongue formed by Nature to declaim harmoniously on all that is serious, noble, and sublime.

Who, then, is this singularly gifted, but unknown author, if not Milton? I have considered elsewhere such claimants as might possibly exist among our own fellow-countrymen, and it is among *them* that we naturally look for the author, on account of its publisher and place of imprint. But an objector may ask: Could not some great Protestant Scholastic of continental fame have sent it forth to the world veiled and otherwise disguised just to try the critics? Yes, certainly the thing is possible, in spite of the many personal peculiarities which abound in the Romance, and even in spite of the many finger-posts, set up everywhere throughout the book, all pointing to Milton. An author beyond the channel is not impossible; but who can be found there to meet the many talents and lofty acquirements which the author must possess?

Besides, there are so many limiting circumstances that the number of possible authors in all the world must be very small. I am almost ashamed to admit that I can only think of one who would be equal to the high endeavour, and that is Hugo Grotius, but he died in 1645, and our author distinctly tells us in his *Autocriticon* that he himself was alive in 1649, and was ready to give a further instalment of his work if the public received it favourably. Alas! it fell dead from the press!

NOVA SOLYMA COMPARED WITH MILTON'S
POSTHUMOUS WORK DISCOVERED IN 1823

Here, I am glad to say, I come to one of the strongest and most important proofs of my contention.

It is well known to those who are interested in Milton that the discovery of his MS. theological treatise *De Doctrina Christiana* quite one hundred and fifty years after his death was a source of great pain as well as surprise to all who, as Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, "loved the man, and did honour his memory this side idolatry as much as any." For it was then first laid open to the eyes of all the world that our sublime and noble-minded poet, whose epics and religious lyrics seemed to many only second to Scripture itself, besides being an undoubted heretic on one of the fundamental teachings of Christianity, had also most singular and heterodox views on many other points of Christian morality. To the vast majority of Miltonic worshippers it was a most grievous and unexpected blow, for although some few critics here and there had hinted at traces of Arian tendency in some parts of *Paradise Lost* and elsewhere, hardly any readers were convinced of it, and indeed the evidence was, in the circumstances, very insufficient. But now there was no doubt. The newly discovered treatise absolutely swarmed with curious and heterodox speculations, such as no one had ever thought of attributing to that great lover of God and His Book, John Milton.¹

In order that I may be free from the suspicion of presenting Milton's remarkable speculations in such a manner as to favour my own special contention, I will give them presently in the exact words of Professor Masson's masterly analysis. The Professor (and every other Miltonic scholar in the kingdom) attributed these strange, unheard-of speculations of the blind poet to that period which they termed "the close of his life," and it was quite a revelation to know that he held them even then.

But now comes one of the strangest of literary discoveries. Nearly every one of these unheard-of speculations of Milton had been in print and before the public for over two hundred and fifty years, even in this very book,

¹ Indeed, the fact then came out that our illustrious poet possessed—and no man had a better right to it—a religion all his own, and to which he never converted anybody.

Nova Solyma, and no one had so much as mentioned them, or even referred to the book, among all the careful commentators of our great and learned poet and theologian.

The author of *Nova Solyma* held, in 1648 and earlier, exactly the same extraordinary views that Milton left behind him in MS. in 1674, and which remained hidden in a cupboard of the State Paper Office till 1825, while *Nova Solyma* has remained hidden from sight and knowledge till the present day.

Strange fate indeed for both, and especially strange for *Nova Solyma*, for that was published, and was clearly the work of a learned man, a fine poet, and a most original thinker. Moreover, he thought exactly as Milton thought, and so this new and curious fact fits in with and corroborates the many other proofs and coincidences by which I have been endeavouring to lift up the veil that conceals the true author of *Nova Solyma*, and with such a stone as this in my scrip I feel almost bold enough, novice as I am, to challenge the Goliaths of literary criticism, and to declare before them all that I am ready to maintain that the unknown author of *Nova Solyma* is the known author of *De Doctrina Christiana*; and also, as a kind of corollary, that the author of *Nova Solyma* is one of the finest Latin poets and the greatest master of musical metre that our country has ever produced. The odds are terribly against me, I know. These Goliaths of criticism are mostly so well armed, and have, many of them, a man (in the press) bearing a shield to go before them. I am alone, with only my heap of stones that I have gathered together. If this stone fails to sink into their foreheads—well, I must then go to my scrip again. But Professor Masson shall first tell them in his own words what these strange opinions were which Milton held in his MS. treatise c. 1670, and which I have had the pleasure to discover also in print in 1648 in *Nova Solyma*. And let us remember, as we read through this well-digested list of the remarkable speculations of Milton's *last magnum opus*, that they are all but two to be found in what I have ventured to call, for other reasons, many in number,

Milton's *first magnum opus*. The two which do not appear are the defence of polygamy and the peculiar view of divorce. These questions did not arise in the romance of 1648. Possibly the topic of divorce was avoided because it would have betrayed the anonymous author at once; but the other curious opinions of *Nova Solyma* were not so likely to betray the author, for he had not yet (in 1648) expressed them anywhere.

Masson's account is in his Memoir of Milton in the first volume of his *Poetical Works* (ed. 1890, p. 65). It runs thus:

"It is from this *Treatise of Christian Doctrine* that Milton's theological and philosophical opinions at the close of his life, so far as they could be expressed in formal and systematic language, are to be most authentically learnt.

"The treatise shows him to have been an Anti-Trinitarian in his later years, holding views as to the nature of Christ which were substantially those of high Arianism, as distinct from the lower Socinianism. It shows him also to have been, on the whole, Arminian and Anti-Calvinistic in his views of Free Will and Predestination. It contains, moreover, a very curious doctrine on the subject of Matter and Spirit, Soul and Body, which it is difficult to define otherwise than by calling it Materialistic Pantheism, or Pantheistic Materialism. While Deity Himself is represented as One Infinite Spirit, and so Milton starts in his philosophical system with a pure spiritualistic Theism, yet all that we call matter or creation, he avers, including angels and men, the animate and the inanimate, is originally a production or efflux out of the very substance of God, separated from Him only in so far as He has implanted independence and free will into parts of it. Hence the ordinary distinction between soul and body in man is repudiated by Milton. Soul and body, he holds, are one and inseparable; man is a body-soul or a soul-body, and is propagated as such from father to son. From this proposition it is one of his deductions that soul and body die together, or, in other words, that

there is a total cessation or suspension of personal consciousness between death and the resurrection—a doctrine held by one of the English sects of Milton's time, who were called, accordingly, *the Soul-Sleepers*. In a future resurrection, or sudden and miraculous reawakening to life of all that have lived and died in the world, Milton declares himself a profound believer. He connects his hope thereof with the millenarian doctrine of Christ's second coming, and of a consequent day of universal judgment, a conflagration or destruction otherwise of the present cosmos, and the succession of a new and grander system of things, in which the perfectly glorified saints and the wicked shall have their several eternal portions, the wicked in some hell, and the saints in the empyrean heaven or in some new heavens and earth created for them.

"All this and much more he professes to have derived from the Bible, which he declares again and again to be the sole *external* rule of Christian faith, to be used and interpreted by every man for himself, with the help of that superior inner light which is vouchsafed by God's Spirit to the individual mind of every true believer.

"It is from the same authority (the Bible) that he professes to have derived the system of ethics and of Church policy which his treatise propounds.

"He regards the Decalogue as having been abolished with the rest of the Mosaic law, and continued literal adhesion to it as inconsistent, therefore, with true Christian liberty. Hence he is an Anti-Sabbatarian, finding no authority for the substitution of the first day of the week for the Jewish Sabbath, and no higher reason for the observance of that day than Christian consent and general convenience. His views of Church discipline are those of Independency, or Congregationalism, with a marked tendency to absolute Individualism, or to a kind of Quakerism in some things; and he goes with the Baptists or Anti-Paedobaptists in *their* particular tenet. He dissents positively from the Quakers in their extreme doctrine of peace or passivity, and in other matters,

holding war to be often lawful, resistance by arms to tyranny to be lawful, and finding Scripture warrant also for prayers for curses and calamities upon bad men and enemies.

"Perhaps the part of his treatise that most shocks modern opinion is that where, not content with repeating his old doctrine of the lawfulness of divorce in cases of mutual incompatibility, he inserts a defence or justification of polygamy. But the treatise generally, it will be seen, contains not a few very heterodox speculations."

So ends Masson's carefully worded account, and, in the face of such an extraordinary body of opinions, I cannot help thinking that all sensible people, from the Goliaths of literature right down to the man in the street and the policeman at the corner of it, will agree with me that no other living being, whether scholar or dunce, whether sane or eccentric, would be at all likely to think out and accept and defend just such another remarkable congeries of unconventional views and opinions as Milton has here set forth. An independent thinker might agree here and differ there, but for two contemporary thinkers to be absolutely unanimous about such a remarkable set of opinions as have been just detailed certainly seems in the highest degree improbable. Milton, too, as I have said elsewhere, is admitted to have had a religion all his own, and to which he converted no one, and to have been a soul that dwelt apart. How, then, could some unknown contemporary express Milton's opinions to the very letter—not one opinion only, but nearly all the peculiar ones he held—and that, too, many years before Milton had publicly expressed them in any way? It seems as if it must be one of two things: either this anonymous author of *Nova Solyma* is Milton, or else Milton had read the Romance of 1648 and drawn upon it largely, finding an author of the same high views and talents as himself. Surely the first of these alternatives is the easier to accept; for who in the world could this great unknown be with feelings and opinions and Latinity so like the pure, learned, and unique John Milton that

he can hardly be distinguished from him by any definite mark?

But fortunately there is a crucial test which will induce us, or rather force us, to take the first alternative rather than the second. It is the delicate test of Latin verse. The known Milton had the supreme honour of belonging to that very small band of scholars who dwell alone on the highest peaks of Parnassus. All the best critics now acknowledge that he who wrote *Ad Patrem* and *Epitaphium Damonis*, not to speak of the beautiful elegies he composed when quite a lad, was very near the summit of the mount; at any rate, he was in the small first class of post-classical or modern Latin poets. Here is a required test that would extinguish the claims of ninety-nine Latin poets out of a hundred. It is such a lofty and difficult position to hold, that even Milton (who was "not unconscious of his own parts") declared that he could never hope to belong to this chosen few, but must take his place in the second rank. I have often wondered what made him think so, and what it could be that made also the great Continental critics deem him quite an inferior Latin poet, for, after all, a few slips in quantity—and this was Milton's great blot in their eyes—could not possibly destroy the beauty, fervour, genius, music, and other charms which were so evident in many places of his Latin poems. However, they saw them not, and Heinsius, Morhof, and the rest rated him very cheaply.

But we have changed all that, and the generally allowed order for our own countrymen on the Muses' Mount, as far as Latin verse is concerned, is: (1) Buchanan, (2) Milton, followed by a very small tail of other Scotch and English bards in no definite order, while Addison, Vinny Bourne, Anstey, and such like, are relegated to the second class, and Cowley, facile versifier as he was, is by some not allowed a class at all. This seems the sanest Honours List for our native neo-Latinists that I know, for we can only consider Samuel Johnson's glorification of Alabaster's *Roxana*, and Landor's list of (1) Bobus Smith, (2) Virgil, (3) Lucretius, as mere *prétexes bouffons*.

Milton's Latin verse has been rehabilitated in the last century or so, and I think justly. It has received due praise from Masson and all the more modern critics. As Coleridge (S.T.C.) says (*Table Talk*, iii. 270): "You may find a few minute faults in Milton's Latin verses; but you will not persuade me that if these poems had come down to us as written in the age of Tiberius, we should not have considered them to be very beautiful." And such a scholar-poet, born, not made, is a better judge than a score of *grammaticasters*. In fact, Milton's Latin poems are not faded transcripts or slavish imitations of the ancients, and therefore an unnoticed anonymous Latin poet of 1648, hailing presumably from England, who was anywhere near such a lofty position as Milton would be *primâ facie* almost impossible and incredible. Here, then, comes another stone ready for Goliath, a smooth stone from the brook, even that brook that flows from Helicon's fair mount, for *Nova Solyma* contains interspersed among the prose of the romance a body of Latin verse almost as large as that bequeathed by Milton to posterity, and, what is more, of a character and beauty and rhythmical melody that would do honour to Buchanan himself. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that not even he, "Saul among the prophets" as he was, could have risen higher in the charm of variety and genuine religious feelings which greet us throughout the usual and unusual metres of this anonymous Romance, especially in the *Sacrum Canticum* at the end. So then, on such grounds as these, I hold, as a kind of corollary to the proof from the *De Doctrina* and its curious speculations, that it is more likely that Milton wrote *Nova Solyma* than that he read it and borrowed from it, while really it was the work of another mind. It is acknowledged that "the strain heard in Milton's other productions is of a higher mood than anything that had thrilled the English ear before" (Lowell, quoted in F. H. Ward's *English Poets*, ii. 303).

Now, exactly the same thing is true of the early poems of *Nova Solyma*: the *metrical construction* is most beautiful, varied, and absolutely novel. I attach great importance

to evidence drawn from the *metres* of this unknown Romance.¹ And again, another excellent critic, Mark Pattison, says: "In all Milton's early pieces there is discernible in germ that mental quality which became in his mature production his poetic characteristic. It is this quality which the poverty of our language tries to express by the words solemnity, majesty, nobility, loftiness." Now, this "germ of mental quality" is clearly evident in the divine lyrics of Joseph and the fragmentary epic here presented, and the *Miltonic Latin* for it is, *genius*. In May, 1628, young Milton writes in Latin to his friend Alexander Gil on the subject of some verses just received, and remarks: "Thy genius (*tuus genius*) will not allow thee to wander away from the Muses." And in *Nova Solyma* the same word (not a usual one in this particular sense then) is so used four times, the most striking (an exact parallel to the expression in the letter above) being the passage where reference is made to the Armada fragments as "quaedam nova et forte incognita a *Josephi genio* creata." This *genius* was that mysterious stamp or character of a man which accompanied him from his birth, and was independent of training and surroundings. There was always something of a Divine or Higher Power contained in the idea of it, derived from its primary signification, where *genius* = *Δαίμων*, and Milton was supremely conscious that he possessed, or was accompanied by, such an almost supernatural gift.

I quite agree with Professor Masson (and there is no greater authority) when he tells us "there can be little doubt that Milton believed himself to be, in some real sense, an inspired man." This unusual characteristic in a great writer who dealt so largely in sanctified common sense is also clearly apparent in many parts of *Nova Solyma*, as will be shown in the notes.² Does not this curious idiosyncrasy, common to the great Milton and to the anonymous and contemporary author of *Nova Solyma*,

¹ For these see Appendix.

² Also at end of note to Joseph's (Ecstatic) Ode to the Blessed Angels, in Latin (Appendix).

point to the probability of their being one and the same man?

As to Milton's genuine religious opinions, we know very much more now than when that colossal and adverse critic Sam Johnson laid down the law about Milton and ventured to say this in his favour at least, that he was without the taint of heresy. We know now that Johnson was too favourable in this remark and certainly wrong. I cherish the hope that the present work will add some more interesting items to our knowledge of a man of whom all the English-speaking race have reason to be justly proud. Even if this Romance cannot save his orthodoxy, it will show us the man as he was, a God-fearing, God-loving, liberal Christian. I think it will show that he had truly "a religion all his own," but still one neither fanatical nor exclusive. He was not a Particular Christian, like the sectary who used to say there would only be two people saved by the true religion, himself and his wife, and used to add, he "was none too sure about *her*."

Milton certainly was not one to lay undue importance on forms and ceremonies. Indeed, he thought religion to be internal rather than external, and did not attend any place of worship in his latter years. Johnson condemns this in his magisterial way, but Milton might surely have done worse. He might have become a sectary and sat under the "high" preaching of some Ranter or Fifth Monarchy man, or even listened while his fellow-saints sang in nasal and unmusical tones :

We are the choice selected few ;
Let all the rest be damned :
There's room enough in Hell for you ;
We won't have Heaven crammed.

But Milton kept the Lord's Day at home and with his own thoughts—and if ever he desecrated a Sabbath by composing or dictating *Paradise Lost*, or in earlier days by correcting or adding to *Nova Solyma*, I for one will not throw a stone at his memory for that.

MILTON'S FONDNESS FOR LITERARY MYSTIFICATION

Here is another piece of evidence which goes to help my proof, and that is the frequent bent of Milton's mind to literary mystification and concealment of authorship. He liked to be behind a screen, and was certainly somewhat of an adept in hoodwinking people, for it is only gradually, and in some cases quite recently, that he has been drawn from his cover.

Not many years ago Professor Masson brought him into view with regard to the Postscript to *Smectymnuus*. No one thought Milton had any hand in that; but Professor Masson's keen detective powers led to what I believe to be a true discovery. Milton either wrote that Postscript or contributed notes for it, and the proof (not of course a proof positive) is contained in the way he defends this Postscript in his *animadversions* as if it were *his own* (Cf. Mason's Life, ii. 260). Then, again, his hand has been detected in the *Mercurius Politicus* (*ibid.* iv. 335).

And, above all, what a remarkable literary mystification was the *Tyrannical Government Anatomized; or, a Discourse concerning Evil Counsellors, being the Life and Death of John the Baptist* (1642). This was a translation into blank verse of Buchanan's *Baptistes*, although nothing was said either of this or of the author as far as the title-page was concerned. This was one of the "Miltonic Finds" of the Rev. Francis Peck, and although he was rather lacking in discrimination in some of his finds, and although Masson seems to discard this as well as the others, I must give as my own opinion that *this* is a claim in which Peck should not have been non-suited off-hand, for it stands on far better internal evidence than the others.

Then there are the scraps of verse with J. M. attached found in different first editions of the poet's works, and written on the fly-leaves. They may be all frauds, but qualified experts have held differently, and they seem to point to a concealed mystery maker, to say the least.

Look, too, at *Nova Solyma*—the very motto on the first fly-leaf points to an author with this mystifying turn of mind. And, if he desired it, he could conceal his opinions as skilfully as he could conceal his identity.

Dr. Creighton, our late famous Bishop of London, in the last Easter holidays of his life, read through the whole of Milton's verse again in the new pocket edition published by the Clarendon Press. "I remember his saying to me" (so Herbert Paul writes in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* for July, 1901) "that he found there no proof of Milton having been an Arian." This may well have been so, for though we now know clearly enough from his theological testament to the Churches, his treatise on *Christian Doctrine*, that he was a pronounced Arian, still, in his published works he was only a "concealed Arian," and that so skilfully, or perhaps unconsciously, managed that it is only by obscure inference here and there that we can arrive at the conclusion. And the same holds good with *Nova Solyma*. The author appears orthodox enough again and again, and it is only by reading between the lines with a careful look-out for signs of the heresy that we are able to detect it.

If, in connection with all that is stated here, we also consider the cunctativeness and shrinking from the winds of withering criticism which Milton showed in respect to his earliest flowers of poesy—his motto prefixed to *Comus* (1637), his earliest literary efforts carefully preserved in his desk, but withheld and concealed from the Republic of Letters—then I think we shall be fain to admit that the author of *Nova Solyma* was for all the world just such another literary anomaly.

NOVA SOLYMA COMPARED WITH MILTON'S TRACTATE ON EDUCATION OF 1644

There is another question which may be fairly raised regarding the Miltonic authorship of *Nova Solyma*, and that is, seeing that Milton undoubtedly wrote a tractate on Education in 1644, described as "one of the broadest

and most liberal treatises of the seventeenth century—a prophecy of the nineteenth”;¹ and that in 1648 *Nova Solyma* appeared, a Romance dealing very considerably with education, and now claimed by an unknown writer to be also Milton’s work; the question, I say, fairly arises, How do these works agree? Is there any reference from one to the other? Is one a supplement or continuation of the other, or is it a recantation? Do they betray the same author’s mental peculiarities? Even if one was purposely written anonymously, surely in so long a work on the same subject which had been treated a few years before by the same pen there must be found some incidents of manner and theory which would reveal the identity. The general answer to these questions is, as I have shown in various places of the notes to this present work, that there *are* certain striking identities in the two works—*e.g.* military exercises and athletics forming special parts of education in both, while at the same time there are no clearly contradictory statements which require explanation. But the answer can go beyond this, for I think that Milton, in his acknowledged work of 1644, distinctly refers to another and larger work on the same subject which he had prepared some long time previously. The references that Milton makes are these:

(1) “I,” he says to Hartlib in the beginning of his letter, “will forthwith set down in writing, as you request me, that voluntary idea [a *Nova Solyma* word also] which *hath long in silence presented itself to me of a better education . . . than hath yet been in practice.*”

(2) “Nor should the laws of any private friendship have prevailed with me *to divide thus and transpose my former thoughts,*” etc.

Now, I contend that in this last sentence, which I have put in italics, there is a concealed reference to his *Nova Solyma* MS., the result of his earlier thoughts on education. He means that it was not a willing work for him to have to divide or take away and transpose extracts from the

¹ Professor E. H. Byington, *The Puritan in England and New England*, London, 1896, p. 225.

results of his former thoughts, as he had already expressed them in his *Nova Solyma* MS.; that was a larger and more varied work, and therefore he uses the words "divide" and "transpose." I think that Professor E. E. Morris, in the last edition of Milton's Tractate (London, 1895, 8), has, in his note on this passage, quite misunderstood the allusion. His note is as follows:

"Page 2. *To divide thus or transpose my thoughts, i.e. to divide my thoughts between such subjects as Divorce and Education, or to take them altogether away from the former topic.*"

But the adjective "former," as applied to Milton's thoughts in 1644, surely excludes his thoughts about Divorce, which were then (1644) present to his mind almost to the exclusion of all other literary subjects. Moreover, by some strange accident, the Professor omits the pregnant word "former" from his quotation altogether.

No; it was his former meditations on Education that Milton was referring to, rather than the Divorce writings which he was then commencing—at least, so it seems to me.

CERTAIN NOTABLE OMISSIONS HELPING THE IDENTITY

Another point is this. When we are searching for internal evidence of identity of authorship in two different books, if the absence of any *trait* that we might naturally expect is noticeable in both works alike, it so far aids the theory of identity, while anything conspicuous in one and absent in the other is so far against the theory. If Milton, for instance, had any known defects, they ought certainly to be apparent also in *Nova Solyma*, if the occasion should be such as to be likely to call them into evidence. Now, that is just what does happen very strikingly. For in spite of Milton's great moral and intellectual qualities, it is possible to lay one's finger on certain blemishes or defects which are universally acknowledged to exist in him. For a man to be *in seipso*

totus teres atque rotundus is a grand Stoic ideal, but it has never been reached among mortals, nor indeed can it be. There must be certain surface inequalities of mind and morals to which the epithet *teres* is inapplicable. Milton had them, even as the rest of us. One was a Quaker-like want of appreciation of the beautiful in art. A second was a lack of genial humour, or at best a very clumsy attempt now and then. A third was a great negligence and almost contempt of "woman's rights," especially an equal education and opportunities for it. A fourth was a too rigid and absolute view of a father's power over his children.

Now, all these faults or defects are plainly observable in our Romance. Joseph prefers Nature as against Art to such an extreme that he would rather see and admire a common sparrow than the most beautiful architecture or most wonderful mechanism in the whole world. Milton spent some time amid the wonderful beauties and remains of ancient art, yet, for anything he wrote, one would never fancy he had seen them at all.

As for humour of a genial kind, there is nothing in *Nova Solyma*, any more than in Milton's works, and the few attempts at a joke or pun in the Romance, are about on the level with some remarks meant to be facetious in Milton's youthful college exercises.

As for the education of women or girls, there is not a word about it throughout all the Romance, and yet education is discussed from the earliest age of a child.

And for the fourth point, the Miltonic rigid paternal theory is expressed in the crudest and most unfaltering manner in our Romance in more than one incident.

And there is yet one more feature absent which we might well expect present in one or in both, and that is the love of books which learned and literary men are so wont to dilate upon. There is not a trace of it in Milton or *Nova Solyma*. No praise of libraries, or rare editions, or the joys of reading. There are no signs of the devoted book-hunter, the bibliopegic amateur, or the bibliomaniac. Milton was a thorough student and a bookworm from the

days when his maid used to sit up for him, but he was no pedant, as we said before, and no antiquarian-collector, as is our point now. He was for practical use in such matters, and was quite free from the collector's hobbies. Some book-lovers, if a "fifteener" in all its glory of ink and paper happens to be lying open under their eyes, are wont, by what seems some strange inversive process, to turn at once to the colophon, and then abandon any further scrutiny—their pet purpose has been answered, and the book is done with ; or, if it should be a MS. or ancient roll, the *sillybus* is often quite enough for them—a syllabus they have no desire for ; that entails trouble and mental exercise. We know that Milton was a book-lover of a very different stamp. He wished "to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," and the *corpus* of many a huge monster of the Calvinistic tribe was masticated and digested by him, and then presented *vivâ voce* on Sundays for the intellectual and spiritual sustenance of his pupils and nephews. From what we know of the after-life of Edward and John Phillips (and especially John), it is to be feared that their youthful appetites neither craved for nor assimilated, so strong an extract.

But to Milton and many another such a concoction has been the foundation of their literary strength—it has been bone and muscle to them, and the sinews of war ; and so, when the horror of a great darkness fell upon Milton *nel mezzo del cammin*, these results still remained to him, and he was enabled to fight such a good fight in the Republic of Letters that, like his own hero, blind Samson, he gained his greatest victory when men least of all looked for it. If we were asked who were the great literary apostles of seventeenth-century Puritanism, we should certainly reply, Milton, Bunyan, and Baxter of the *Saint's Rest*. These were "the three Great Brethren that fought so well," not for Rome, but for Geneva. Their books exist in countless editions, and, with the exception of Baxter, whose great early influence has not been fully sustained, even now they leaven the Nonconformist conscience and the general Evangelical thought of our great

lower middle class much more secretly and powerfully than one would suppose. As for Milton's popularity with certain classes, there is this most strange of all literary facts, that his *Paradise* had six or seven large editions issued *in prose* between 1750 and 1800. How eagerly would a prose and verse romance of *Jerusalem Regained* have been welcomed then, if it had been claimed as Milton's work !

BIOGRAPHICAL INTEREST OF THE ROMANCE WITH REGARD TO MILTON

Again, if my contention be proved, there must indeed be a strange and peculiar interest in this work that I have unearthed, for Milton's writings have always been his best biography. How much of his noble life would have been unrecorded but for those purple patches of autobiography he so deftly wove into the somewhat threadbare texture of his political and prelatival tirades. And so with *Nova Solyma*. If it be his, it has inwoven in it, we may be sure, much of the inner life and religious struggles of a true and earnest seeker after God, for John Milton was *that* above all. There should be in it, and so there is, in a marvellous fulness, "those painful struggles with religious gloom" which, as Mr. John Morley says of Cromwell, "at one time or another confront every type of mind endowed with spiritual faculty. Some they leave plunged in gulfs of perpetual despair, while stronger natures emerge from the conflict with all the force that is in them purified, exalted, fortified, illumined."

So we believe it was with John Milton ; and now, after slumbering in the dust of a few bookshelves in academic centres for two hundred and fifty years, do we see many of the early spiritual and intellectual conflicts of that pure master-mind, his early loves and hopes and fears, all start up for us into life again in the person of Joseph and perhaps other characters in *Nova Solyma*.

I fully believe that Milton, like Bunyan and Cromwell and many another "true, sad Christian," had to go through

the Slough of Despond before he reached the Delectable Mountains of Faith and Hope, and I seem to see in *Nova Solyma* the hidden record of many an early struggle of that independent genius, who eventually rose out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay to the height of that great argument wherein he did

assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Lord Rosebery said (November 14th, 1899), at the Cromwell Inauguration Banquet, that the great Protector's extraordinary power rose from his being a "practical mystic." He further said that the man who combines a theory of active life with an inspiration derived from close communion with the supernatural and the celestial is a man that lives in communion with a Sinai of his own, and he appears to come down to the world below armed with no less than the terrors and decrees of the Almighty Himself.

This, I hold, was very true of Milton, and *Jerusalem Regained* was written also by just such a man, if any book of that age was, and there was no other such man living who had the necessary qualifications to write it but Milton himself. Originally these experiences of religious life and character were reluctantly offered in 1648 and 1649 to the cultured public, in order to obtain a verdict on their value, Milton, like Apelles, waiting to hear it, unobserved behind the curtain. And, strangest tale of all, not one single verdict, or even notice, so far as yet appears, have they ever received. The long-cherished work fell dead absolutely in its first year, and no one has ever recorded till now what was inscribed on those dead Sibylline leaves. And yet if there was ever a *vates* conscious of the God, if ever there was a God-fearing, God-loving, God-intoxicated man, aflame with fire from the empyrean, and strengthened by that *igneus vigor* which he so oft records as our imperishable part, then the anonymous author of *Nova Solyma* was that very man.

Nor are these struggles with religious doubt and gloom

the only places where new light is thrown upon Milton's inner life and experience in this strangely neglected work.

We shall discover, if we read so far, that the hero of this book, Joseph (*i.e.* Milton himself), frequently falls into an ecstatic state in the open day, besides being favoured with heavenly visions in the night. Again and again he receives such divine afflatus, such overpowering influx, that there will flow from his lips songs so "tuneful and well measured" as seem to the listening ear to emulate the choirs above.¹ And in his last great recovery from the religious gloom and despair of a God-forsaken man, he seems to have arrived at the highest stage of the spiritual ecstatic,² the great Illumination, the open vision of God, of Adonai, as our modern theosophists term it.

Now, it is well known to all who are acquainted with the details of our great poet's life that he was subject in some degree to these experiences—that sometimes his verse would flow on in an unpremeditated torrent of poetical impulse, that some seasons were more favourable for these "visitations" than others, that night and early morn were often times of inspiration for him, that occasionally, when he felt the influx of poesy coming on, he would call for his daughter to commit the verses to writing, that he had blissful nightly visions, and that what he seems to wish for in *Il Penseroso*—

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes—

did sometimes actually happen to him seems very likely. For these questions I must refer my readers to the notes at the passages commented on in the body of the work, and pass now to other points, merely here calling attention to the many places in *Nova Solyma* where the *genius* of Joseph is mentioned, and the *igneus vigor* of gifted individuals—expressions these which should not be overlooked in connection with the well-known fact that Milton

¹ Book II., c. iv.

² Book VI., c. x.

supposed himself visited, helped, and illumined by some power or influence more than human or material.

We are supposed to know now in this nineteenth century (A.D. 1900) that "the improvisations of genius are manifestations of subliminal activity, intruding upon the primary consciousness";¹ but Milton had no idea of such a state of things.

However, both in Milton's works and in *Nova Solyma* we see the distinction between genius and talent or learning evidently well understood—much better understood than by the author of that oft-repeated but most misleading definition, that "genius is a capacity for taking pains." Genius is something very different, and Milton knew that long ago, and in more recent times Schopenhauer² has demonstrated that totally different psychical conditions go to make a man of genius on one hand, and a man of talent or learning on the other. Here is one of his remarks *à propos* of the point we are considering: "The work of genius has always been regarded as an inspiration, as the word itself implies, as the work of a superhuman being different from the person, and only periodically taking possession of him." An example will make this clearer. Take Selden: he was no doubt the most learned man in England in Milton's age, but he was no genius. Milton, too, was a learned man, and certainly did not wrap up his intellectual talents in a napkin. But, compared to Selden, he was less profound and thorough. However, he had a genius that placed him in the front rank of the poets of all time, and this constituted an impassable gulf of distinction between Selden and himself. Selden no doubt had a supreme "capacity for taking pains," but this is *not* genius.

THE PROOF BY ELIMINATION

Another proposition regarding the authorship is this, and I hold it as a high trump card. Assuming, as we

¹ Mr. Myers, *Proc. S.P.R.*, vii. 301, etc.

² *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, I. iii. 36, etc.

certainly may, that the anonymous author could neither be a Cavalier, nor a Catholic, nor an Anglican High Churchman, I hold that no Englishman in that age except Milton could possibly have written *Nova Solyma*.

I know it is hard to prove a negative, and the wider the negative extends, the more do difficulties increase. But mine is so limited that it can be almost proved, as we say in mathematics, "by inspection." For who else could the author be? There was at that time hardly any real literature whatever outside the ranks of the Cavaliers and the academic clergy of the Established Church; for gloomy homiletics and doggerel poems do not count as literature at all. There was a considerable body of good religious poetry at that time; but, as a writer in the *Jewish Quarterly* (iii. 70) justly observes, "nowhere, unless in Milton, do we hear the music of high adoring song come from Puritanism; . . . when they [the Puritans] had seen the wheels taken from their Pharaoh's chariots, they had no Miriam to lift up her voice, crying, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously'; and when they had builded their Zion upon their enemies' necks, there were no sons of Korah to make music in the Temple." If this writer could have known, he would, I think, have been among the first to acknowledge "the music of high adoring song" in our long hidden work, and with me to claim it for Milton and for him alone. And so, I hope, will that great authority for the Miltonic age, Professor J. B. Mullinger, who says of the religious poets of this period: "In all alike, with the splendid exception of Milton, we are struck by the morbid tendency (the outcome of the gloomy theological spirit of the age) to dwell on the more depressing aspects of human life—its vanity, its brevity, its uncertainty, its depravity." Another "splendid exception" is surely before us, for although by its high moral tone and theological affinities it bears the clear-cut impress of Puritanism, there is nothing morbid or gloomy in it—nay, rather there is in it that quality which excludes all such sickly feelings, viz. a strong and sanctified common sense.

THE PROOF FROM MILTON'S PRIVATE TUTOR,
THOMAS YOUNG

Next, to descend from the general to the particular, there is a rather telling piece of indirect evidence in the account of Apollos, a character of the Romance. He had been tutor to Joseph, the hero of the book—the same Joseph, we should remember, who so often represents some opinion or incident connected with Milton. One day Joseph said to his friends and visitors, the young Englishmen Eugenius and Politian, “I should like to take and introduce you to Apollos, for he is a man, I readily avow, from whom I have learnt very much; he is most especially learned in divinity, devoted to his books, and ever busy writing, and in the midst of these occupations he instructs young people of good family with the greatest success.”

Now, all this tallies very well with what we know of Thomas Young, Milton's first tutor; but a more decidedly marked allusion follows. When the meeting with Apollos first took place, they all presently began to ask him his views on the Sabbath question. Now, the great work of Milton's tutor was the *Dies Dominica*, a book on this very question published under a fictitious name in 1639. As Milton was a tolerably frequent visitor to his old master when he was made Vicar of Stowmarket, in 1628 and later, the theme of the then unpublished work was no doubt discussed again and again as an engrossing subject with one of them at least, and possibly with both. Anyhow, in *Nova Solyma* Apollos seems delighted with the opportunity, and, nothing loth (*minime recusabat*), launched forth at once on the theme which, he tells them, is pleasing to him and useful to all.

The discourse of Apollos takes the same lines as Young does in his *Dies Dominica*, especially in two instances: (1) that the *whole* of the Lord's Day is to be devoted to religious purposes; and (2) in opposition to elaborate Church services and music; but the style and manner

are as different as can be, for Apollos takes the high moral tone so well sustained in everything that Milton wrote, while Young's published work is crowded with learned quotations from the Greek and Latin Fathers, and is historical and philological rather than homiletical and to edification.

The inference seems to be that *Nova Solyma* was partly written while Milton was at college about 1628, when Young had returned from his Hamburgh chaplaincy and was projecting and discussing his favourite theme, which, however, was not to see the light for some years—for with Laud in full power it would have been a dangerous publication for a Suffolk vicar.

There is one marked verbal coincidence between the discourse of Apollos and the *Dies Dominica* which is particularly striking, as the phrase in question is the only one printed in capital letters throughout the whole of Young's book. It is when Young quotes Cornelius Agrippa as condemning with bitter satire the elaborate musical services then in favour with the Church of Rome, and saying that these things are done "NON AD AUDIENTIUM INTELLIGENTIAM, NON AD SPIRITUS ELEVATIONEM" (*i.e.* "not for the understanding of the hearers, nor yet for the uplifting of the spirit"). Apollos in like manner declares that the finest melody and the sweetest concord of voices is all in vain "*ubi non subest intellectio carminis, et diviniore animi elevatio*" (*i.e.* "where there is not the understanding of the words and the uplifting of the spirit").

Whether Young showed his young pupil these words underlined in his MS., or took his Agrippa from his study shelves with the leaf turned down at the passage, we shall never know; but this we know, that tutor and pupil were in full agreement on the point, and so was the author of *Nova Solyma*.

In the discourse on the Lord's Day by Apollos some further undesigned coincidences will be remarked upon. It is an interesting episode in the Romance, as it shows us the early tendencies and views of Milton on this vexed

question. He eventually became of the opinion of Class I. of Dr. Hessey's List.

Milton was strongly against elaborate consecrations of sacred edifices and sacred spots, and was no defender of saints' days and holy days. He had passed by the "temple" stage of religious worship and the localisation of holiness at a comparatively early period of his life, and therefore I think that the beautiful Ode to the Sabbath, beginning,

Salve sancta dies, aevi venientis imago,

in the middle of the Sixth Book, is a very early production of our poet, for though it is perfectly free from all Laudian ecclesiasticism and consecrated beauty of holiness, it shows more sympathy with the Church services and Liturgy than we find elsewhere in Milton, especially in later days.

Through all his life Milton's great religious distinguishing mark was what Bayle justly describes as his "*profond respect pour Dieu*," and our present book, with its ecstatic invocations to the Deity both in prose and verse, points to such a man as its true and only begetter. "Such people need no external mediation between themselves and God. Their vision is clear and unclouded. As the needle quivers in the presence of the magnet, so are they sensitive to the presence of God. As the flowers open to the sun, so do their hearts open to the light of God with the dawning of the morning."¹ *Nova Solyma* is singularly free from ceremonialism, ritualism, and ecclesiasticism, yet is infused with the deepest religious spirit, the highest moral tone, and the holiest common sense, and there is added withal bright lyrics, ecstatic paeans, and tender bridal pastorals of love.

Were there ten men in England in those troublous days who were equal to the building up of such a book? No—unhesitatingly, no. Were there five? Still, No—unhesitatingly, no. Was there one? Yes, there was one, John Milton, of *Lycidas* and *Comus* fame, the first.

¹ *The Ideal City: Sermons by Rev. John Thomas*, p. 191.

Latinist and sweetest singer of his age, the soul who dwelt apart, upright and pure, and there was none other fitter for the task than he—at least, dear reader, so thinks your humble servant the translator and discoverer, until he be corrected.

But some one may object: "Milton's youthful productions as we know them, his elegies, his *sylvæ*, and his other Latin poems, do not seem to point to such high themes; these latter came much later in life in *Paradise Lost*."

My answer is a very simple one. It is the fact of his writing that great *Hymn on the Nativity* at the age of twenty-one. Here was the promise and the potency of the very highest themes, and the most musical exposition of them.

Heinrich von Treitschke, who of the many German essayists on Milton seems to have the best insight into the genius and character of the poet, thinks¹ that the *Hymn on the Nativity* leaves to us the best impression of Milton's youthful tendencies, and shows us the early perfection of his wonderful lyrical and musical harmonies. "Wohl wirft er da," he continues, "einen wehmüthigen Blick auf den Untergang der reichen weltheidnischer Schönheit, aber ihr verführerische Glanz verbleicht vor dem reinen Lichte, das von der Wiege der Erlösers ausgeht, die lockenden Gesänge der Nymphen müssen verstummen vor der feierlichen Harfen-Chören der Seraphim."

Yes, very true is that last saying of the German critic, and is well borne out by *Nova Solyma*, for in that Romance too Milton, though in the heat of youth, felt that "the enticing songs of sirens and nymphs must be hushed and dumb before the festal choirs of the harping seraphim."

And further on (p. 79) he says that "the imperishable value of Milton's prose writings lies in his untiring presentment of the eternal truth, that the strength of a state, the beauty of its art, and the purity of its belief, all rest mainly

¹ *Hist. u. Pol. Aufsätze*, Leipzig, 1865, 8vo, p. 74.

on one antecedent condition, and that is "*die sittliche Tüchtigkeit*" ("a capable morality").

He adds this fine literary forecast also: "Milton was too much a poet to write a dry Puritanical Utopia like Harrington's *Oceana*, and too much of a theologian to finish a pure epic"—a prophecy fulfilled to the letter in *Nova Solyma* and our *Armada* epic. Our German critic here goes one better than Mark Pattison and his "New Jerusalem" forecast.

THE ARGUMENT FROM THE METRES OF *NOVA SOLYMA*

This is a very strong proof, and to those who have some acquaintance with classic metres, especially the lyrical and dramatic ones, it is well nigh irresistible.

Milton in his poetry, both English and Latin, had a peculiarity which distinguished him from all other contemporary poets of his own country. It was this. He was, to use an expression of Sidonius, a *poeta multimeter*—that is, a poet who delighted in varied, strange, and original metres. This is especially noticeable in his translations from the Psalms (i.-iv.), his *Ode on the Nativity*, his *Ode at a Solemn Music*, and other of his English poems, and in his Latin poems it is best seen in his remarkable ode *Ad Joannem Rousium*, which is perhaps the strangest mixture of metres known and unknown in the whole range of modern Latin poetry.

His love for new and varied metres can be accounted for in several ways. Milton was a fair musician with an excellent ear, and such gifted people are always fond of trying new harmonies; he was also well acquainted with the Italian school of poetry, which was rich in its musical metres, and he took many of these as models, and in his Latin *Ode to Rous* he tells us that he had written it freely to please his own ear and the convenience of modern reading rather than in accordance with the ancient prosodic rules. It was somewhat of the free Greek chorus stamp, where various lyric and dithyrambic metres are interchanged, and it has some lines for which individual example will be sought for in vain.

And now I come to my strong proof. If ever a man was *multimeter* in the way Milton was, if ever a book was full of fine musical odes where the various Greek lyric measures are most strangely but pleasingly interchanged, so strangely indeed that individual examples will be sought elsewhere in vain, then that man and that book are both to be found in *Nova Solyma* and nowhere else. This proof will best appear in the Latin poems.

But I will insist no longer. By this time my readers must be heartily tired of my "damnable iteration," and so am I. I should not have tried any one's patience so long, had it not been that I remembered that old piece of vulgar but sound advice, "Keep pegging away if you want to gain your point." And beyond that I was sustained by the remembrance of a very odd little book which is one of the many rare literary curiosities which I have from time to time gathered with joy into my library. The author was a distinguished Italian jurist, and the book is a monograph on a curious question of paternity. A married woman, whose husband had been away from her abroad for ten years, gave birth to a boy, although she had never seen her husband all the time. The author holds that the absent-minded and absent-bodied husband was the father of the child, and absolutely gives two hundred and forty-four well-stated reasons for this, all backed up by learned legal precedents and authority extending over one hundred and sixty pages of text, with a fine index of the reasons in thirty-nine extra pages at the end.¹ This is "pegging away" with a vengeance, and I must give the author his due credit: the reasons are all seriously stated, without any misplaced facetiousness on the unfortunate event (and, indeed, it is this serious vein which is apt to produce much "inextinguishable laughter" and to make the book thoroughly enjoyable), and, what is more to my point, they are very convincing—of course, I mean from a legal point of view. This

¹ *Bis centum et viginti quatuor rationes. Quibus videbatur dicendum, filium natum ex uxore, absente marito per decennium, esse mariti filium.* Cracoviæ, MDXLI., 8vo,

"damnable iteration" repeated two hundred and forty-four times was a great success, and, as a laudatory notice prefixed to the book tells us, it brought the author much credit.

Now, I felt that I too had a question of paternity to settle, as to who was the true and "only begetter" of the anonymous *Nova Solyma* so long concealed in the womb of Time. Why should not I, by a long and continuous array of distinctly separate reasons, march to victory even as he? The thought crossed my mind, but remained there only for a short time, for had I not forgotten that there were giants in those days, and readers were patient and much-enduring? Had I not forgotten that the range of literature is now so vast that the best of us must needs be somewhat puny and superficial? And what about a novice, when giants are so few and far between? And for readers too, alas! how changed are they! The great majority will only skip, and sip, and dip, when the abundant snippets of literature are presented to them weekly or even daily; while it is the small minority—how few they are!—who alone really read and digest a solid book. Had I not forgotten that as well?

However, while the thought possessed me, I collected twenty-four reasons for the Miltonic paternity of my *protégé*—only a bare tithe of the Italian jurist's rich sheaf; but when they were duly and consecutively arranged after the example of my prototype, it seemed to me that the reading of them would send every reader to sleep before he had half finished, and this would be a barren victory indeed. So I gave up my project, and the reasons are scattered here and there in the notes and introduction.

And now, just a word or two about my method of translation.

I agree fully with Spedding, who in his edition of Bacon's works (vi. 289) says:

"My object in all attempts at translation being not to help a Latin reader to construe, but to put English readers in the possession of the sense, my plan has been first to take as clear an impression as I could of the

meaning and effect of the Latin, and then to produce that meaning in the best and clearest and most readable English that I could command, not tying myself to the particular form which the Latin sentence assumes, but keeping as faithful as possible to the effect on the imagination and the feelings."

I also hold that the best translation is not "literal" but "liberal," and the expression "liberal" has a shade of meaning which quite distinguishes it from what is termed "a free translation," of which last I am no advocate.

It has been noticed, though not often, how apt Milton's prose is to run into metrical channels. Page after page of some of his prose works, especially his history of England, require little transposing to become fair blank verse.¹ I have noticed the same in the Latin of *Nova Solyma*; the words, though meant for prose, flow in such a rhythmic current that I have often found my literal translation running of itself into rhythmic English.

I have let these passages stand—though I am well aware that many critics hold that good prose should never fall away, as they say, into a metrical jingle. It may be so;² but as this "falling away" was so characteristic of our illustrious writer, I would not alter the words that first came from my pen.

¹ See *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, vi. 123, where good examples are given.

² However, there is this to be said in opposition to such critics, that our authorised translation of the Bible, which is an acknowledged "well of English undefyled," often falls into some fine hexameters, more often, I believe, than is generally supposed. Here are a few only:

At Thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of Thy nostrils
Mischief shall come upon mischief, and rumour shall be upon rumour.
He shall come up as clouds, and His chariots shall be as a whirlwind.
But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.
Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?
We did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

They have

Taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.
God came up with a shout: the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.
Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.
Bless'd are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Landor¹ notices this wonderful harmony of Milton's prose, and quotes the following :

When God commands to take the trumpet
and blow a shriller and a louder blast,
it rests not in man's will what he shall do,
or what he shall forbear.

"This sentence," adds Landor, "in the *Treatise on Prelaty* is printed in prose ; it sounds like inspiration."

The sentence is not quite accurately transcribed by Landor, but the fact is true enough.

As translations go, the chief beauty of a good one is justly thought to be the delicate finish by which the idiom of the one language is changed into the idiom of the other. But there is this drawback, that often the resulting idiom is rather a paraphrase of the original than a reproduction, and the terseness and aptness and the peculiar grace of the original is lost. This was felt by the anonymous² translator of Milton's *Εἰκονοκλάστης* in 1652 into French, who in his Preface remarks thus : "Le Lecteur est prié de remarquer que la Traducteur a été obligé à cause de l'élégance du style et du langage de l'Auteur et de ses conceptions de s'attacher entièrement à les paroles et expressions, autant que la langue Françoisé l'a pu permettre, de peur de perdre la grace qui se trouve en l'Original." And so he begged to be excused for some Anglicisms which he allowed himself to use for the above reason.

The present translator puts forward the same excuse for any awkward phrases or Latinisms which the critical ear may detect in his work. The original phraseology of the author of *Nova Solyma* is preserved as far as possible, and it is thought that this method is not without its compensations.

Another very similar distinctive peculiarity of Milton's prose was the tendency on suitable occasions to indulge in prolonged ecstatic apostrophes and addresses to the Deity. These occur in like manner in *Nova Solyma*. As Principal Tulloch³ admirably puts it, "there are many

¹ *Works*, viii. 389.

² Milton's friend John Durie.

³ *English Puritanism*, p. 247.

passages in which his austere enthusiasm, swelling into lyrical rapture, breaks forth into wondrous symphonies of language. In these fits of eloquence neither Hooker nor Bacon equal [equals?] him." Principal Tulloch was thinking of Milton in the prime of life (c. 1642-44), but the lyrical prose raptures of *Nova Solyma* show that he possessed the same wondrous power in the "heat of youth." I would especially call attention to Joseph's fine apostrophe to the Deity just before his lyrical appeal to the Angel Choir in Book II.¹ As for my metrical translations, for I will not presume to call them poetry, which are interspersed here and there in the present text, my defence is that I thought English readers would like to have some idea of the subjects on which such fine Latin odes were built, and the thoughts and expressions that filled them, and therefore, rather than omit them altogether, I turned them as best I could into blank verse and other simple metres, not hoping in any way to represent the grandeur and musical charm of the Latin, but only to show forth the meaning of the original in language a little more suitable than bare prose. I am not one of those fortunate mortals who, like Ovid and Pope,

Lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came,

and no one should expect to find much of the *igneus vigor* or the divine afflatus when the metrical numbers are counted out on the fingers, as I own was sometimes my case. Let, then, this my defence and frank confession put a stopper on the snarls of Zoilus and all such-like cynical critics, whose greatest pleasure is to make their teeth meet in the tenderest part of a "minor poet." I am not a minor, and I don't profess to be a poet. I hope this will mollify them. This is my sop to Cerberus.

Finally, the authorship of this Romance must clearly be confined to a very small class of men. Neither Shakespeare nor Bacon could by any possibility have produced such a book as this, even if the date allowed

¹ Both in Appendix in the original Latin.

the supposition. No one but a first-rate Latinist could have written our Romance, and neither Shakespeare nor Bacon had any claim to that very high distinction.

As a matter of fact, the book could not have been written by any then-living Englishman except such men as Alexander Ross, Phineas Fletcher, Dr. Duport, Thomas May, Thomas Farnaby, Andrew Marvell, Cleveland, Cowley, Crashaw, and men of that stamp of erudition.

Now, let any scholar try this list of names severally, by the contents of *Nova Solyma*—by its tone, its sentiments, its opinions, its sublimities both in prose and verse, its maintained seriousness, its religious principles, and its independent theories—then, I think, these names will disappear from the list of probable candidates, and they will be weeded out one by one till all are gone, Phineas Fletcher, in my opinion, holding on as long as any.

I am not a sanguine man, neither am I one of the *genus irritabile vatum*. And so I shall receive any luminous summing up from my literary judges and censors, whether it be favourable or adverse, with an equal mind. My wants are few and moderate : my delight is in books—in my own library first of all ; but wherever books abound I am contented, and therefore I am *in Sosiorum tabernis frequens*—that is to say, a confirmed “bookhunter.” My books have at least taught me this good lesson, that one’s favourite opinions can often be shown to be wrong, and so I can honestly say, *non sum mihi suffenus, nec ipsissimus*. Moreover, this work is my first attempt, and I legally claim indulgence under the First Offenders’ Act. But I chiefly rest on this hope, that the evident merits of the original Romance and its curious history will win their way to public attention and favour, in spite of my indifferant presentment of them.

ADDENDUM (OCTOBER 29TH, 1901)

In our generation it seems to be getting the fashion to discuss whether such and such great literary productions were written or were not written by the great men to

whom they have been credited. Towering above all is, of course, the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy ; but there are several others, and the most recent is the contention of Mr. Monro, the learned Provost of Oriel, who has endeavoured to show, by a mass of various arguments, reasons, and illustrations, that Homer was *not* the author of the *Odyssey*. *The Times* newspaper has just reviewed this attempt (October 29th, 1901), and in the course of many pertinent remarks there is one which tells so much in my own favour that I may be allowed to quote it. It is this : " Mr. Monro relies, we presume, upon the cumulative effect of so many different lines of evidence, . . . but he has not dispelled, nor, so far as we can see, faced, the broad general difficulty, that there should have been in early Greece, within at any rate a measurable distance of time, two great epic poets, with so many points of subject matter, style, and diction in common, each capable of turning out a masterpiece."

This appears to me to be a very sound and strong objection, and until the world of letters, by some unforeseen chance, discovers a second *Aeneid* written by some forgotten poet of Virgil's time, or another *Paradiso* written by some unknown Italian contemporary with Dante—till then I think such an objection clearly remains valid.

But take now my own contention, and it will be seen that this well-nigh fatal objection is altogether on my side. I have relied on the "cumulative effect of many different lines of evidence" to show that Milton, besides being the author of our greatest epic *Paradise Lost*, and the sweetest odes and lyrics of our language, was also the author of the remarkable odes, lyrics, and epical fragments of *Nova Solyma*, published anonymously when Milton was in the prime of life ; and the "broad general difficulty" that there should be two Homers in one generation, in my case becomes almost my most powerful weapon, for I say, and have said again and again, who but Milton, in his generation, could possibly have written *Nova Solyma*, especially when we see how "the subject matter, style, and diction" are often so closely similar ?

NOVA SOLYMA

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

SPRING-TIME—RETURN OF THE HERO JOSEPH TO NOVA SOLYMA,
BRINGING WITH HIM TWO ENGLISH FRIENDS—THE CITY AND ITS
ANNUAL PAGEANT DESCRIBED—THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

Spring's eager breath had thawed the icy showers,
The signs that mark the winter of the Jews
Had left the sky, and partly now had sunk
Beneath earth's utmost edge.¹ The quickening sun

¹ It may be said of this note that the last has become first, for the curious evidence which it contains only came to my knowledge just before going to press. It is this. I have discovered by the merest accident that these first few lines of our anonymous Romance are borrowed or imitated, no doubt unconsciously, from that out-of-the-way Latin work Columella, *De re Rustica*. In that book (x. 77-80) we read of thawing of the wintry snow and hail by the winds of early spring; we hear of the heavenly constellation which now descends deep down below the horizon, and he names it even—it is Lyra. Elsewhere he gives the date of this as early in February, and adds that the wind is often in the north then (see Latin Appendix).

Now, all these signs of advancing spring are reproduced pretty closely in the original Latin of *Nova Solyma*, and the question naturally arises, What contemporary Latin scholar was there who was likely to draw upon Columella, of all people, for the beginning of a copy of verses on spring? My answer is, Who so likely as Milton, who knew Columella's works well, and recommended them to his pupils and others as the best from which to learn Latin and husbandry at the same time?

Milton has been derided by several good critics for recommending

With slanting course now seeks his highest path,
 And warms with soothing rays the fresher air.
 Each teeming field is bursting forth to birth ;
 The woods and verdant meads are diapered
 And fringed about with Nature's gayest flowers ;
 The lowing herds salute the jocund morn,
 While twittering broods have left their nest, and chirp
 Through all the wood ; the disappearing ice
 Floats down the stream, and fish with shining scales
 Flash in its clear serene ; their sportive fry
 In shallow creeklets swarm ;¹ while out at sea
 No storms disturb old Ocean's rippling smile.

SUCH was the delightful aspect that spring had lent
 alike to sky and sea and land, when three distinguished-looking youths might be seen ascending on horseback the mountain slope which led to Nova Solyma.² It was to them the happy conclusion of their sad and ill-starred travels.

To judge by their dress, two of them were Englishmen, the third a Sicilian. The city which they were approaching was built on the summit of the mountain, and its lofty and massive walls rose four-square from the upper slopes.

such works, but I am afraid, when they do this, they forget that Columella, Cato, and Varro were in Milton's day the classics of agriculture for Italy, and that Milton, by reason of his Italian friends and Italian studies, would set more value upon them than most people. Columella's precepts and stated rules are still admirable for the primitive farming of Italy, but some were never quite fitted for our more northern clime. However, I gratefully accept his present remarks as an aid to my contention.

¹ Earth's first great springtime is thus described by Milton in *Paradise Lost*, vii. 399, 434 :

Each creek and bay
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 Of fish that, with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave. . . .
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solaced the woods.

There is an interesting parallelism here, but nothing is claimed for it. Such springtide thoughts and expressions are the common property of all poets, and so is Ocean's smile, which Milton gives us in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 165, the *κυμάτων γέλασμα* of Aeschylus.

² A beginning strangely like that of some modern novelists, G. P. R. James, to wit, and others,

And the city had twelve gates,¹ whose doors, all of solid brass, were distinguished by the tribal ensigns and the names of the Patriarchs engraved on them, and above every gate was a strong tower of defence guarding the entrance. Our travellers entered by the gate of Judah, which opened upon a fine street with detached blocks of stone-built mansions of the same elevation and frontage, and so appearing as extensive and connected buildings.

Of the old Solyma not a vestige remained,² but its glories were renewed on the same sites on a larger scale.

They had proceeded but a little way within the walls, when they caught sight of an immense crowd. It seemed that a show or pageant of some kind was at that very moment passing the corner of the street. So, quickly getting as near as they could for the throng, they stood up in their stirrups, behind, and yet, in this way, above, the seething crowd.

Almost the whole pageant had passed by, but they were in time for the last and most beautiful feature of the procession, which came into sight just as they took their position. It was a vine with a most abundant show of leaves and clusters, and so bent into shape that, with its curved branches hanging down on both sides, it formed a kind of bower. Two of its branches, stronger than the rest, vied with each other in propping up³ the parent stem⁴ on the right and left, and so formed the entrance to the bower. The remaining ten, all springing from the same stem, and straitly interlaced on each side, formed the walls.

Besides these, there was yet one Branch unlike and separate from all the rest, the upholder and, as it were, the backbone of the whole structure; and the fruit of that Vine was red like blood.

¹ Ezek. xlviii. 31; Rev. xxi. 12.

² Luke xix. 44.

³ *Statuminabant* is the word in the Latin, a word by no means in common use with Latin writers; but Milton in his early days had used it in a college exercise, and again, later in life, in his *Christian Doctrine*. As we proceed, we shall find many peculiar Latin words pointing pretty clearly to Milton. For these, see *Excursus*, Concerning the Prose Style of *Nova Solyma*

⁴ Isa. xi. 1.

In the midst of this bower was seated a virgin of distinguished carriage, and clad in an attire which was, beyond all human fashion, divinely fair. Her veil was of sky-blue byssus interwoven with the finest threads of silver, and sprinkled all over with little jewel stars of various hue, even as they are on the spangled veil of Night.¹

She was girt beneath the breasts with a golden girdle, which restrained the looseness of her flowing robe, and revealed the youth and elegance of her perfect figure. In her right hand, with becoming grace, she held erect a golden rod, in her left the two tables of the Law. A coronet of twelve rays adorned her brow, and confined her long, flowing locks with a golden band that matched their hue.

But it was her countenance that surpassed all her other attractions of figure and dress, and this alone was enough to prove it, for that fair face drew as to a focus the glances of all eyes. Just as when, in a large audience, the strain of some melody passing sweet begins to arise, at once all ears are on the alert, the tender emotions are secretly stirred, and the very recesses of the soul respond in sympathy; so from the mere outlines of a beautiful countenance does the soul receive through the eyes a somewhat similar pleasure—one is a rhythmical harmony of music to the ear, the other is Nature's wonderful harmony of form and grace to the inner eye.²

A thousand thousand graces shone forth in her: to see them was to acknowledge them; to describe them in suitable words, that indeed was beyond human endeavour. Just now, too, a girlish blush, like the first rosy hues of dawn, suffused her cheeks; may be, perhaps, from the public gaze of so many eyes, or may be from the unwonted excitement of the occasion. All this, added to her strange and beautiful dress, and the grand solemnity of the pageant

¹ A very Miltonic passage. See same *Excursus*, *ad fin.*

² Are not these such words as we might expect from the music-loving son of a musical father, and from such a lover of Plato and his divine philosophy? Compare a fine musical simile in *Paradise Lost*, i. 708.

so suddenly presented to their gaze, naturally much increased the interest our two English visitors already took in the novel scene. There was something else, too, by no means unimportant, which raised their minds, already well-nigh spellbound, to a stage of high and frenzied excitement. It was this. While passing near where they stood, she happened casually to glance at them in their exalted position. At first she seemed amazed and trembling, as at some unexpected sight; then her eyes began to sparkle, her gestures to show delight, and her whole frame almost to leap for joy. Nor could she refrain while passing by from a slight turn of the head, accompanied by a most winsome glance in their direction. The young Englishmen, not sufficiently sure about this pleasing attention, and not able to guess its meaning, by turns blushed and hoped, and doubted and believed, their hearts throbbing in turn with joy or fear. They keep their eyes fixed on her retreating form as long as they can, as if to recall the vision that had passed before them, and when she had quite gone from their sight, all the procession and all the crowd to them seemed non-existent; her presence so filled their mental vision that there was nothing else they could see or wished to see.¹

¹ I cannot help thinking that we have here in this incident of the Daughter of Zion arrayed in glorious apparel and borne aloft in her bower of vines an autobiographical reminiscence of a somewhat similar incident in Milton's early life—I mean his own first falling in love on May Day, 1628, when in his nineteenth year. This created such an impression upon him that he has recorded it specially in his seventh *Elegy*. Milton there tells us that on this particular First of May he was walking among the festive crowd, who were in holiday apparel, enjoying themselves in some place of public resort, either in London or Cambridge (for he does not name the town). Suddenly his eyes met incautiously the eyes of a fair lady who was being escorted by a bevy of others—a crowd of goddesses, he calls them—along the streets and roads. The effect was sudden and striking—it was intense love at first sight. It is poetically described in the language and style of his early favourite Ovid, and it went so far as this:

Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.

And then, alas! she passed by—was snatched away from his sight, never to be seen again, and the last look from those eyes dwelt with him for

After a while, when the crowd was beginning to disperse, they asked their companion, who had been their guide so far, what this grand show was, and its object. He simply replied :

"It is the anniversary of the founding of the city, and the virgin you saw represented Zion, or, as they say, the Daughter of Zion."

Then, as there was now room to move, he turned his horse towards a road on the right, and led his companions to a neighbouring quarter of the city. They followed him as if but just awakened from a most delightful dream or—should I not rather say?—just deprived of a beatific vision.

They passed many fine and spacious mansions, until their leader, seeing the one he was in search of, dismounted at the entrance, and gave his horse to the charge of one of the servants who happened to be standing outside. His companions follow suit, and accompany him into the house, which he enters without ceremony, as would a privileged frequenter.

many years. I think it is this that is recalled here and further on in *Nova Solyma* in the fine Anacreontic *O sistitote furem* :

O stop her, stop the thief, I pray,
For she has stol'n my heart away.

I would also suggest what, as far as I know, has not occurred to any of the many commentators on Milton before—viz. that the lady who won Milton's first love was the Queen of the May, enthroned in her bower, or borne aloft through the crowd. Two of the Latin words used in lines 57 and 61 of Elegy VII. seem to favour this view. "I did not austere shun these agreeable *spectacula*," he says, referring to the gay sights of the day. Now, certainly *spectacula* is a word broad enough to cover the May games and customs and the queen in her bower. "One girl, by chance, I noticed overtopping the rest" (l. 61). The word is *supereminuisse*, and it has been generally rendered "pre-eminent" or "superior to the rest"; but if the girl did really represent the enthroned Queen of the May in her bower, how appropriate is this supereminence : she need not be tall, but it was her dignified and lofty position made her stand out above the others. We shall, however, find other good cases of Miltonic autobiography further on in this work. Moreover, the Latin word in our Romance for the show or pageant described above is *spectacula*, the very word Milton uses in his May Day Elegy.

While they were resting in the hall, they caught sight by chance of the following notice hung up on one of the walls :

HERE ARE NO MARBLE GIANTS WITH LABOURING BACKS PRESSED DOWN BENEATH AN IMMENSE FABRIC.

LOOK NOT HERE FOR A LOFTY STORIED MANSION GLEAMING WHITE WITH ALL THE GLORY OF IVORY. IT IS NOT HERE YOU WILL BE DAZZLED BY BURNISHED GOLD, AS THOUGH YOUR EYES HAD LOOKED ON THE SUN¹ IN HIS STRENGTH.

HERE THE PURE LIGHT OF DAY TAKES NO GORGEOUS HUES FROM RICHLY STAINED WINDOWS, FILLING THE HALL WITH A GLARE OF COLOUR. NOR DOES THE SPARKLE OF PRICELESS JEWELS HELP TO ILLUMINE THE EARLY HOURS OF NIGHT.

NO ILL-GOTTEN PLUNDER, THE DAMNING PROOF OF VIOLENCE AND WRONG, HERE DISTURBS THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN MIND IN THE MIDST OF ITS PLEASURES.

FOR THIS HOUSE HAD ITS FOUNDATION ON JUST GAINS, AND WAS BUILT FROM NO PROCEEDS OF FRAUD, AND SO WILL LAST THROUGH MANY AGES, AND SHALL SEE CHILDREN'S CHILDREN WITHOUT BREAK OR CHANGE.

DRINK PAVES NOT HERE AN EASY ROAD TO EVERY CRIME, NOR DOES THE IGNOBLE MIND, A SLAVE TO ITS VICES, SHIRK ALL TRUE AND EARNEST WORK.

NO GAMBLING NOR SECRET LAWLESS LOVE, NO STRIFE NOR ANGER, NO LONG-PENT-UP REVENGE CRYING OUT FOR BLOOD CAN FIND A PLACE HERE.

THUS IT IS THAT NO RESTLESS SPIRITS OF THE DEAD RETURN HERE TO THEIR OLD ABODE TO WAIL AND FRET; NEITHER DO THE FAUNS AND SATYRS RAISE HERE THEIR MOURNFUL LAUGHTER, OR BATTER THEIR DESERTED HOMES WITH VENGEFUL HOOF.

THIS IS THE ABODE OF UNIVERSAL LOVE, WHICH CHERISHES AND PITIES THE BRETHREN IN THE FAITH. HER ASPECT IS WITHOUT GUILF, NOR IS SHE WONT TO KEEP AWAY ANY FROM HER FELLOWSHIP BY OVERDONE CEREMONY AND GESTURE.

THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE ARE STORED UP AS OCCASION REQUIRES, BUT HONESTLY ALWAYS, AND EACH ONE IS OCCUPIED BY HIS OWN WORK FOR THE COMMONWEAL, WHILE THE HAPPY SPIRIT OF UNION BREAKS FORTH IN SONGS OF MUTUAL JOY.

WE ARE NOT NEGLECTFUL OF WHAT IS PROPER AND BECOMING

¹ Lat. *in patriæ sydere*; Apollo's star, the sun. This from Macrobius, *Sat.* i. 7.

IN DRESS, NOR OF OUR COMMON HUMAN WANTS IN THE SHORT JOURNEY OF LIFE. THE OTHER, HIGHER WANTS WE SEEK FROM HEAVEN, AND THERE TOO WE LOOK IN HOPE FOR THE PROMISED MANSIONS OF THE FATHER'S KINGDOM.¹

While occupied in perusing this, their companion, who had brought them here, runs out to meet the head of the house, who had just come back from the procession. When they saw each other there was a pause for a moment, and then the younger, rushing forward, knelt in the posture of a suppliant to the elder, who, embracing him in his arms, held him most lovingly and closely, and falling on his neck implanted there a most paternal kiss. And the eyes of both were filled with tears of joy.

The father, still bending over his son, first broke into speech. "Now do I live indeed; now I am content to die, since I hold thee, my Joseph, in my arms safe and sound. Scarcely could I hope to see thee alive, when all the tidings were against it." And so saying, he embraced him

¹ This is an undoubted imitation of a somewhat similar passage in Barclay's *Argenis*, first published when Milton was about fourteen. This book had soon a great reputation, and went through many editions between 1622 and 1664, besides being translated into English twice, in 1625 and 1628, and into several other languages. It has received the praise of such great men as Richelieu, Leibniz, and Coleridge, and is one of the great links in the chain uniting classical with modern fiction. *Nova Solyma* is another link, but of a different metal, and until now has been a veritable "missing link." The author of *Nova Solyma* had clearly read the *Argenis*, and has indeed somewhat imitated the form and style of that romance, which was in its turn founded on the style of the newly found Petronius, but elevated frequently by more classical models.

Milton was certainly much given to imitation; and although Lauder spoilt his case against Milton by proving too much, and by downright forgery, still, a more scrupulous man could have made an unimpeachable case then, and it is still easier now, thanks to Mr. Dunster's *Prima Stamina*. But our great poet must not be mistakenly maligned as though he were a plagiarist. Milton never plagiarised from others as Baron unblushingly did from him; but he was very apt to produce an imitation, possibly an unconscious one, of what he had read elsewhere and been impressed with. He did not "convey," either piecemeal or wholesale; whatever he produced was stamped with his own hall-mark. Milton was an "instructed scribe" if ever poet was, and,

yet more eagerly, and then, loosing his grasp, he bids him rise.

"But let me ask one favour first," said the suppliant. "You see these youths, Politian and Eugenius, who have been the companions of my travels. May they be our guests, and share in the joys of this happy day?"

The father assented, and turned to them at once with an expression full of joyous and kindly greeting.

Meanwhile they had been standing by and observing all that passed with silent admiration, nor was there a spectator present who did not feel keenly the passions of love, joy, and sympathy in their hearts when they saw the current of natural affection thus burst forth at this first and long-delayed meeting.

The father was of venerable appearance, and wore a long purple robe reaching to the ankles. His only ornament was a chain of small links betokening honourable public service. On his head, in accordance with

true to that character, he drew from his treasures things both new and old; but he certainly had the idea, both in *Nova Solyma* and *Paradise Lost*, that they were "*nova et audacula*" (*Nova Solyma*, 145), and again, "*quaedam nova et forte incognita*" ("things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme") (*Paradise Lost*, i. 16).

To show how Milton absorbed and reproduced what he had read, I will translate a few lines from the *Argenis* (ed. 1664, p. 581). Archimbrotus (one of the heroes of the romance) enters a portico, and by chance his eyes meet the following words on a wooden tablet:

HERE IS NO GILDED MANSION, OR BANQUETS OVERLOADED WITH LUXURIES.
NO BEDSTEAD INLAID WITH IVORY, NO CURTAINS DYED WITH TYRIAN PURPLE,
INVITE REPOSE.

HERE IS NOT THE GLITTER OF THE SPARKLING JEWEL, AND ON THE THRESHOLD
YOU WILL NEITHER HEAR THE SINGING OF DAMSELS, NOR WILL YOU SEE A
CROWD OF SUPPLE RETAINERS.

BUT NEITHER WILL YOU FIND HERE THE CRUEL AVENGING FATES, NOR THE
CONSTANT SCOURGE OF CARKING CARES; NOR DOES MAD ENVY WITH LYING
LIPS RAGE WITHIN.

BENEATH THIS HUMBLE ROOF ARE FOUND PEACEFUL QUIET AND CONCORD,
AND THE LAUGHTER ALWAYS COMES FROM GENUINE, HEARTFELT JOY. THEY
ALL HERE KNOW WHENCE THEY COME AND WHITHER THEY GO.

The whole inscription in the *Argenis* contains seventeen lines (hexameters). Crashaw (a contemporary of Milton) translated it in English verse, and it appears in his poems published in 1648.

Eastern custom, was a turban of striped or figured linen, and the locks of his hair came down just below the brims of it.¹

When he advanced to them, he greeted them in a most friendly manner, slightly bending his head and placing his right hand on his breast.

"A good-day to you, young men," he said; "you have brought indeed a good-day to me, by my son's return, and you must let me welcome you, too, as sons coming back to a father's house."

Politian, seeing that it was no inn or lodging-house, began to make many excuses, for he was at first amazed and afterwards rather suspicious of such unexampled benevolence.

But Jacob, for that was the old man's name, urged him all the more. "Come, come," said he, "it is a national duty with us to treat strangers with kindness, not unmindful that we too, long ago, were strangers in Egypt, and since then for a long time strangers and wanderers among all the nations of the earth. But now we call none aliens from Israel, for that famous mystical separation of our fathers from all the tribes of the earth hath been done away² by the communion of all the saints."³

With this he good-naturedly took Politian by the hand, and led him to the dining-room. Joseph, following his father's example, tried his powers of persuasion on the

¹ This description of Jacob corresponds very closely in some details with the description of the venerable person in Bacon's *New Atlantis* (p. 3, ed. 1639), who put off from the island of Bensalem to meet the stranger's ship. Bacon says: "His hat being in the form of a turban, and the locks of his hair came down below the brims of it. A reverend man was he to behold." In *Nova Solyma* we have a fairly close parallel: "Vir erat ipso aspectu venerandus, pictique lintei volumine, *crinibus paulo infra effluentibus*, ad morem Orientis pileatus." There is every likelihood that Milton had read Bacon's *New Atlantis*; but more is said on this subject later on.

² Eph. ii. 14, 19.

³ An expression often used by Hartlib, John Durie, and their fellow-reformers, who were striving so hard for Protestant Unity in the Christian Churches both at home and abroad.

other, but he would only come in a lingering way, step by step, making good-humoured objections all the time. "Is this the lodging you promised us? Is this the inn? Have you not rather brought us to a prison where we are not allowed to get away?"

Then rejoined Joseph: "If there is any blame, it is on your side, for you have laid me under so many obligations that it would be a greater wrong to let you depart than it is to keep you here."

They had scarcely sat down when Joseph's two little brothers, the elder named Auximus and the younger Augentius, rushed together into the room, urged on by their eagerness to see their brother again. They first showed their good manners by saluting their father and his guests, and then, at once seizing Joseph, one took his right hand, the other his left, and, caressing him with the utmost affection, they danced round him with huge delight. Joseph, as soon as he was free, went and gave instructions to the servants to come and wait on the guests, and set before them meat and drink.

While they were all drinking together in response to their host Jacob, who had pledged them, Politian gave a thin cake to Auximus, who, having thanked him for it, at once halved it with his brother. Eugenius, noticing this, gave Augentius a cake as well, who, in the same way, at once gave his brother half.

This made Eugenius ask: "Why not give back the first half you had, and keep the undivided whole for yourself?"

The boy replied at once: "My brother gave me part of his, and so I gave him part of mine."

Meanwhile, hearing this, Politian said to Auximus: "As you are of so liberal a nature, why not give the whole cake?"

The answer was: "Brothers ought not and do not wish to accept more than their due."

The guests, full of admiration at such a disposition in boys so young, began to praise highly both the act and the reason for it. Jacob, pleased, as parents generally

are, with such flattering remarks on his offspring, seized the opportunity to tell the guests something about himself. He thus began :

“We are now very close on the fiftieth year since our long and widely scattered nation was restored to its present wonderful prosperity. You do not forget, I feel sure, the terrible calamity of our nation in bygone days ; it was indeed a remarkable punishment for that most awful deed of crime committed by our forefathers, and approved by the votes of every successive generation of their descendants, just as it was a most certain pledge of this future restoration and the very foundation of it. For can it be admitted that any such race of people ever was in the world before or since, who, by the space of so many years, scattered far and wide over so many countries, everywhere bowed down under the yoke of servitude, driven from place to place by all that injury and scorn could effect, and yet never, as other aliens, disappearing by intermarriage, and never subdued by the constant and continual weight of the woes that were pressing upon them ; and, more strange still, when they were so increased as scarcely to be inferior in numbers to the greatest nations of the world, and withal so resourceful and inflexible, yet never until now were able to rise to any position of independence even, not to speak of a republic or an empire ? Certainly that condition of the Jewish race has always been an assurance that the ardent desire that Christians have so long conceived for our return was not an impossibility, and gave them firm faith in its fulfilment, long before there were any signs of it.¹ But when indeed, by the sudden flash of divine light, that stubborn mental darkness was removed, and, prompted by a heavenly impulse, we acknowledged the true Messiah, and became His disciples with unwonted zeal, then it was that to us of that same race that had been sunk so long in the lowest depths of misery there

¹ Milton was a believer in the return of the twelve tribes. See *Paradise Regained*, iii. 433 ; *De Doctrina Christiana*, iv. 477.

came, as it were, life from the dead, and our exaltation to the highest by divine mercy. And as formerly we alone of all tribes of the earth followed after righteousness in the perfect fear of God, so now also we strive for the pre-eminence. Therefore, as is fitting in every true republic, we take special care of the young, and in this the providence of God has not made our endeavours ineffectual, for it is well known that a more beautiful and talented progeny has grown up among us since our restoration."

Here Politian interposed the remark: "Perhaps that is due to the change of air and improved diet."

"Yes," replied Jacob, "partly, no doubt; but that is not the full explanation, since we find men of the most diverse natural gifts, born in the same climate, the same period, and, more than that, of the same parents, which hardly ever happens with other living creatures. Indeed, the procreation of mankind with regard to hereditary qualities is extremely apt to belie expectation, and so is their nutrition. For other living creatures, if they lead a quiet existence with ample sustenance, are quite certain to become fat; but with us the case is very different."

"That I admit," said Politian; "but in twins, as well as in brothers and other blood relations, there is generally a marked natural similarity of mind and body, and indeed this occurs also in whole races of people, who, however they may be unlike each other, are easily distinguished from all aliens. Thus the Ethiopian always begets an Ethiopian, and a Moor begets a Moor."

"What you say is to some extent true," replied Jacob, "but your argument has not so much force as you imagine. Without doubt those bodily characteristics, which are only skin deep, and certain bodily diseases as well, descend to the children along with their patrimony; but the Ethiopian boys are not like their fathers in all things, and twins who are exactly like each other are sometimes quite unlike their parents, and this mutual resemblance appears a miracle to every one. Moreover, dress, manner, and way of speaking are all highly misleading in this connection;

and the agreement noticed in these is only an apparent one, for it arises mainly from education and association, for each member of a community endeavours to conform to what the majority approves or custom from time to time has sanctioned ; and so it comes to pass that when public opinion happens to change, whether for better or worse, the nation, too, undergoes a change, and, as it were, becomes of another character. So the Britons, the Gauls, and the Germans, who were once cruel savages, have now become civilised and ingenuous ; while, on the other hand, the Turks, who live in a settled country, once the home of the highest civilisation, are almost as great barbarians as ever. Two rules may be laid down, therefore :

“(1) The nature of our body depends altogether on bodily causes, which are so curiously complicated and connected that generally they escape the keenest search of man ; but still we do not put aside all care for such matters, seeing that we hold a distinguished progeny to be one of the peculiar and most beautiful gifts of the Creator, and so we try every method we can to make our children healthy and robust and natural in their bodies,¹ nor do we put aside those methods which breeders are so careful about with their dogs and horses, as we hold it a great personal matter for every parent.

“(2) Though it be granted that the soul is of separate origin and derived from God, yet it is closely connected with the body, and interacts upon it through the medium of the senses. We try to improve by art and culture in every way the gifts of body and mind with which kindly Nature endows our race, in order that our children, both by their natural ability and the formative care they receive when young, may strive onwards to the acme of human perfection. We accustom by degrees the frames of our younger members to endure hardness, subject to the doctor's advice, and we boast of it as one of the best signs of our kind consideration for them, that they have been prepared for all the changes and chances of mortal life from their very cradle. For it is a simple

¹ This was Locke's principle in education some years later on.

matter of experience that the children of the poor, brought up with the greatest frugality, and in clothing of the scantiest, leaving them exposed to every inclemency, yet turn out healthier and of better constitution than those who are delicately and luxuriously brought up. As soon as they can stand on their feet and begin to walk, they are taught to do so gracefully and firmly, for a slovenly and ridiculous gait, whether it may proceed from an early formed bad habit or from an accidental cause, is always amenable to careful correction, and, with the exception of the true beauty that Nature sometimes gives to the face and figure, there is nothing more pleasing and dignified than a seemly and distinguished action of the body in walking ; whether it be natural or acquired matters not, but it must be unaffected. We add too, as part of this training, those gestures and movements of the whole body which are most becoming ; and after that we practise running, for swiftness of foot is not only a most useful quality for its own sake, but it also is good for the lungs and staying powers of our youths, who in this art are not a whit inferior to the barbarians, who are used to the roughest ground. Dancing, swimming, archery, and such-like pursuits receive attention, and it is scarcely credible what progress is made in these by constant practice, so that what is a record with other nations is with us quite usual, especially in really useful arts. For whatever we hear, on good authority, is able to be accomplished by men, this we urge our youth to attempt, with this saving clause, that these trials of strength should be gradually increasing and never excessive, lest by too violent exertion there be danger of present strain or bad effects in after years. And verily I think the body is worthy of such care and trouble, as it is most closely connected with the vital principle, and on its soundness and good health depend most of the duties of life.¹ And thus we do not,

¹ Locke has the credit of being the chief promoter of physical education for the young among our countrymen in earlier days ; but Sir Thomas Elyot and Richard Mulcaster had both taken the same line before him ; also Milton, in 1644, with regard to older lads.

like the Europeans, regard culture as consisting mainly in the accomplishments and training of the mind, and take hardly any account of the body, nor yet, like the barbarians, do we dispense with all mental training and book-learning because we share their high opinion of a strong and enduring frame. We follow the glorious example of the old Greeks and Romans, and pay our regard to both mind and body. The earliest faults that show themselves in children are passion and an over-readiness to cry and yell, and afterwards obstinacy, pride, and envy. These are the vices we first of all try to master. We foster a voluntary habit of endurance and good temper, more by contrivance and the giving of prizes than by moral precepts. We do not allow anything to be wrung from us by tears—rather any method than that. Obstinacy is made to yield to fear and reverence. We take great care not to encourage a too haughty temper by any empty flattery or foolish talk. Kindness and liberality are commended; none are allowed to take pleasure in others' misfortunes or to mock at them, whether they be in real life or only, maybe, on the stage. Especially do we try to restrain the violent desires of our nature in the bonds of temperance and chastity. We put special restrictions on eating and sleeping too much; all must rise early and eat what happens to be set before them. Hardly ever do they get the chance of delicacies; but sometimes, to create disgust, we allow them to gorge to repletion.

“By such training good manners can be best formed; nor is this a hard matter if the precautions are taken well in time. In fact, do we not see dogs, fierce and untamable as they are naturally, voluntarily lay aside their savage ways under the constant action of the blow or the caress? Are not colts too, who for three or four years have been allowed to run free in the fields and parks, most difficult to break in without force and management?

“But not only do we check the passions when they wander away from the right road;¹ we are equally zealous

¹ Lat. *excessus*. This does not mean *excess* as we oppose it to *defect*.

in whipping them up when they are sluggish and timid. The drawbacks of nervousness and bashfulness are made good by going much into society and by facing danger. Yet, after all, our highest endeavour is to kindle into flame the spark of genius that may be latent in each, for we cannot hope that those who only follow the trite and vulgar pursuits of the mob can ever be so fired with enthusiasm as to dare, I will not say do, any truly great and noble act. Meanwhile we season their minds with the salt of soberness and self-restraint, lest by want of it they should fall into the splendid sins of the pagan world.¹

"We begin the discipline from the earliest childhood, especially at that period when they first learn to talk ; and the fact that this is such a laborious and difficult piece of learning clearly points out that the minds of children, who are able to attach a certain meaning to so many different words not in the least suggesting the nature of the objects, are really able to profit by instruction of this kind sooner than we believe. With what learning do you think we first try their budding capacities?"

"With grammar, I suppose," said Eugenius.

"You are right so far," said Jacob ; "but we also try them with arithmetic and the simpler mathematics, for it has appeared to us that those sciences which are the least mixed up with the customs of mankind, and have their first principles in the nature of things, and can be tested by the senses, are by far the best adapted to bring out the reasoning powers, and to strengthen the grasp of the youthful mind, always so apt to wander and to lack concentration.

"To the younger boys and the backward ones we give short and simple questions ; to the elder and those who are sharp scholars more difficult tasks are assigned. We contrive games also for them where calculation of figures and weights and measures are brought in, and they are not allowed to play in a foolish or thoughtless manner, for we think that the eager desire for a game of this sort in the young and light-hearted affords the very best

¹ Lat. *Heroica Ethnicorum vitia*. Milton was always against these.

opportunity to strengthen both their bodies and minds. In fact, hardly any portion of their daily life is allowed to lie fallow, but is so cultivated that each should bring forth the best fruit in due season.

"Above all, we attach importance to the proper exercise of faith and imagination. Shameless and impure acts they are taught to shrink from with horror as from monstrosities and awful portents, and to acknowledge with the highest reverence an Infinite and Invisible Deity. We rank liars with those creatures which have not the use of speech, and treat them as equally unsuited for the society of articulately speaking men. Beginning in this way, our young children are most carefully brought up to worship God and love their country; we instil respect and reverence to parents and elders, and that liberality between brothers which indeed gave occasion to what I am now saying.

"This course goes on till they are about ten; the younger of my two boys is nine, the elder not quite ten yet."¹

¹ Throughout all the many allusions to education in this Romance, there is not a single word as to the education of girls. The same noticeable omission is to be observed in Milton's short tractate on Education. The similarity, however, has no great weight as an argument of common authorship, for, almost without exception, all preceding writers on the theory of Education had only dealt with boys: the other sex is completely ignored; not a word or hint can be found. Mulcaster, our great Elizabethan schoolmaster, stands alone in the earlier period of Education for his advocacy of equal education of both sexes. Unfortunately, Europe followed Sturm instead of Mulcaster. Comenius, it is true, urged an equal education for boys and girls alike, but he was long before his time in this, as in other educational matters. One early writer on the subject, Maphaeus Vegius, who published his book *De Educatione Liberorum* in 1571, has a single short chapter in his lengthy and curious work where he refers to girls. As the book is apparently unknown to all educational theorists (for they never mention it), and as he has thus distinguished himself from his fellows by his gallant devotion of one chapter to the better half of the human race, I will summarise very briefly what he says.

He is chiefly concerned that girls should have a well-regulated mind morally; that is his great idea of a girl's education. As to intellectual

Here Politian raised an objection. "Although," he said, "I quite understand how you, a chief citizen, can expend very large sums on the education of your children, and that they are quite able to profit by it, yet I think I am right in saying that it is not in the power of every

gifts and the proper way of bringing them out and improving them, he has as little to say as any one else. For girls, his view seems to be the education of a convent carried on at home. Mothers should see to it that nothing frivolous or worldly gained a hold at any time on their daughters' inclinations. They should not be allowed to consort with girls, even of their own class, who dyed or fringed their hair, or, as we say nowadays, "got themselves up" in any way. The accomplishments of dancing and singing were to be acquired under the strictest supervision, and were never to be indulged in to such excess or studied elegance as to suggest a professional. The Sempronia that Sallust tells us of is held up as an awful example of this. But most of all should mothers keep a watchful eye on the female servants of the house, and allow no familiarity between their maids and their daughters. Maphaeus Vegius would not trust the ordinary female servant, as far as her morals were concerned, for any consideration. Speaking in quite general terms of the ordinary female domestic of the day in Italy, he makes the serious charge that on Sundays and feast days they had the common habit of spending the spare time allowed them by going each one "*ad suum amatorem ex satiandae libidinis causâ*." I have never heard this stated so broadly by any serious writer of that age; but if the "Sunday out" was really so employed, the less conversation the young girls of the house had with their maids the better.

This book of Vegius is an excellent early treatise on Education, and should be better known.

As to Milton's published tractate on Education of 1644, Johnson and others, including even Dr. Garnett, have considered it as too visionary and idealistic to be of much practical use. But we must not forget for what class of pupils Milton's remarks are intended. Their drift was not for the vulgar, the needy, or even the lower middle class, who would have to leave their studies and go to their work in the world at an early age. Milton had in view the upper classes of leisure and wealth, who had a stake in the country, and were afterwards to become, almost by virtue of their birth, county magnates, members of Parliament, judges, and leaders in battle for their native land.

This view is common both to Milton's tractate and to *Nova Solyma*, as will fully appear later on, and is a much weightier proof of authorship than the omission in each of the education of a gentlewoman.

parent so to educate his children, nor is it every child who could so well repay the time and trouble spent."

"But," proceeded Jacob, "this education of ours is open to all classes, and is the work our teachers and moralists have handed on to us. Our plan is to have prudent men of experience, who can be questioned and consulted—who are, so to speak, Inspectors and Directors of Education. And besides these, we have public discourses held frequently in all parts of the land,¹ not only of a religious nature, but on ethics, the family life, and such topics. And so, you see, our education gains an entrance to the family circle; and although it cannot be equally successful everywhere, still, if any one is gifted with abilities out of the common, it looks after him and helps his career. Nor is any one with natural endowments of a higher order allowed to remain unnoticed and neglected from the obscurity of his birth, as is so often the case elsewhere.²

"Nor are the less gifted despised on that account, and reckoned unworthy of much educational care; indeed, we use special endeavours in their case, that they may be able at least to rise to the full height of their capacity, and in due course fitly perform their duties to the State. In point of fact, when we, as teachers, look for the highest results and greatest pleasure from our work, we find that it is not so much the very talented that satisfy us, for these, by their shortcomings in other matters, often cause far more trouble and offence than do those pupils of less ability, but greater natural goodness of disposition."³

¹ This foreshadows the University Extension movement.

² Here is Kidd's recent doctrine of equal opportunities; also the Board School scholarships and such-like helps to poverty-stricken genius which this present age has at last decided upon.

In these forecasts, and elsewhere in *Nova Solyma*, the author shows himself to be one of the most original and foreseeing of educators. How strange that not one of the numerous treatises on Education, ancient or modern, ever mention him!

³ Mulcaster alone took this view in the earlier Elizabethan days. It was not endorsed by educational authorities till much later.

CHAPTER II

THE YOUNG CAMBRIDGE STUDENTS

JACOB was intending to say yet more, when he noticed Joseph coming back to them, so he turned to him and began to ask news of his tutor, and then of all his wanderings, being uncertain as yet how they had resulted. So Joseph began his relation.

"When I and my tutor Apollos started for our travels to Europe, we first of all paid a visit to Sicily. Here we were waylaid by brigands, all our provisions and baggage were carried off, and, what was the greatest grief of all, my servant was slain, and, as Apollos was sent off to Italy, I was left alone in the greatest want."

He was very brief in the few things he said so far, either because he was ashamed and pained when recalling such wretched misfortune, or perhaps from a desire to tell his father as soon as possible the services of his present guests, and he said nothing more, except to excuse himself for not writing home by the plea that he was daily engaged in planning his return.

"At last," he added, "I was able to accomplish it, thanks to these our guests, who paid all the charges for my passage, and so our hospitality is by no means a gift or obligation, but rather some little return for a very great favour."

"Not at all," said Eugenius; "it is we who are indebted to you for being such a very pleasant companion and such a useful guide to us for next to nothing."

"Then," said Jacob to him, "pray tell me a little more plainly what really happened, so that, as the recipient of a great benefit, I may learn what it was, and thankfully acknowledge it."

The youth's reply was :

"When we were students at Cambridge together, we heard of the fame of this Republic, and became possessed of a mighty desire to pay a visit to this city and its people, and to know more of your manner of life and of your institutions, for the fame of you had gone forth throughout the world.

"We therefore, without the knowledge of our parents, who would scarcely have consented to such a scheme, being over-apprehensive of danger in their love for us, started alone, without any attendants, without even a guide, and with only a little money that we had scraped together; and having arrived at Dover, we embarked thence without being discovered, a fortunate chance throwing in our way a vessel then weighing anchor, and bound for Joppa. We touched at Palermo on our passage, and took the opportunity of going ashore to buy certain necessaries which, through our hasty flight, had been overlooked. While returning on board, we came across your son, who was trying to arrange for his passage-money in our ship with some of the sailors. They would not, however, take him, because he could not pay the money down, and although it was late in the day, as the wind was favourable, they were making ready to leave that very night. We happened to come on the scene at the right moment, and finding the youth to be a scholar, and acquainted with the customs of the Jews and their country, we thought he would be a good guide for us, and so we paid his passage for him, by no means a large sum."

At this Jacob could no longer restrain himself, and again embraced them both with the fervour of gratitude. Then, resuming his seat, with a grave countenance, though kindly and paternal withal, he thus addressed them :

"I can award the motive of your journey its due meed of praise, for it did not arise from an itching and empty curiosity, nor from any disgust at your own country were you eager to leave it; but your motive was rather that of the old philosophers, who went on their travels as

merchants seeking the highest of all gain¹—wisdom. But to do this without your parents' knowledge or advice, that I cannot praise. For consider the dealings of God and your parents with you, and how alike they are—both confer the greatest benefits you possess, and yet seek nothing in exchange but your own happiness, while to them it matters but little if you had never existed, or had been annihilated and removed for ever from sight and knowledge. So great and so natural is the authority of parents over their children that no other human authority can be equal to it, not even the master over his servant, the king over his subjects, or the husband over his wife.² For what can be more one's own than what a man creates, as it were, out of himself? Nor, by the law of Nature, has any one fuller rights than the man who can undoubtedly, as in this case, call the things in question his own.³ Nevertheless, a father must not kill his offspring as he may his cattle, though the distinction by no means rests on any difference of ownership or authority, but on the ruling principle of universal justice; for it is not agreeable to God's laws for a man to cut his own throat, nay, indeed, it is an exceeding great crime in His sight, neither are our children, who preserve the continuity of our mortal race, given to us by Nature to be done away with, but rather to fill up and increase the census of humanity, and to do their work in their generation. Indeed, in the earliest ages of the world, which were the most natural, a numerous family was considered the richest of all possessions, for both the children and all they could earn belonged to the head of the family. And this same law of Nature is still in force in our days, except so far as the people themselves have agreed to hand over such authority to the State; and still children are obliged to support their parents, although parents have no right to

¹ *Mercatura*. Cf. Cicero, *De Officiis*, iii. 2.

² Miltonic. No man of literary mark held these views so strongly as is known to be the case with Milton.

³ Milton held the natural propagation of the soul as well as of the body.

claim anything unless compelled by sheer necessity, for it is rather their duty, by all care and frugality, to endow those whom they leave behind, so that as their heirs they may be able to fill a similar position in the State. Nor, on the other hand, can I see how children have a right to eat at their father's table or succeed to their father's estate if they refuse to obey and respect him as they ought—*i.e.* to obey in all things not contrary to the laws of their country and the commands of God, and to respect him without any exception. Be he a tyrant, a lunatic, or a criminal even, a father is not to be despised, or jeered at, or maligned, or ill-treated.

“But what name shall I give to your offence, which sinned against such kindly parents? Surely if you could have realised their feelings, you would have acted very differently. My own great longing for my absent son tells me how they must feel and suffer; wherefore permit me to sympathise as a fellow-man with others' sorrows, and, as far as I can, suffer me to point out a remedy, and that is: Do not leave us till you have informed your parents by letter where you now are.”

This most gentle reproof touched the hearts of both the young men, and brought a blush to their cheeks, for they now for the first time began to see what a wrong they had done, and at once, when Jacob ceased speaking, they both heartily thanked him for his very just reproof and that generous expression of his wishes which so increased their obligation, and promised they would certainly write home at the first opportunity. They had scarcely done this when the table was prepared, and supper brought in. There was no ostentation, but everything, though simple, was excellent of its kind. The viands were plainly prepared, or if seasoned at all it was in such a way as to bring out their best natural flavour. The wine was so blended as to lose its rough strength while retaining its generous qualities. To be pressed to eat more than you want for the sake of mere feasting they take as an affront rather than a compliment, and to be challenged to drink too much on the silly plea of boon companionship they

consider almost as bad. They are very experienced in the question of variety and moderation in diet, and they have no feeling of shame in taking and enjoying whatever suits their health, or in refusing the opposite. They hold that he who just tastes a little of many dishes will soon begin to think he has had plenty, and that it is well known how almost everybody eats too much, and that no one, if he is well and gets the chance, ever eats too little.

When grace had been said and they were having their supper, many questions on these points were put to Jacob, who answered freely and prudently, making his guests quite at ease by his charming manner. There was no room for sadness or disturbing thoughts with such a host, nor yet for loud and vulgar laughter. Ere long he interposed a few words on a higher theme.

"Oh, my guests," said old Jacob, "how great an obligation we are under to God for this daily restorative of our mortal frames! What earthly potentate is there great enough to summon, at his will, from empty space and nothingness, food and drink and all the other necessities of life? What artisan or mechanic is there who could by his utmost skill contrive to make them, if they were not already formed? Who, of the richest of mortals, could buy them with all his wealth, if the earth did not give them to us? This daily food of ours is indeed God's gift, and He scatters it throughout the world; it is the largess of heaven.¹ We only gather it in and divide it according to our means or position in the world; and that order in things which we by an empty phrase term Nature is nothing else but God's law of continual benevolence, and for that reason we should ever acknowledge it and ever pray.

"Nor does it become a man to fall upon these gifts of God like brute beasts without understanding. Consider only this one thing. What a tremendous and truly

¹ *Missilia coeli*. The reference is to the custom of the Roman emperors on great occasions scattering among the people presents of all kinds; these were termed *res missiles*, or *missilia*. Gk. ἀποφόρητα.

tyrannical power has the King and Creator of all given to us over the other lower animals! We may rightfully and lawfully put them to a cruel death, and then eat and swallow them without making any defence, or rather without any cause of complaint, but pleading necessity—only another name, I'm afraid, for gratifying our pleasures. These animals, too, are the very next to us in the order of Nature. Surely this is a more royal feast than if we had quaffed at one draught the most precious liquefied pearl."

After a satisfying meal the servants cleared the table, and Jacob ended with a grace, and then, calling the elder of his two sons to his side, he asked him to give the last song his music-master had taught him. The lad, with a few preliminary clearings of the throat, being gifted by nature with a voice as liquid as a bird's, and trained by the perfect skill of a master, thus began :

It is the glory of the early spring
From earth's dark womb the precious seeds to bring,
And show the year in gladsome livery dight.¹

¹ The meaning of the Latin is : "It is the glory of spring at her first coming to bring forth the year clad in a garb of festal joy." So thought young Milton at Cambridge, and told his assembled collegians so in the fine Latin of his first *Prolusio Oratoria*, which, by the way, he kept in his desk for forty years! Later on in life he sang :

Where the great sun begins his state
Right against the eastern gate,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land.

(*L'Allegro*, 60, etc.)

And later still he often sang of that early hour—

When morn
Purples the east

(*Paradise Lost*, vii. 29),

which recalls the "purple hills" of the present stanza. Thus, early and late, the *aurora purpurea* of Ovid, the rosy-fingered dawn of Homer, remained in the poet's thoughts, but, alas! in later life only *there*. Aurora scattered not her glorious hues before his sightless orbs *then*, for Day brought back his Night.

The ploughman longs to catch the first dim ray
Where dawn with rosy fingers spreads the day,
Until the sun doth kiss the moistened clay,
And bathe the purple hills in liquid light.

Enjoy the flowers of early youth, dear boy!
But flowers alone can ne'er fulfil thy joy;
So add to these some later autumn fruits.
Let the full ripened grape be more thy care
Than any early promise of the year;
For often winter cold and autumn sere
Destroy the offspring of the budding shoots.

As doves from their full throat are wont to give
Their young the tender food by which they live,
So now thy parents' care is given thee free.
Thy primal thirst was quenched by milky springs,
Thy wants were met by all that Nature brings,
When thou wast helpless in so many things;—
In turn thy children, too, will look to thee.

There comes at last for all a common doom,
Where Death gives young and old an equal tomb:
Give then to God His firstfruits while you may,
While yet without the stains of later years,
Before they dry or rot through worldly fears;
For in our Fatherland are no more tears,
And there each child shall shine as doth the day.

When the lad had finished his song, Joseph, taking a harp, began to run through the melody on the strings with the most perfect touch. Presently both together in sweetest concert began, the one to sing and the other to accompany.

The people of Nova Solyma take the greatest delight in the art of music, for after work they can play without fatigue to the body and without any severe strain to the mind.¹ They reckon it one of the wonders of Nature

¹ Here we have one of the many notices in favour of music in *Nova Solyma*. The author was a Puritan and a lover of music clearly, a combination by no means usual. Even nowadays we do not expect a Quaker or a rigorous Scotch moralist of the unco' guid school to excel on the fiddle or the bagpipes—it somehow seems out of place. This feeling was still stronger in the old Puritan days, when even organs were thought unseemly in churches. However, we know Milton was brought up in a musical family and was a good performer on the organ and other instruments. The inference as to authorship

that air, which is the least substantial of the elements, can be so easily and pleasantly resolved into the many varieties of sound, in harmony with each other and with the inmost soul of those who hear them.

Since it had been getting dark for some time, Jacob called together his household, and beginning in a few words on the importance and efficacy of the Christian worship, which had now taken the place of their old daily sacrifices and later ritual, impressed their minds with holy dread and especial reverence. He then went through their evening service, uttering in all humility many prayers of the deepest devotion, and having finally asked a blessing, he dismissed them to their chambers.

The two young guests had no sooner settled down on their pillows than they began with wonderful eagerness to recall to their mind's eye those sights which had been that day so deeply impressed there, for it is in peaceful night that the mind, undistracted by other objects, is wont best to return to the memory of the past. So again they saw the splendid pageant, the attendant crowds, and the wonderful arbour of the vine; again the starry robe and the heavenly countenance of the Daughter of Zion come before their eyes.

While they thought on these things, Politian first broke silence, and said: "With what happy auspices, Eugenius, have we arrived at this most favoured spot! Here indeed both Night herself and balmy sleep no longer please, for they shut us out from the wonders of such a land."

Nor was Eugenius less vehement in his praises. "Truly," said he, "I shall never regret this journey, if only on account of to-day. What an imposing and magnificent sight it was! But all its grand structures and decorations were far eclipsed by the simple, natural loveliness of the Daughter of Zion."

is fairly obvious, and I have drawn it elsewhere. Milton, too, like Joseph, used to accompany *his* "young lads" (his two nephews Edward and John Phillips) in their singing and playing. So John Aubrey tells us.

"Belike you have fallen in love with her," said Politian, "since you tell me she attracts¹ you so much."

"I do not dare to love her," said the other, "except as goddesses are loved, with unceasing awe and respect; and it seemed to me to-day that all the people love her as I do. Their eyes told their own tale. Did you not see how they all with one accord willingly turned towards her, and how they were drawn to her, and, as if bound by the strongest chains, followed as captives in her triumphal train? Did you not notice how she shot her glances at us, as new victims, and, that there should be none who did not own her sway, how she looked back at us, and by the powerful magnetism of that look seemed to draw out from us our very hearts, and take them with her?"

"Ah!" replied Politian, "now I see you are really in love, and desperately too, since you transform the casual glances of the most modest of girls (if physiognomy counts for anything) into the enticing ogles that lovers use. Be on your guard, my dear Eugenius, and get rid of such foolish fancies whenever you feel their onset, lest we foolishly undermine the very foundations of our great good luck."

While they were thus talking they fell asleep, partly from the fatigue of their journey, partly, no doubt, from their good and hearty supper.²

¹ The original Latin is the word *perplacere*. In his commonplace book Milton uses the adjective *perplacida*, which he has invented, as intending it to mean "very pleasing." But this meaning will not stand good. Milton was fond of compounds with *per*, as *persaepe*, *persane*, etc., etc., and we find the same liking in *Nova Solyma*.

² This rather vulgar allusion is not worthy of the sublime Milton, and might well have been omitted; but we may compare with it the famous passage in *Paradise Lost*, v. 396, where Adam and Eve, sitting on the grassy turf with various natural fruits of the garden piled in tempting freshness before them,

A while discourse they hold—

No fear lest dinner cool, etc.

Nothing in all *Paradise Lost* has been so universally condemned as this vulgarity. No excuse has been attempted for it, except perhaps by Tennyson, who once said: "Terrible bathos after the beautiful imagery, but it shows Milton's simplicity." The bathos in the text is somewhat similar.

CHAPTER III

SECOND DAY IN NOVA SOLYMA

ON the morrow the sun was somewhat high in the sky before they were thoroughly awake and had dressed themselves, and just then Joseph, having heard them moving, came with his servants into their bedchamber. He had changed his attire, and was dressed after the manner and fashion of his country, having on a cloak of red silk reaching below his knee. With them the chief marks of honourable rank consist not in gorgeous and expensive robes, but in the colour and length of their ordinary dress, and the law is that each one's dress is to differ according to his rank and dignity, which is as strictly enforced as the distinction of dress between the sexes. For business and the active work of life they prefer a short dress, though they think a flowing robe gives a certain majesty to the walk, gestures, and appearance of a man. There are also certain marks and distinctions of dress for the army, for equestrians, and certain other classes. Joseph, in his proper dress, looked a very handsome man—he was inclined to be tall, and withal of a slender figure, his expression was kindly and affable, but the brave, manly eyes gave clear signs of a stern seriousness.

As soon as Politian saw him, he asked whether they too ought to dress in the Jewish fashion.

"By no means," answered Joseph. "We have no dislike for any foreign mode of dress, nor do we follow foreigners with jeers like ignorant boys; and if aliens adopt our dress, we never impute it to flattery or affectation."

When quite ready they all went from the bedroom to

an adjacent corridor, where there was space for walking. Here they meet Jacob, and, after the morning greetings, there is a general conversation, until a message is brought to Joseph that his sister has come and is waiting to see him. This reached Jacob's ear, who at once said: "Let her rather come up to us, for I want to introduce her." So the messenger went back and brought her up. Anna (for that was her name), as she came in dressed all in white, had certainly a distinguished mien, and her manner in returning her father's salutation was quiet and dutiful. Joseph at once rushed towards her and pressed her hand with the freedom and affection of a brother, while she, fixing her eyes lovingly on him, gave him as her reply the sweetest of smiles. When a few eager questions of each had been briefly answered, her brother led her towards the others, and, turning to the new guests, said:

"This lady you saw yesterday as the daughter of Zion; to-day she is the daughter of Jacob."

Both the young men, when first they saw her, seemed like to those dazzled by a flash of lightning,¹ and not quite sure what had happened; but by degrees the fair face of their yesterday's goddess dawned upon their minds, and though now without the pomp of pageantry and ornament, that face alone caused in them such a warmth of feeling and such a rush of flashing thoughts as they could not easily conceal. To see again, so soon, and where 'twas least expected, their goddess, the sight

¹ The Latin here is *fulguris aurâ perculsi*, a phrase bearing on it the stamp of an elegant Latinist. I cannot find that it has been used by any of the great writers of Rome in the Golden Age, or even later on, but it seems well worthy of them. Scholars tell us that *aura*, amongst its many meanings and uses, signifies *tenue quiddam et varium ex aere et lumine resultans*, and the *locus classicus* is Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 204:

Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit.

The contemporary dictionaries of Milton's days gave *fulminatus* as the word for "struck by lightning"—this and nothing more. Is it not likely that it was Milton's genius and classic fancy that supplied something so much better?

of all sights to them!—that they should find her in the household of their host, and so nearly allied to him by blood! What a blessed home must this be, which possesses so many of the most highly favoured of our race, and that too of both sexes and all ages! Now indeed was Destiny weaving the net of Love's entanglement, and was ready to cast it over unresisting combatants.¹

Such were their unexpressed thoughts; but their eyes, their looks, their gestures, could not remain expressionless or unnoticed, and so Eugenius, who, of the two, was the less able to retain his composure, in order to avert suspicion, began to remark to Joseph:

"What you say may be true enough after all, for your father seems to be the husband of the city, and so you may rightly be called either children of Jacob or children of Zion."

"Yes," said Jacob, "our city of Zion is the mother of all.² It is by her favour we live, and we ought to preserve and adorn her with every endeavour."

Then said Joseph to his sister: "Oh the pleasure I

¹ Latin text is: "Jam quidem fata sibi laqueos nectere, et cessantibus ultro injicere." *Cessantibus* is a good classical word in this connection, hailing most likely from Propertius, who uses *cessare amori* with the meaning "to be given up to love." These young Cambridge students of the seventeenth century were at least more gallant to the ladies than Professor Huxley in the present century. They, as we see, thought they were entering the gladiatorial arena of love, and that destiny was the *retiarius* who would catch them in his net. Huxley did not hesitate to hint that women themselves were the *retiariae*. Speaking of "woman's rights," he says: "Let those women who are inclined to do so descend into the gladiatorial arena of life, not merely in the guise of *retiariae*, as heretofore, but as bold *sicariae*, breasting the open fray." Since those words were written (c. 1865), the bold *sicariae* and the shrieking sisterhood have vastly increased and multiplied, though often such women belong to a *gens in qua nemo nascitur*. How Milton's fiery spirit would have kindled against such unworthy descendants of prolific Mother Eve!

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee.

And also France.

² Gal. iv. 26.

had when I saw thee first come into sight, enthroned in all thy virgin glory!"

"Well," she replied, "you, by your unexpected appearance, filled me with such amazement and joy that I almost forgot where I was and the great position I was filling. Really, you well-nigh disenthroned me."

At these words the eyes of Politian and Eugenius met, and their glances mutually reproached each other.

Anna, since her mother's death, had lived away from home in a neighbouring street with her aunt, and now, having seen her brother, the object of her visit, she rose to go. Her father went home with her, while the two guests, after staying some time with Joseph, quite casually betook themselves to a window which looked out into the garden, from which a new scene was presented to their eyes. They observe the two little brothers of the household mentioned yesterday standing side by side against a wall, while in front of them an elderly matron was sitting, who had just begun to address them thus:

"Give me your attention, my dear young pupils,¹ and before you leave home for school, hear my dream which I have dreamed in my anxiety for you.

"I thought I saw you left quite alone on the shore of a certain island in the Atlantic sea, if I mistake not. There dwelt an aged king named Philoponus. His dominions were not of very great extent, but sufficiently prosperous and civilised, and he had divided them into three portions in his lifetime between his only son Philocles, an illegitimate daughter, whom he adopted, named Philomela, and himself. The son took the northern part, the daughter the southern, while the father reigned over the middle kingdom.

"You were stranded on the sea-shore of Philomela's kingdom, and you were both sitting there, knowing neither the place nor its history. All along the beach were shells glittering like precious stones, and the fine, clean sand was the colour of gold. The open country abounded with the

¹ Lat. *alumnuli*, a characteristic Miltonic diminutive. There are many such in *Nova Solyma*.

most beautiful trees, which, although they stood too thickly together for the soil to be cultivated, yet gave ample room for pleasant walks. There was everywhere cooling shade from natural arbours with their waving branches overhead, and yet light and sunshine enough withal. The perennial verdure had a most pleasing effect on the eye, and, embellished as it was with many a flower of varied hue dotted here and there,¹ it recalled the brilliant canopy of heaven, and vied with its many twinkling stars. Many shady alleys led in various directions, most pleasant for walking, for they were level and carpeted with the smoothest grass; but often they led nowhere, and there was no certain goal in any case—like a labyrinth, they misled by devious twistings and turnings all who were foolish enough to wander through them. There was one central road, broader than the others and more open, which led by a gentle descent direct to the royal palace. You had not proceeded far on this road, when you unexpectedly met a bevy of damsels in gay and light attire, singing in chorus,² while from the neighbouring trees there came such accompanying harmony of unseen music, as if the zephyrs that whisper among the leaves had attuned their voices to the maidens' song. And this, as well as I can recall it, was the strain :

"Mid rocks far from man there's Life's joy for the wild ass;
Each bird finds Life's joy in the populous forest;

¹ *Interpicta*—coined by our author. Cf. the *Comus* of Puteanus, which Milton had almost certainly read, for a similar comparison: "Juxta viam amoenissimum quoque pratum erat . . . partim flavis, partim albicantibus florum gemmis relucens; putares in aemulatione coeli in ipsam quoque terram sparsas esse stellas" (ed. 1611, p. 172).

² For a close parallel passage in Milton we have his description of the loose female troop who seduced the sons of God:

They on the plain
Long had not walked when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress! To the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.

(*Paradise Lost*, xi. 580-84.)

Also farther on, xi. 614-25, when "the smiles of these fair atheists" and their other evil blandishments are similarly described.

Earth brings them unstinting her daintiest morsels,
Nor does the plough force her.

"Great whales play their gambols in seas that are Arctic;
The horse without halter runs free in the meadow,
And free from the yoke are the necks of the oxen,
Full fed and contented.

"The head of creation and lord of the whole world
Alone is unsated and pressed down with troubles;
By greed he is blinded, and wastes his life seeking
Vain glittering metals.

"Or, pallid with fear of a far distant future,
Oft those that he knows not inherit his fortune;
Of Life's fleeting joys being ever neglectful,
He loses her bounty

"He fights against pleasure, though Nature suggests it;
He faces the cruellest perils and hardships;
And all this he does for the veriest phantoms—
For fame and for glory.

"But whoso obeys the behests of kind Nature,
He honours the best of all gods and the highest;
And all that is hurtful escaping, he reigns as
The gods on Olympus.

"The wild ass on his rocks,
The birds in numerous flocks,
In freedom live, Dame Nature them sustaining;
For them no ground is tilled,
But yet they all are filled
With largess that Earth yields them uncomplaining.

"Whales gambol in the seas,
Refreshed by Arctic breeze,
Wild horses all live free from irksome toil;
For all can take their ease
And roam where'er they please;
No yoke binds down the oxen to the soil.

"But man alone seems curst,
Though he is lord and first
Of all that dwell in Nature's wide domain;
Beset by carking cares
And avaricious fears,
His life is spent for filthy lucre's gain.

"The joys of each bright hour
 To him are sad and sour,
 Nor can he seize Life's pleasures as they rise.
 The sword of Damocles¹
 With visage pale he sees;
 Oft strangers claim his riches when he dies.

"At Pleasure's genial voice
 Refusing to rejoice,
 Men fight against the joys their nature craves.
 They throw their lives away
 In dangers night and day,
 To empty Fame and Glory willing slaves.

"Most happy man is he
 Who worships Nature, free
 To keep her laws as parent all-supreme.
 For him the world's great smart
 Shall never touch his heart;
 His life shall be one glorious godlike dream,
 As when upon the bright Olympian hill
 The careless gods enjoy themselves at their sweet will.²

"When their song was ended, the damsels gave you
 strangers greeting with the sweetest of smiles, and wel-

¹ Here and elsewhere in this book our author shows clearly the keen sense he possessed of a high Avenging Justice, and it may truly be said of him, as Mr. Morley said of Gladstone in his eloquent eulogium at Manchester, this year (1901), that whenever he saw individuals or nations pursuing wrong paths, he also saw "high in the heavens the flash of the uplifted sword, and the gleam of the arm of the Avenging Angel."

² Perhaps a word is due in explanation of this twofold version of the Wanton Damsels' song. The Latin original is in the Sapphic metre, and, forgetting at the time that there was another song that Joseph was to compose and sing as an answer to this, on account of the Sapphics I chose a rhythmical metre instead of one in rime. But coming later on to Joseph's song, "All things are full of labour," I found that its harmonious rhythm (one of the many new and beautiful metrical attempts that occur so frequently in *Nova Solyma*) seemed to lend itself best to the particular metre chosen. I then felt bound to adapt the Wanton Damsels' song to a somewhat similar mould of verse for the sake of antiphonal comparison. I may add that the less musical rendering is the closer of the two, and scarcely deviates at all from the Latin, which is one other reason why I retained it also for reproduction.

comed you to the Queen's palace, thus increasing your astonishment at the many novelties you were witnessing. Every entrance was on a downward slope,¹ and the palace itself was on the steep of a rock, built in the shape of an amphitheatre, with walls like glass, and with pillars which were hollow, and hardly strong enough to bear the weight of the building; everything seemed designed for show rather than for use. The Queen was in her garden, which was enclosed by the front buildings of the palace, and from time to time she was either listening with delight to the melodious warblings of her birds as they flitted to and fro in the aviaries, or gathering with the curiosity of her sex the various and unheard-of species of flowers transplanted to her gardens. She had just adorned her brow with a garland, and her bare neck and arms were set off with bracelets of imitation jewellery. At first sight her face was a most lovely one, and at a distance it would deceive the keenest eyes; but the nearer you approached, the more could her make-up and rouge be perceived. She had on a thin robe woven from the finest cotton, which seemed intended rather to display than to conceal her charms, and her constant companion was a hand-mirror of crystal, by whose frequent aid she would arrange her hair and complexion. She held forth her hands graciously to you both, as new arrivals, giving first to one and then to the other a loving caress and the most blandishing words.

“‘Welcome, dear ones,’ she said; ‘surely it is Heaven’s guidance which has brought you to this blessed country, where we are free from the miseries and cares of the outside world, and where the unsatisfied longing for pleasure never pains us—for pleasure is ours from morn till night. Here is the happiness of the Golden Age; here all things abound, the gifts of beneficent Nature as well as the wonders of art, and I can do no greater disservice to you than to be keeping you all this time from the joys they bring. So now at once, while on the threshold, so to speak, of the Palace of Pleasure, lay

¹ Cf. “*facilis descensus Avernus*.”

aside every weight of care, and the studies burdensome to the flesh, and those fastidious conventionalities which wretched mortals call Virtue and Honour. Do not allow the beautiful flower of youth to be spoilt by the grudging spirit of people too old to appreciate such a treasure.'

"After this speech the attendant damsels bring you into the palace, as the recipients of special favour. The great hall reminded one of the crowded stage of a theatre. Some were trying to dance, some staggering and stumbling; here they were engaged in play, there they were quarrelling and beginning to fight, and presently the same combatants were to be seen closely embracing each other. Many more were sitting down and watching the scene listlessly and with open mouth, so as to make it a matter of uncertainty whether they were really alive or only the moving puppets of a show.

"A good many at once come up to you, as new guests, and with kind politeness do their best to induce you to join in the revelry; but the conducting damsels led you through the concourse, saying in excuse that you had been for some time without food or drink, and that you would join their sports after your supper. So you went into the dining-room, where there was quite as large a crowd of guests lying on couches and dining in the classic manner. Some gave all their thoughts to attacking the viands, their eyes and whole expression declaring their gluttonous greed, and, snatching at their favourite dishes, they swallowed down¹ their food in a most disgusting fashion. Others, already gorged with food, and drunk too, were snoring round the table. The food was not chosen or prepared for a healthy appetite, but to tickle the palate; the only limit in eating was the capacity of the stomach, and when that limit was reached, a successful vomit was a frequent aid to a

¹ Lat. *deglutiebant*, a word not found in any classical author, its only occurrence being in the sacred poem of Avitus, Bishop of Vienne. He wrote on Genesis and the creation of man (c. 500), and since Milton's nephew mentions the book in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, it is probable that Milton either had it or knew it. By some Milton's *Paradise Lost* is supposed to owe somewhat to Avitus.

renewed attack. They would feast the whole night through, but the table was never bare, for before one course was well through another was ready to follow it. The diners seemed glad at your arrival, and were about to make room for you; but your guides gave them to understand that, being tired and sleepy, you were going to bed, and so led you off at once to your appointed chamber. Its walls were completely hidden by hangings woven in many colours, sparkling here and there with gold and silver thread, and with an obscene ground-pattern of naked men and women. The beds were most luxurious, and were covered with counterpanes of similar style and material to the wall hangings. Curtains were drawn across the windows to shut out the light of day; and lighted lamps of gold, hanging from a deep blue ceiling, travestied the many stars that stud the sky at night.¹ Phantasms² such as we see in dreams were in

¹ The Latin is: "Et luminaria a coeruleo laqueari aureis in lych-nuchis dependentia nocturnas siderum faces imitantur." Now, Milton has a remarkably close parallel in the passage in *Paradise Lost*:

From the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.

(*Paradise Lost*, i. 726-30.)

Both these passages are undoubtedly modelled on Virgil:

Dependent lychni laquearibus aureis
Incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt

(*Aeneid*, i. 726);

which Dryden translates rather poorly:

From gilded roots depending lamps display
Nocturnal beams that emulate the day.

Here Dryden quite omits the force of *funalia*, which is well expressed in *Nova Solyma* by *faces*, and in *Paradise Lost* by *naphtha* and *asphaltus*, for these *funalia* were more like *torches* than our lamps. And, what is more, in both passages Virgil is "bettered" after the manner of Milton, by the additional beautiful idea of the starry roof of heaven. I do not know what critics may think of such undesigned coincidences, but to me they appear very telling.

² *Phantasma*, an unusual word in classical literature, used once by Pliny; it occurs occasionally in the Vulgate and in patristic literature. Avitus, ii. 68, *De Satana*: "*Delusus fugiens vano phantasmati tactus.*"

plenty everywhere, and, flying hither and thither, were well adapted to fill empty, lazy, and unregulated minds¹ with the most foolish ideas.

"While you were lost in wonder at such sights, and had already prepared yourselves for rest, your attendants, pretending to help you, suddenly, by an unforeseen treacherous plot, drop you both through the floor into an underground sewer, by loosening a board which had been fixed ready for the deed. Their wonderful attentiveness is changed to the very opposite, and without a thought or a look of pity they leave you to your fate. Nor had that building any other exit but that cesspool into which you were precipitated. There the remains of the banquets and the vomit of overcharged stomachs and other filthy excrements lay rotting,² and with them the skeletons of those who by violence or disease had come to an untimely end, or by hunger and cold had been the victims of the cruellest usage. There was a horrid noise, too, of rattling chains, and the roar as of wild beasts seizing their prey, and at your feet there was a great steep precipice, and below that a huge, impassable river, into which many of the wretched captives willingly drowned themselves, rather than suffer the prolonged torture of so horrible a fate, and the lacerations of the wild beasts.

"The vivid reality of such a dreadful sight, though it was but a dream, roused me thoroughly from my sleep, and I found myself in a cold sweat all over, and my heart beating fearfully, and, although awake, it was some time before I could stop my cries of horror and cease to look round with awful dread; but presently I realised, to my joy, that it was but a dream, and so came to myself again."

While the old nurse paused for a little breath after so long a tale, the two lads stood for a time gaping with wonder, till Auximus said:

¹ *Male feriatus* (Horace, *Odes*, iv. 6, 14).

² Cf. *Florilegium Epigrammatum Graecorum*, London, 1629. At p. 100 there is "*In Cloacas Smyrnae Agathiae Scholastici*," turned into Latin by the great schoolmaster T. Farnaby. Possibly this gave Milton the idea of the text, which is exactly similar.

"Oh, mother, this awful dream almost moves me to tears and self-pity for its lamentable ending."

"But," added Augustus, "I hope you will not be so cruel to your charges as to leave off your story at such a point."

"This is just as I thought," replied the matron: "now, when the agony point is reached, you implore my advice and help, but while you were under the infamous spells of the sorceress neither of you looked back for me or once called me to come and help. However, be not in despair, for very soon afterwards I dropped asleep again, and resuming the thread of my former dream, I seemed to be with you in your awful position, and to hear your piteous cries and prayers as you clung to me and begged for deliverance. But I at first only answered you by a deserved reproach. 'Have I not often, nay, continually, forewarned you never in any way to taste the bewitching cup of pleasure, but rather to strive manfully for the true joys of life by labour and honesty?' Your reply, accompanied by many a tear, was that unwittingly and heedlessly you had been brought to this island, and then, enticed by a deceitful show of hospitality, you were inducted into all their pleasures as guests who must take their share—that you only looked and listened, and were free from all participation of taste or touch. 'Ah,' you added, 'what a penalty we paid for our folly, mother! But now that you have come to us at so critical a moment, do, we pray, deliver us from our wretched fate, and in future we will keep at the utmost distance from even the sight of such abominations.'

Having heard you say this, I at once explained: 'Your hostess was the Philomela I mentioned, who, having frittered away her wealth with the greatest extravagance, now endeavours to repair her fortune by theft, violence, and every evil device, and so to escape from the wellnigh bottomless pit where her excesses had cast her. The reason that you were treated in such an airy and offhand manner was because you were young, inexperienced, and strangers. The general rule is first

to suck all thoroughly dry, and then to serve them as they did you. But it was greatly in favour of your escape that you did not fall farther into the net. Wherefore, if you at length acknowledge your delusion, and of yourselves seek to be restored to your right senses, I will show you the only way there is safely to cross the river. With that I led you down a narrow path between overhanging, lofty rocks, and so concealed by the thick foliage of interlacing trees that very few could find it. The path was most treacherous, too, to walk upon, so light and sandy that only those who flew quickly over the surface escaped from sinking. It was not, indeed, a long path, and the river was soon reached; but at the entrance to the bridge there stood a huge and terrible Colossus, between whose widely extended legs all must pass in order to reach the bridge, which was steep, slippery, and narrow. The eyes of this monstrous form were exceedingly large and fierce, glaring forth in an awful manner, like flames shining through a window at night and piercing with widening beam the outer air. The body was everywhere either livid from blows or bloodstained with many wounds, and the face piteously grazed and scarred.¹ The hands, too, although willingly extended to all comers, frightened away a greater number than they allured, for they were furnished with iron hooks. But from the right hand there hung a sign-board with this notice :

“Most blest is he who from a boy
The right path doth pursue;
Doth onwards press
Through storm and stress,
Till death is close in view.

“Next blest is he who tires of sin
And turns his back in flight,
Leaving the fell
Descent of Hell,
And striving for the light.

“Next, he who in life’s devious maze
Feels lost, and longs for aid;

¹ Latin text is : *ora miserabiliter districta*, but *destricta* is better for the sense intended.

To enter here
Let him not fear,
By my grim looks dismayed.
"For those bereft of heavenly light
No other way is found.
So humbly pray,
As best you may,
For passage safe and sound.¹

"Strengthened by this hope set before you, in all humility you advanced to the bridge, and though it was scarcely ten feet broad at the first, the farther you went the broader it became. The country on the other side sloped gradually upwards from the bank through the territory of Philoponus right up to the summit of the Golden Mountain. It was a broad and open country, completely taken up by orchards and pastures and corn lands in due succession.

"You had not gone far before you met a countryman, a tiller of the ground, living on the fruit of his toil, and bringing up a hard-working family on their common earnings; one of those who looked not with envious eye on kings or their riches, but whom kings themselves might envy for peace of mind and health of body. The countryman, when he saw you wandering along in your wretched bare state, spoke first, and asked who you were, whence you came, and whither next you intended to go. When he heard you had come across the river, he was filled with wonder and pity, and took you home with all hospitality, and with his own hands dressed you in some clothes which had been put by

¹ This seems to be an allegory of the River of Death, with the grim King of Terrors on guard at the passage. All mortals must pass beneath his yoke, in this case the outspread legs of a terrifying Colossus (a most unusual simile). Beyond the river are delectable fields and the Golden Mountain, rather recalling Bunyan. But the bridge is narrow and perilous, and we are carried in thought to the ordeal bridge of the Koran, no wider than the edge of a scimitar. It would be interesting to know from what sources all this long and fine allegory was built up. The author, later on, makes Joseph suggest contemporary fables or dramatic literature as its probable origin, but I have not discovered anything to bear this out.

for his sons. The garments were hardly of a fashionable cut, but they were clean, untorn, and easy. You were rather abashed, as was only right, at so great liberality, which was out of your power to repay, and, lest you should day by day become more burdensome, you offered your services in any way that might be of assistance to him, reminding him that you had young arms strong enough for work, and, moreover, had some skill in land surveying and keeping accounts. He took your way of showing your gratitude in good part, and admitted he was poor; but still, he said, he had a margin to spare for those worse off than himself, and that he looked for no compensation from them, as he knew they were destitute of everything, and as for rough country work, their soft hands were unfitted for it. 'But if you are really skilled in the arts you mention, though no one would have guessed it from your appearance, you will find in our country all useful arts duly appreciated and rewarded. There is the overseer of the royal estates, for instance, whose labourer I am, perhaps he could make use of your acquired knowledge. I am now going to him and, if you like, will take you both with me.'

"So after breakfast he took you to the steward's country house, and laid before him your condition and your cleverness and experience in uncommon pursuits. He, having carefully regarded each of you, surmised that you were of superior education, and when he found it was so, at once expressed himself willing to take you into his service. You both then explained how much you were indebted to your host for his sympathy, kindness, and the expense he had been put to for your sakes, both in food and raiment; that you were even now wearing his sons' clothes, and therefore felt you could not undertake anything till he had been fully repaid. The steward commended your honourable wish, and said that could easily be managed, for he would allow his labourer all the money he had expended on you, and so transfer these obligations to himself. This he reckoned up and settled at once, and having formed a higher opinion of

you than ever, he gave orders that you should be dressed in finer clothes, and the old ones were to be sent back as a present to the labourer's sons. Shortly afterwards he asked you to come out with him and go to the city, which was not far away from his place. Here was a great concourse of workmen. The air seemed full of their busy hum, their labour songs and confused shouts. There were workshops all round wherein they could be seen earnestly engaged in their skilled labour, and in the midst of all was a huge palace cunningly built of the fairest marble, into which the steward entered and you followed him. He soon procured an introduction to the king in person, and having first praised your abilities and character, presented each of you in a courtly manner.

"The king was advanced in years, white-haired, but strong and firmly built, and of healthy complexion withal, and one who specially delighted in having around him a picked body of youths, whom he prepared to fill the best posts, and in whose company meanwhile he found the most pleasant solace of his old age. Having first just glanced at your countenance and build, he, with a view to draw out and prove by questions your hidden gifts of intellect and sense, then conducted you into his treasury, where he had collected and arranged in suitable receptacles many of the finest specimens of human workmanship. Some were remarkable for ingenuity, some conduced to the various pleasures of life, and others, more in number, served practical purposes.

"The king, well knowing that a boy's disposition is never more clearly discerned than by his wants and wishes, went round and pointed out different objects—viz. those belonging to war, or to sports and pastimes, or to music, also pictures and statuary, bracelets, engraved stones and trinkets—and among these vases just like transparent glass, but not brittle,¹ and automatic machines with perpetual motion, sending forth sweetest sounds, and displaying miniature men and women dancing to the measures. He

¹ Malleable glass?—a well-known ancient story (cf. Dion Cassius, lvii. 21).

then asked each to point out which he liked best. You both," continued the old dame, "took a good look round and having noticed in a case by the wall a book entitled *De omni Artificiorum Genere* [*On all Arts and Crafts*], published by the king himself and bearing his name on the cover, 'This,' said you, 'we should like far the best.' The king, with a surprised smile, asks why you prefer a simple, plainly bound book to such wonderfully varied specimens of art. Auximus replied: 'Because, if the book, as its title promises, gives the theoretical knowledge of all arts, we shall be getting all your treasure in it alone, when from it we shall have learnt to construct most of them; and instead of single specimens of arts and crafts, we shall take away with us the very arts themselves.' On this the king, with a kind smile, orders the book to be given to each, saying he should judge from the use made of it whether the choice was right and good; but a suspicion crossing his mind that flattery might have induced such a choice, he proceeded with a further trial, and asked: 'What, if you had the choice, would you most wish me to give you?' The answer was: 'First, that you would kindly recompense on our behalf your steward here, who has introduced us and made us sharers of your royal bounty.' At once the king replied: 'I will do so even now, while you are here'; and ordered a good sum of money to be paid to the steward, and promised besides that he would not hereafter forget him. 'And now,' said the king to the steward, 'tell me where in the world you found them, or by what methods they have been so well trained.' 'They are strangers and travellers,' replied he, 'only very lately brought to my notice; but, as far as I hear, they came here from Philomela's country.' The king, when he heard Philomela mentioned, began at once to ask news of her, for she was a great favourite of his, and he had been, as a father, rather too indulgent. Now, the steward had cautioned you about this beforehand, so you both informed the king that she was very well, and you made no complaints at all about her treatment of you.

"It was not long after this that Philocles, accompanied by a royal train of attendants, came to visit his father's court. All were mounted on the fleetest¹ of steeds. Philocles, distinguished by his general's cloak, was a striking figure in many ways; both his countenance and his flashing eyes seemed possessed by a *glancing light and power* by which the gaze of the vulgar crowd was dazzled and overawed,² nor indeed in the whole world could there be found a youth more beautiful and more dignified in his bearing than he was.

"His father gave the company a lavish reception, and when all had been satisfied by the goodly fare, the royalties withdrew together to discuss private and important affairs more at their ease. Philocles had a complaint against his sister that she had been trying to soil his good name by false reports—the only way possible for her, but the most cruelly injurious of all. Moreover, she had robbed with violence guests and travellers who were under her father's protection, and had exposed them to be torn in pieces by the fiercest of wild beasts. 'This is the reason I have come,' said he, 'to ask permission to declare war against her, and depose her from the kingdom she so terribly mismanages.'

"Philoponus could only answer at first with a long-drawn sigh. He dearly loved his daughter, and in days gone by, in consequence of frequent complaints and messages from Philocles, had ordered her to come to his court and answer for her conduct; but when she did come, she so influenced her father by her soft and enticing manner that she escaped unpunished, nor after her return did she any the more keep within bounds as to conduct, but on the contrary, from a feeling of greater security, indulged in yet greater excesses. At last, under pressure of the very serious complaints urged by Philocles in

¹ *Alatus* (Ovid).

² Eccles. viii. 1; Dan. x. 6. Mr. Haweis, speaking of Frederick Denison Maurice, says: "There was often a light upon his face which made people turn and look at him when they passed him in the street" (*Dead Pulpit*, p. 42).

person, he was forced to make some reply, if only as follows :

“‘My son,’ said he, ‘you should rather forgive your sister, as I have done, or at least try some milder measures before we take such an extreme step against her kingdom and her life. The scandals may be a somewhat old story, may belong to the careless folly of youth only, and perhaps now, having arrived at years of discretion and profited by my counsel, she is better in every way. Indeed, two young travellers are here now who have only just come from her country, and they speak highly of the kind treatment they received from her.’

“‘I should like to speak with them,’ said Philocles, ‘for no one before has ever brought that report.’ And so saying, they went out together, and in the antechamber found their attendants awaiting them.

“These, to while away the time, had been arranging a game of skill as follows. A certain question was propounded, to which all gave their answers separately. Philocles was to decide which was the best, and the stakes were then pooled and handed over to the victor. The question was this : ‘Who was the greatest of all kings that ever reigned?’ Some said Ninus, some Alexander, and so on. Auximus, who put down his stake for himself and you, wrote down on a piece of paper the answer you both agreed upon—viz. ‘Primus.’ When Philocles had taken the prize paper and read it, he called Auximus up to him, and bid him explain who this Primus was. To whom he straightway answered : ‘Primus is the *primus parens*, the first progenitor of the human race.’¹ ‘The prize is thine without a doubt,’ said Philocles, ‘for he by highest right was king of all mankind, and ruler of all the earth.’ So delighted, too, was the judge at your sharp wit, that he took a ring from his own finger and gave it you as an additional prize, but you at once passed it on to your brother, who was standing close by. At this Philocles was vexed, and asked why you put so little value on so special a gift.

¹ These allusions to Adam help the accumulative argument for the Miltonic authorship.

'On the contrary, I value it highly,' you replied; 'but would not you have been more vexed, and reasonably so, if I had broken the ring in two?' 'Yes,' said Philocles, 'that would have been the very greatest discourtesy.' 'But I was obliged to do one or the other of these.' 'How can that be?' he asked. 'Because he who has the ring now is my brother,' said you; 'we went shares in the answer as well as the stake, and therefore the prize must needs be divided or given to him.' 'Well,' said Philocles, 'let me try if I can decide this.' And so, turning to your brother, he said: 'Now, you tell me who was the *next* greatest king that ever lived.' Augentius, having considered a little, gave as his answer: 'The head of the family that escaped in the ark.' Philoponus was pleased mightily at such a successful answer, as being an additional proof of the ready wit he had before commended, and Philocles was fain to say: 'Your king is indeed a good second, if second he can be called; in fact, there is no more to choose between the two kings than between the two brothers, and if you had given in Noah and your brother Adam, you two alone would have been left in for the prize.' After these words of praise he sends for a small chain of gold, and puts it on Augentius, who at once returned the ring to his brother. Presently, when the stakes were being handed to the winners, Auximus, speaking also for his brother, said: 'Seeing we have, as the results of our victory, carried off such liberal prizes from the king's own hand, we give back to each competitor his stake, and as for our own, we give that to the stake-holder for his trouble.' Such unexpected liberality won the admiration of all, and brought forth a general round of applause. Then Philoponus, pointing you both out to his son, said: 'These are the same lads I spoke to you about,' and then he asked you to give an account of your reception by Philomela. Auximus began thus: 'She indeed treated us with a show of the greatest hospitality and kindness, but her attendants robbed us of all we had, and turned us out just as we were to the mercy of the wild beasts, whose jaws we escaped by the wonderful

providence of God.' These words much disturbed Philoponus. 'Why,' said he, 'did you not inform me of these wicked doings before now?' To which your reply was: 'We should not even have told you now, unless you had pressed us.'

"When the audience was over, and you had been dismissed from the Royal presence, Philocles took the opportunity to lay before his father the reason why these crimes had been so long concealed from him. 'If you would only give a fair hearing to the complaints of your subjects and of mine too, you could not do otherwise than join us in the earnest desire for just punishment for such deeds, for it is not endurable that visitors and travellers should be so basely robbed, and against all laws of mankind thrust forth upon almost certain death; and if we allow this much longer we shall certainly call down upon us the whole world to righteous vengeance.' All who were present were greatly moved, both by these words and by the recent atrocities, and began to cry with loud voices, 'Justice!—justice!'¹ and their clamour ceased not for almost a whole hour.

"When at last Philoponus yielded his consent, Philocles, without the least delay, prepared to set out on the march, lest by chance his sister should be made acquainted by messengers with the steps taken against her, and so come and win over her father to grant peace. He thought, moreover, this course of action was the best for his own success, and so, having drawn up those of his troops who were with him, he leads them to the attack. He gets permission from his father to take you both with him in the expedition, as witnesses of the misdeeds, if necessary, and promises you great honours in the event of success. Meanwhile, the cavalry and chariots had joined the rest, and when they all had crossed over into the enemy's country, it soon came to pass that Philomela and her whole army, being caught unawares, fell easy victims to the

¹ This was the cry of the Parliament soldiers when King Charles passed by them on his way to trial, January 27th, 1648-9. Milton had mentally joined in this cry for many years.

avenging host. There was an end of all the deceits of rouge and dye, even as wax melts away in the sun. Then, too, the power of her sorceries was destroyed, for her magic arts were of no avail while she was a fast prisoner in the hands of justice. It was now seen how great was her real hideousness, for her natural fairness of face had been first ruined by her excesses, and then plastered over with injurious and fictitious charms, and now, when these were gone, they left her a very horror. Her empty Palace of Pleasure was not long in being reduced to ashes, for every soldier vied with his fellow in applying the firebrands and torches. Not till the work of destruction was well completed did Philocles sound the retreat, and marched back to his own kingdom. On his return there was a great triumphal procession in his honour, and as it made its way towards the temple which crowned a pleasant, fertile hill, there seemed to accompany the procession such loud cheering from the crowds, such crashing and clanging of music from the soldiers, that with the confused noise and excitement my dream came to an end and I awoke."¹

When the old dame had finished her tale, both the boys rejoiced at the happy ending it had, and Augentius, smiling, said: "Oh, mother, surely you thought out this dream for us not asleep, but awake!"

But she answered: "Whether awake or asleep, I want you to learn from it how best to arrive by a straight path to the summit of true goodness and honour."

Auximus, who had seemed deep in thought, now made the remark: "I do not think it possible for us ever to forget the tale. How I wish we might have it written out for us!"

"Ah!" said the old nurse, "you will soon go to a public school, where the boys recite and act pieces far more elegant and finished than this. But you will get perfectly

¹ The end of the *somnium* of Puteanus entitled *Comus* is very similar. Milton had certainly read *Comus* before he produced his masque of the same name; cf. Immanuel Schmidt's notes to *Comus* (the masque).

the essence of it all, if you only carry away these two lessons—viz. that God's Providence is the best provision for life's journey, and a good stock of really useful knowledge the safest patrimony to start with.

Here Joseph came up and asked them why they were so breathlessly listening to such trifles.

"Can you call those things trifles," said Eugenius, "which so pleasantly confer such useful instruction? They are very unlike the old wives' tales which delighted me when a boy, and it makes me wonder all the more whence she borrowed them. Do the ancient dames too talk philosophy here?"

"This old matron," rejoined Joseph, "has charge of my little brothers, for we think that the seriousness of age, combined with the blandishing ways acquired by experience, will always be found most suitable at this epoch of their life; but we do not throw the whole charge on the softer sex, not even with mere infants, but we try to impart the different virtues of each sex in our home education. I think this aged teacher has desired to point out to her pupils how (as the tale goes of Hercules) they may distinguish right from wrong by the critical faculty alone without perilous experiment, and why she relates their fall is for their protection in like event; and to make a deeper impression she veils the lesson under the pleasing guise of a mythic tale.¹ I scarcely think it was from her own head; she may have added a little to another's invention, but most likely, I think, she took it from the chap-books of the running stationers (which are often thus

¹ Milton in his youth was a great admirer of Plato. He tells us so himself. The tale of the nurse certainly calls to mind very forcibly Plato's theory of teaching children in their earliest years by means of myths. This was Plato's only exception to the universal rule that truth alone must be inculcated in education. But although Plato allowed fiction to be used with young children, he is very careful to say what kind of fiction it should be. Plato says in his *Republic* (ii. 378): "We ought to esteem it of the greatest importance that the fictions which children first hear should be adapted in the most perfect manner to the promotion of virtue." Our author has certainly followed Plato's views and principles very closely in the nurse's moral allegory.

edifying), just changing the names and a few incidents. And, indeed, the superior educators may jeer at these things if they have a mind to, but we are always willing to adopt the simplest and even the most elementary methods if we think them suitable to the learner."

"What a happy thought," exclaimed Politian, "to turn mere idle tales to such profit."

"As a matter of fact," said Joseph, "not only in teaching proper behaviour, but in instilling the first principles of religion, we also make use of this device. It is not our practice to compel children to learn by rote what they hardly understand, nor do we administer their religious pabulum minced up into short questions and answers; we rather season it to their taste and age, and, like birds, prepare and digest it ourselves first.¹ Stern truth and solid fact are rather apt to blunt the edge of their youthful intellect, and thus they sometimes turn aside in dull disgust when on the very threshold of the Temple; and so it is that many ever afterwards have an aversion for religion as a dull and sad business, remembering their early martyrdom. But supposing these first difficulties are overcome, still, how often we find the deluded conscience either smothered with a huge pile of indistinct words, or fast bound in the iron chains of the letter that killeth! Never in that way can the young attain the true sense and spirit of religion. So, in order to meet this disadvantage in good time, we at first lead the young ideas by the easiest and most pleasant methods possible, and afterwards, when their reasoning powers begin to dawn, and their desire for spiritual food awakes, we offer them the choicer morsels and the more ethereal fare. First it is sacred history, and especially the lives of the holy men therein described, for the youthful mind is wont to choose with pleasure such accounts, just as in an illustrated book it would turn to the pictures before beginning to read. Afterwards they come to parables and other figurative descriptions, and the explanations of these are generally

¹ Cf. the doves in the ode *It is the glory of the early spring* some pages back.

enjoyed and well remembered. But above all we value frequent and long familiar talks with them in an easy manner, for all fixed and formal teaching, although at first it may be much appreciated, soon comes to have the irksomeness of a task."

All this was said at the window, and as Joseph saw the lads walking in the garden, he called them up to the room where we were, and, referring to the dream they had just heard, said: "I will give you another song as an antidote to that of the Wanton Nymphs, for I think it needs one."

Our earth, if left untilled,
Soon with thistles would be filled,
Thorns and briars, too, would everywhere be found;
For man must plough and sow
Till the sweat drops off his brow,
While the tares still show how faithless is the ground.

The ants are never still¹
'Neath their little arid hill,
Storing up in garners dark the grains of corn;
Though but a feeble folk,
They unite to bear their yoke,
So the winter never finds them quite forlorn.

Next see the wingèd bees,
Far preferring toil to ease,
Ever gathering liquid odours from the flowers;
They work in summer time,
When the blooms are in their prime,
For they know they cannot brave the wintry showers.

Nor does the arduous sun
Fail his yearly course to run,
Nor the moon to lead her tuneful choir on high;
She labours² in the night,
Waxing, waning, dim or bright,
Giving lustre to the dew-drops as they lie.

So man should everywhere
Gladly labours learn to bear,
For to him has God a fiery vigour³ given;
And while that burns, he may
All his troubles drive away,
Conscious that within him dwells a pledge of Heaven.

¹ Prov. v. 6; xxx. 25.

² *Paradise Lost*, ii. 665.

³ Lat. *igneus vigor*. Cf. *Samson Agonistes*, 1690, and *Excursus*.

The seed must now be sown,
While life's hours are yet our own,
Till our harvest in God's garner's bright be stored;
Let mortals then aspire
To join the angelic choir.
All earth's treasures fade before that great reward.¹

He finished the song, and, to impress the lessons more deeply, he added these words: "Now you are of an age when one begins to look for manly studies and a severer training; therefore the greatest caution and counsel are necessary, in order to start with success." He then casually asked Auximus how old he was, who replied: "You know indeed better than I do, for you were here when I was born, but I neither remember my birth, nor my babyhood at the breast."

"Yours is the right answer," said Joseph, "and it is indeed a fact which we all fail to remember sufficiently, whether it be from the natural incapacity of that period of life, or from our own dulness and inattention, just as if it were true, as the poets tell us, that we all have come forth from the waters of Lethe. Since however, one part of our existence is that which has preceded this life, and we can no more think it out than we can death and the other part of our existence that

¹ This song as an antidote to a previous one is a thoroughly Miltonic touch. It bespeaks the author's high moral tone, a unique feature throughout all Milton's verse. He cannot let the praises of sensual love and idle joys be sung without a disclaimer. So here, as in Milton's acknowledged seventh elegy, the antidote is supplied close upon the poison. Elegy VII. was the most passionate love effusion that Milton has left on record, and it was founded on a real incident—his love at first sight on May Day, 1628, when he was nineteen. He, however, felt it must not stand before the public gaze without some warning, or antidote, or recantation; and so in 1645, when he first published it with his other poems, the ten lines of postscript are added, and the Miltonic conscience is satisfied. Later on in this book our author a second time puts in a demur to a lyrical love piece, the *O sistitote furem* (*O stop her, stop the thief, I pray*), when he suggests that any sensible man will see from it how foolish lovers are. Very few writers of amatory lyrics have first filled their votive vase with the precious spikenard of fervent passion, and then tried to put flies into the ointment to make it of ill odour. Milton did; so did our present author. *Ergo*—

shall follow, how clearly does it appear, if we give due attention to these two fast-bolted doors in the passage of life, what small and narrow limits ours are! For instance, you are eleven; what, think you, was your condition twelve years ago?"

Struck by such a question, and looking steadily for some time at Joseph, he at last answered: "I was not what I am now—certainly I was not Auximus; and I begin now to wonder why I did not live in David's time or Herod's, or at least in some past century; and then again, how is it that I am who I am, and not some one else, not Joseph, not Augentius, nor another? Certainly these matters must be considered by me more carefully than they have been."

"You can do nothing better," said Joseph; "and you will perceive that not a single day can be added to the end of your life any more than it can be added to the beginning; and so we live from day to day by a divine gift, and all our affairs depend on Him alone who, so to speak, gives to us as a free gift our very selves, and that always, everywhere. And this identity of person is a matter of deep import. Let me submit to you this one fact only at present, a fact sufficiently obvious—viz. that since you are Auximus and no other, and that you are entering into possession of yourself for ever, you are to see well to it that you yourself obtain the grace and eternal salvation of God, for if not, whatever may befall Joseph or Augentius, Auximus will perish. However, it does not follow that it is right to depend solely on your personal salvation, for since you are a man by birth, you ought to consider yourself a member of the great Brotherhood of Man; since you are a Jew by nationality, you are a partaker in the civil privileges, duties, and prosperity of your countrymen. When you consider your relation to your brother, it is that of one eye to the other, the very closest reciprocity.¹ And last

¹ The Latin is: *arctissima officiorum conjunctio*. As is well known, Confucius said that one word, viz. *reciprocity*, included all the duties of life.

of all, as a Christian, you should have the most complete union with your fellow-Christians in heart and intellect, in thought and purpose."

It is by early discourse of this sort that the younger children are brought to have a relish for true religion, and a freedom of thought withal.¹

¹ Here ends the account of the author's system of training as regards younger children up to the age of ten or thereabouts. No allusion whatever to such early training is made in Milton's tractate on Education to Hartlib in 1644; but as we find a reference in that tractate to dividing and transposing "my former thoughts," is it not possible that we have some of Milton's original former thoughts in this chapter? But in any case, all through our Romance the educational part is of so similar a character, and of such high moral tone, that it may well be said to deserve the great though rather tardy praise that has at last been awarded by the best critics to Milton's tractate. Professor Masson finally endorses the opinion of modern experts, and says (*Milton*, iii. 252): "The noble moral glow that pervades the tract on Education, the mood of magnanimity in which it is conceived and written, and the faith it inculcates in the powers of the young human spirit, if rightly nurtured and directed, are merits everlasting."

Oscar Browning tells a good tale about Milton's tractate. He says it had been a favourite study of his own for five-and-twenty years, and when he became an assistant master at Eton, it struck him, as an ardent Educational Reformer, that a cheap reprint of Milton's tractate would have a good effect in clearing the thoughts and opinions of his colleagues. He had even opened negotiations with the school bookseller, when, to his surprise and disgust, one of the masters senior to him set Milton as a subject for a Latin theme, and told his boys that they were to prove that Milton, like Burke, went mad in his old age. This was a new idea to Oscar Browning, and he went to ask the master on what grounds it rested. The senior master replied: "Did he not write a crack-brained book about education in his old age?" This was giving himself away pretty liberally, for Milton was by no means in his old age when he favoured Hartlib with his views.

CHAPTER IV

TERRIBLE ADVENTURES WITH BANDITTI

A FEW days later one of the servants came and told Joseph that Alcimus, his tutor's son, had come back to Solyma, and was now in the house with the master, and wished to speak with him.

Joseph went at once, little expecting such a visitor. As soon as Alcimus was told that Joseph had arrived to see him, he quickly ran towards him, and, kneeling down, humbly begged his pardon. But Joseph, unaware of any cause for this, simply replied that an offence must be known before pardon can be properly asked or prudently granted.

"The truth is," said the suppliant, "I have done a very great wrong both to you and to my father." He said no more, for a sudden flow of tears, mingled with many sighs, stopped him.

Such an amazing beginning startled Joseph, who bade him rise up on his feet and tell the whole history. So he began :

"You will remember how, six months ago, you were travelling with my father and one attendant, a mere lad, in Sicily near Catania. I had, some time before this, as you know, run away from my father and betaken myself secretly to Sicily. After many adventures, and being reduced to the greatest privation, I became so lost to everything, except the desire to live, that I joined a band of noted robbers, who for security had quartered themselves in a neighbouring wood.

"One morning you three came riding past our ambush.

We took aim and fired : one shot killed the attendant, another struck your horse, who fell with you, and before you could free yourself, we rushed out, and took both you and my father captives. While we were looking after the spoil, we heard some fresh travellers approaching. Our captain at once gave orders that four of us should take charge of the captives and booty and retreat along a path we knew through the wood, while he with the other six (for there were ten of us) went to meet the travellers we heard, for he feared that if all fled we should be deemed cowards, and the dead bodies would be the cause of their pursuing us. I and another of the band, named Milo, took charge of my father, and led the way down the path with the horse and the booty strapped on it. When we had got to a safe place, Milo at once began to unpack the baggage, while I stood guard over my father, holding his arm, and threatening him with a naked dagger. My father waited a little, watching for a safe opportunity to speak to me. At last he said : ‘Do not you know me, Alcimus?’ I, who at the first onset and the succeeding tumult had hardly observed his features—nor, indeed, after seven years was I likely to remember them with any certainty—when I heard his exclamation, was struck with horror, and now, looking more closely at his features, eyes, and beard, I could utter nothing else but, ‘O father, forgive, I pray, your son!’ and in my confusion and terror I let go his arm and dropped my weapon. Nor was he less amazed at at such an unexpected and inauspicious meeting. ‘I am indeed your most unfortunate father; but whether this my son is found or lost I can hardly say; but since,’ said he, ‘you seem not quite bereft of all human feeling, if you have the will and power to help me, do at once rescue our belongings from the hands of your companion, for indeed we are strangers and foreigners by mere hap travelling here, and if we lose our all we shall neither be able to exist nor to escape from the island.’

“I assured him I would try my best; so first I loosened his bonds, and then we both approached Milo. He, intent

on his plunder, had not heard a word. So I explained to him how the matter stood, and as the prisoner was my father, I begged him to respect his property. But he, by nature fierce and hot-tempered, took this very ill, especially as he had noticed in the baggage many valuables, and had conceived the idea of abstracting some for his own use, or indeed, if it were worth while, of running off with the whole. He felt balked of his prey, and with scornful anger replied :

“‘Oh indeed ! this is what you and this old scamp have been whispering about—this is your scheme to take me in, is it ? You are to carry off the booty for yourself, and then let your father, as you call him, go where he will ? Do you suppose that I shall let a youngster in the profession, as you are, only just joined, play such tricks on an old stager like myself ? Leave off that business, both of you, or I’ll soon settle your father and the trick at the same time.’

“Enraged by such treatment, I retorted pretty warmly : ‘If you are such an old hand, you ought to know the strict law we have, never to divide our spoils except when the whole band is present, and unless you keep your hands off, I shall try the effect of cold steel.’

“He said nothing, but, gnashing his teeth and drawing his cutlass, before I could pick up my sword, which was on the ground hard by, he made a slash at my head, and no doubt would have badly wounded me if my father had not interposed his arm and turned the blow. While they were struggling together, so great was my fury and shame that I rushed at him with all my force, and, seizing him bodily, bore him to the ground, and wresting his cutlass from his grasp, I would have cut his throat, if my father had not stopped me by offering the rope by which he had just now been bound, and advising me rather to tie him up securely and leave him. This I did, and we were just about to move off with the horses and baggage, and were considering how to help you, and to escape, when we heard a low, moaning voice timidly begging for help. ‘How I fear,’ said my father, ‘that

those two robbers who have taken Joseph prisoner are maltreating him!’ “What,” said I, ‘is he Joseph the son of Jacob?’ ‘The same,’ said he; ‘let us haste to his help.’

“At once we made our horses fast to a tree, and hastened to the spot where we heard the cry. There, at the edge of the wood, we found two men lying on the ground, one stone dead, and the other rolling in his blood and only half alive. My father ran to the first, who was close to us, and I to the other, who was somewhat farther off. Before I reached him he saw me, and called out to me: ‘Oh! Alcimus, I have been cut down and mortally wounded by that young prisoner we were guarding in the wood, and he has slain my companion, who lies dead close by.’

“Astounded at such an unexpected event, my first question was: ‘How did it happen?’ To which he said: ‘While we were coming along in the wood leisurely behind you, we presently lost sight of you, as we had stopped a moment to adjust the prisoner’s shackles. He, noticing this, seized the opportunity, whilst I was loosening the rope, to free himself from Alexander’s grasp, and, with a swift movement, wrested his sword from him, and slew him with it; and before I could help my comrade, he turned with equal fury on me, and, with a mighty blow on the head, struck me to the earth.’

“‘Marvellous!’ said I. ‘Which way has he gone? Tell me, and I will avenge you, if I can.’ Hearing that he had almost that moment gone a little farther into the wood, I rejoin my father and tell him how Joseph had escaped and had slain his guards. ‘So it appears,’ said he. ‘Let us take our baggage and try and find him.’

“When we had started, and were still not far from the beaten track, we heard the sound of the robbers returning to the wood. The captain, with a few others, came on straight to the rendezvous; but one who had delayed somewhat, and was riding apart from the rest, hearing the groan as of a dying man, called them to come. We too were hidden somewhat near Milo, and could see and

hear all. At first fearing an ambush, and not recognising the sufferer, who was lying bound on the ground, they paused, and were inclined to go back ; but Milo cried out : " This is no place for fear, but for vengeance, and if you care not for it, loose me at least from my bonds, that I may catch that cursed traitor Alcimus, who is leagued with one of the captives against us ! "

Troubled at such words and at the unexpected occurrence, they determined at least to get further information, and to take him with them. So they dismounted, and while releasing him they, no less than Milo, called down dire vengeance on our heads. This release of Milo, which, I had thought before, might easily happen, determined¹ my course of action, and I felt it best boldly to come forth, rather than to be pursued and captured, and therefore urged my father to lay aside every fear, and of his own will to come with me and show ourselves to the robbers. No sooner had we appeared than they all rushed at us, and Milo's first deed was to transfer his chains to me.

" While others were threatening to cut my father to pieces, I loudly appealed to the leader at least to hear my defence before decreeing any sentence. By reason of Milo's noisy insistence, all were bitterly incensed against us. I was in a plot with the prisoners to betray my comrades, they cried out. Where were Julius and Alexander left ? Into what ditch had we thrown them ? Our last hour seemed at hand, nor could their captain himself restrain their fury, when we hear a great noise of breaking boughs, and the hindmost member of the company, crashing through in our direction, so frightened the rest, who had not missed him, that they were about to consult their safety in flight, till, recognising him, and by his excitement judging he had news, they all came round him to hear his message.

" " Alexander is killed," said he ; " Julius, mortally wounded, is breathing his last, done to death by his young prisoner, and Alcimus, he told me, came up later on, and left him to pursue the murderer."

¹ *Offirmatus* (Cicero, *ad Attic*, i. 11).

"Surprised at this account, and a little quieter, they first stared at us and then at each other. Nor were they clear in their judgment whether it was a true tale, or invented to help us. What chiefly prejudiced them against us was that I was a new member of the band, and my fidelity not yet tested, and that my prisoner, freed from his bonds, was on the best terms with me; but on the other hand, it was in our favour that the horses were standing close by, tied up to a tree, when we might have easily escaped on them; and again, neither Julius nor Milo himself was slaughtered, though both had been in our power. Being thus in doubt, they bid me tell them without reserve how it all occurred. This enraged Milo all the more, as he knew we were innocent, but had hoped by his outcry and hasty attack to convict us, though his demeanour really did not effect this, but rather raised a suspicion that his enmity was caused by some recent quarrel.

"When allowed to speak, I declared the traveller was my father, and that I did not recognise him till he made himself known to me. I gave a brief account of our conflict with Milo, and explained that I was not present when the two robbers were killed, and that when I heard the dying groans of Julius, my fear and exhaustion prevented me reaching him in time. I declared that we had no secret understanding with their young murderer, and the fact that he preferred to attack them singly rather than wait for our help was a proof of it, and my own belief was that they lost their lives through their own self-confidence and the courage of their youthful prisoner. The robber chief, much distressed, gave orders that we should accompany him to their cave, where further enquiry should be made, and that precautions be taken at once against any attack of the escaped travellers and the country folk they might get to help them; that the dead bodies should be removed and concealed, and, if Julius were still alive, he was to be taken with us. When we came to the spot we found Julius dead, and having dug a trench, the bodies were placed in it and hidden by leafy

boughs, and all then mounted their steeds and rode off to the cave.

"This was constructed of a huge natural mass of stones in a secluded part of the forest. There was but one entrance, led up to by a long, narrow valley path or natural tunnel formed by overhanging and interlacing trees on each side, and so dark that not even the foot-prints of the horses would be observed by pursuers. In the side of the cave there was a crevice that gave some little daylight; but though it was so narrow that no one could possibly notice it from the outside, it served our purpose in the inner darkness, and we could see by means of it whatever was passing near. It was to us both a refuge and an ambush, where we watched for our chance of booty, and stored it safely away; but in the case of any very daring or important raid, which might bring a more thorough search for our lair, we used to betake ourselves to the shelter of the great cities, the safest hiding-place of any.

"When we were all in the cave, and everything made secure, the robber chief orders the booty to be brought before him, and begins by rebuking Milo for daring, against rule and right, to interfere with it before the general division in the presence of the whole band; and in this censure all concurred, and it was settled that he should forfeit his share.

"Meanwhile, my father's wound, which in his excitement he had almost forgotten (for it was not a deep cut, and did not bleed much) began now to pain him so, by the long jolting and want of bandages, that he begged me to examine it. I was not quite a novice in surgery, and the robbers, too, always keep by them proper applications for wounds, for delay is dangerous, and may lead to mortification, and to consult a doctor might cause suspicion. So I bared the wounded arm, and, bringing it to the light, carefully began to examine it and feel it. It was swollen and much inflamed, and there were clear traces of poisoning. When I saw this, I began to distrust my skill, and to be doubtful as to what was best to do. Then

Milo, having nothing much to do while the spoil was being divided, came over to us and said: 'This is no ordinary wound, nor will ordinary methods of cure avail. There is only one antidote of any use, and this he who gave me the poisoned scimitar imparted to me at the same time.' I began to beg and entreat that he would be reconciled to us, and, as a mark of renewed friendship, give me the antidote. He pretended to be much distressed at our sad case, and to be willing to grant my request, but added: 'If you knew, it would be of little service, so painful and dangerous is the remedy.' 'Let me hear it,' said I, 'and you shall see that, as far as lies with me, there shall be no holding back.' 'Good,' said Milo; 'if you do this, it will be the best possible proof that he is truly your father and you his son, and so, if you agree, the whole matter can be settled by this.'

"Meanwhile, the rest of the band, having settled their division of the spoil, were holding an enquiry on the death of their comrades. Milo therefore told them my father's critical state, and what had been proposed. They all assented, and I pressed Milo to give me the secret, so that I could set to work at once. 'If,' said he, 'you dare to suck out the poison, that will be a certain cure, and there is just the chance of escape for you.' I readily and with joy accepted the peril; but my father, when he heard, would not let me approach him, nor could he be induced by any arguments to let me risk my life for his. His point was that there was nothing in law or duty to bind a son to such filial devotion; that the rashness of such a deed was inexcusable, amounting to the crime of suicide. I urged with tears that my life came from him, and that his present danger was the result of a blow intended for me, and so it would be only equal and fair if I gave back my life for his. He stedfastly denied that the hurt which by Divine Providence had fallen to his share could devolve on any one else, much less on his own son; he denied too that it was lawful to throw away the precious gift of life on the impulse of any burst of feeling or sympathy, but

only when, after due consideration, it was seen to be for the good of the community,¹ or for the glory of God, and even then we must be sure that we can do more for these great objects by our death than by our life. If that be so, then, indeed, there is no bar, and such as are called from among their fellows to give their lives thus for their country or for God may freely and courageously accept the call. A father, it is true, in the order of nature, does hand down life to his children, and in the same course of nature must soon lay down his own; and for that reason it is a sin against natural order to preserve the few remaining years of an old man by means of the premature death of his son, who should succeed him. The robbers stood mute with surprise at this mutual entreaty for death, and, in sooth, all who had any human feeling left began to pity and sympathise, and could hardly refrain from tears. Milo alone kept insisting on the truth being proved as agreed. But the captain replied: 'Although the willingness of the one may not clearly prove him the son, there can be no doubt that the refusal of the other shows him to be the father.' This, and the likelihood of his death happening at any moment, calmed their vindictiveness. While I was thus disputing with my father about saving his life, or at least proving our innocence, a new idea struck him—viz. to let me amputate his arm at the elbow, for the poison had not worked farther than there, and he knew there were surgical instruments at hand. I, pretending to comply, ask the robbers for a dose of the opiate which they use to send their captives into a dead sleep when they neither wish to kill them nor to run the risk of a speedy pursuit. At this Milo shouted in great excitement: 'Now you can see their fraud and trickery as as clear as day, and how well the artful scamp has laid his plans to make everything safe for himself!' The others, however, seemed in doubt, and held their peace, not taking his view, so I proceeded to hand the draught

¹ Lat. *cum publice intererit* (Miltonic). The interest of the public was a great factor in Milton's deeds.

to my father, and beg him to sit on the ground and drink it off, in order that he might not unintentionally hinder me or struggle with me in his agony. He had no objection whatever, being glad to think that his plan had thrown out mine. 'You see now,' he said, 'that it was not because I did not care for my life, but because I thought of yours, that I disliked the first proposal.' He then lifted up his eyes to heaven, and silently breathing forth a few prayers, as if he might never arise from his slumber, he drained the cup to the dregs, and, leaning his back against the wall, fell fast asleep. I waited a sufficient time, and then at once proceeded with my plan. I rinsed my mouth with oil, placed my lips on the wound, and then sucked out both the gore and the spreading poison with as much eagerness as I would honey from the comb, but kept rejecting it from my mouth till the pure, unsullied blood alone came forth. I then put the usual lint on the wound and bandaged the arm. All except Milo looked on with admiration, and agreed it was an all-sufficient proof that he was my father, and I a true son who had done his duty, and the wish was expressed of a happy result from so noble a deed.

"Then Milo, having gained his object, began to be exultant, flattering himself that however the others might put aside vengeance, his lying device had conquered ours, so he cried out: 'Your good wishes for them are vain, for I know that both of them now are sure to die from the incurable poison'; and as the lust of vengeance delighteth to take its fill, he looked towards me and said: 'Those lips of yours which uttered so many lies against me have now sucked in certain death; and indeed it is only right that such a father and such a son should go to perdition together.' All exclaimed against such an invincible bad nature and so unjust an enemy. I, indeed, was so excited by anger and grief that I could barely keep myself from rushing at him and making him the third victim, though I knew that would be throwing away the last hope of safety. I did not think his comrades would have interfered if I had done so;

but what occupied my thoughts most of all was whether I should proceed with the amputation. Having duly weighed every chance, even the last one, I became more hopeful when I saw that my treatment of the wound had so far acted most beneficially. It came into my mind, too, that this poisoned sword might only be some one's boastful tale after all, and when I uncovered the arm I found the inflammation less and the flesh healthy-looking, nor did I feel any strong effects of the poison in myself. Strengthened by such hopeful signs, I began to lay aside my fears.

"While this was going on, a sound hardly audible (but robbers have the keenest ears¹) was heard through the secret crevice, and we were not long in recognising who it was and what he wanted. It was the messenger sent by the governor of the province to inform us of his near approach, and that he had been called out to track us by certain men whom that very day we had put to flight. In fact, this friendly service of the governor to us came about through the presents which we used to send to him out of each successful raid, so it was to his interest that we should avoid capture, quite as much as if we were his own dependents. The news so frightened every one that it was thought not safe to trust to the shelter of the cave, but rather to escape through another part of the forest as each one could, and make for the city, for the messenger had explained in what direction the pursuers were coming. When they had agreed on the plan of flight, they each took their belongings in a bundle, and left the cave one at a time, ordering me and my father to keep there quietly in hiding, so that we might not be caught and questioned.

"When alone, and anxious to hear what was going on, I put my ear to the crevice, and there I heard Milo—at the risk of his life, so bitter was he against us—per-

¹ *Leporinas aures*. Probably Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 308, was in the author's mind (*auritosque sequi lepores*), but this means rather long-eared than keen-eared. This latter quality is not much associated with the hare in the classics. However, Plutarch mentions it in the *Symposium*.

suading the messenger to bring the pursuers to the cave itself, and telling him there were some travellers left behind in the cave, stupefied, and that he could say, when the search party discovered them, that they were some of the robbers, and while enquiry was being made, there would be time to get away.

"Meanwhile, I noticed my father move and show signs of waking, and scarcely had he opened his eyes when he put his right hand on his other arm, as if feeling whether it was there or not. Finding it all right, and the effects of the poison quite gone, he said: 'How are you, O Alcimus, and how am I?' I bid him be of good cheer; that no danger from the poison remained, but another peril was impending—viz. the soldiers who were sent out after the robbers were coming to the cave; that we were left alone, and had been betrayed to them by Milo; 'but,' I added, 'if you are able to hurry along with me and can stand the rough, jolting ground, we too could escape through the thick forest from this cursed place.' 'Yes,' said my father, 'that is the best plan for you, otherwise you may be recognised, when all would be lost, and I should be suspected; but for me to remain is safe enough, for I am no confederate, and I hope that, having a good conscience, and by God's grace, I shall be defended against every foe, and while they are questioning me, you will be making good your escape.' I silently acknowledged his prudent advice, and I felt, too, that I ought not to couple my bad character with his good one.

"Just then I chanced to notice my old torn and patched¹ cloak thrown in a corner with other odds and ends—the very one I was wearing when I first joined the band. While I was picking it out from the rest, I came across a kind of wig disguise for an old man with white hair which would effectually conceal my identity even as far as my cheeks and chin, and there was a wallet and a staff close by. So 'with your permission,' I said, 'I will go secure by

¹ *Pannuciam* (Petronius, 14), really an adjective with *vestem* understood.

this mask against all discovery. I will not go far away, and when you are free I will join you again.' So I put on my disguise, arranged properly my headgear, slung on my wallet, and leaning heavily on my staff like a regular beggar, I start off looking older than my father himself. We bid each other farewell, and after I left the cave I took my stand in one of the beaten tracks, and wait for the turn of fortune. It was not long before I heard the noise and confused shouts of a large body of horse and foot coming my way. I go forwards to meet them very slowly, supporting as with great difficulty my bent and strengthless back with my staff, and, gasping for breath at every word, I piteously asked an alms. They answered that I should have not only alms, but a reward well worth the trouble, if I would show which way the robbers went. I therefore, to avert danger from my father, made them to understand that some horsemen who, by their urgent speed, seemed after no good, had passed me only a few minutes ago, and could not be more than a mile off, and I pointed in the direction the robbers were most likely to choose for their escape. They were just starting in pursuit, when our great newsbringer appears on the scene, and calling out in so loud a voice that the robbers, if they had been anywhere near, could have easily heard, advised them to come back and surround the neighbouring valley, where they could catch the whole band as in a trap. The captain of the guard, ignorant of any trick, followed his advice, and, coming to the cave, some drew their swords and went in, and others with cudgels and rustic weapons surrounded the exit. Our adviser, as if to show his bravery, led the way in, and the soldiers and others followed. They find my father sitting on the ground, whom they seize at once and bring up into the light of day, and ask any who can to identify him. One man examines his features and has the impudence to assert that he knows him, and his captors draw attention to his wound as another proof, while another traveller with a ready lie, declares he gave him the wound by his

own hand. They ask, where is the rest of the band? and threaten to make him the scapegoat of the others, unless he tells all, but in their fierce reiteration hardly give him a chance to answer. However, my father briefly states the facts—viz. that he was a foreigner journeying through the country, and on that very morning had been captured by brigands and brought where he was; that they had gone and left him about an hour ago without letting him into the secret of their flight.

“Meanwhile, one of the party in the cave had come across a large bundle, and brought it out on his shoulders. ‘If any traveller can claim this,’ said he, ‘and describe the contents, let him pay an auction fee and take it just as it is.’ No one replying, the leader claimed it as his by law, unless the owner demanded it within the specified time. My father then said it was his pack, but empty, as the robbers had taken everything out. The original finder exclaimed: ‘It is your’s right enough—take it’; and with that he shook out a lot of rubbish and sweepings of the cave which he had put in himself to make it heavy. This caused a general laugh, and increased considerably my father’s credit with them, and when the leader again asked the travellers if they were sure of their man, though they stood to it, they were not by any means so confident. I, who had watched the proceedings, now came forward, and as a pretext began to ask again and again for my promised reward. It was allowed that it would have been the better course to follow my direction, and therefore some of them offer me a small present of money, and ask the leader to continue the pursuit. He said that it was too late now, and that night was approaching, but that he would leave soldiers to thoroughly search the wood, and would carry our captive before the city magistrate, who, by a more searching examination, would find out everything. I began to be in great fear, all things turning out so unexpectedly, especially the shameless lies and braggadocio of the travellers, and, moreover, I had gathered from some of the company that some one had used the old wig, that no traveller was wounded

or showed fight, and though their swords were drawn as if they expected an attack, yet when the robbers showed fight before they really came on, the travellers rushed off in headlong flight.

"As I was doubtful about the effect of these reports and what the magistrate might believe, I determine to go on to the city, so that, if there were need, I might tell the whole truth and clear my father.

"Forthwith they take him, with a great crowd following, before the chief magistrate at Catania as an undoubted criminal, and he is hurried through the city amid the revilings and curses of the increasing crowd. All his accusers gather at the magistrate's private house, and overwhelm my father with their accusations and reproaches, while it is in vain for him, an unknown stranger, to defend himself by telling the real truth. The magistrate, not altogether free from suspicion, but wishing to gratify his fellow-citizens, remands him in custody till the following day, when he was to appear at the court, and judgment should be given in due form. Meanwhile the rabble, excited as usual by the last new thing, had assembled outside the court, and as the prisoner was led off in custody they raised deafening and repeated shouts, I being a disgusted spectator. Some, most unjustly judging before the time, settled his sentence off-hand; others, not quite knowing what caused the crowd, joined heartily in the shouting, and by the pushing and pressing, those in the centre were almost trodden underfoot. The bitterest remarks of all came from those who had aforetime been victims of the band: old robberies were recalled to mind; nay, some, eagerly scanning the features of the prisoner, easily were convinced that he was the one who robbed them, and others went so far as to say he was the well-known desperado whose name was in every mouth. A few wiser heads, however, who did not mix with the crowd, talked more sensibly about the case, saying that judgment should be suspended till it was publicly and legally settled; and, indeed, unless their impartiality had raised my hopes, I should have been driven wellnigh mad; as it was I

could not repress a groan every now and then, and longed to get away from the city and the crowded streets to some place where I could freely vent that torrent of grief so hard for me to check.

"Now, who could believe that anywhere common beggars had formed themselves into a republic. Yet so it is, and not even Athens or Sparta or Rome had ever a stricter one as to laws and customs, or one where obedience to the powers set over them was more ready. They move about from place to place, but every journey is planned beforehand; they have leisure enough, but their course of life requires the greatest skill and attention; they possess nothing, and yet enjoy the pleasures of life to overflowing. They have no religious, patriotic, or charitable feelings, no reverence for laws, be they human or divine, and they show no wish to lead an honest life or live laborious days. I knew their habits well, for I had lived aforetime amongst them, until, tired of a life in which nothing was lacking that a reprobate mind might desire, I betook myself to brigandage as a more noble and soldier-like profession.

"So now, having resumed my beggar's rags, I wander about the city, getting a fierce look from every member of the tribe I met, as a new-comer daring to poach on their preserves against all law and rights. Presently a poor blind beggar boldly followed me, led by his dog with a leather collar and a bell attached, while he himself felt his way with his stick. As I was walking slowly he soon caught me up, and while passing dealt me twice such a vigorous blow on my shins with his stick that I knew it was intentional, and felt still more certain when he gave me such a push with his shoulders as would have sent me clean off my feet if I really had been the age I looked. I turned round indignantly and asked him what he meant. He whispered in my ear in their own peculiar lingo that I had better keep to the country districts, and not oust him from his beat, and then called out, so that all might hear: 'Room for the blind!' and during a little squabbling that ensued he again changed back to his lingo, and bade

me meet him that evening late in a tavern on the outskirts of the city, and so went his way.

"From this I took him to be the President of the Republic,¹ at least in this town, and so I thought I should best consult for my safety if I kept the appointment; otherwise he might send some of his crew to maltreat me, or, worst of all my fears, discover my deception. At night I went to the rendezvous, and recognised the blind man at the door of the tavern, though without dog or stick or guide, by means of his voice when he asked me in a haughty tone who I was. My humble reply was: 'I am an old man who begs.' 'Do you think me so blind,' said he, 'as to take you for an old man at all? How dare you beg in this city without a passport from me?' 'I live in the country,' said I, 'and have come thence only to-day on private business, and I neither have begged nor will beg a stiver while here; that I promise.' 'That will do,' said he; 'I give you leave to stay, but you must honour us with your company at supper to-night.' I begged to be let off on the plea of pressing business. 'Oh! go to the devil, if you will,' said he; 'things seem getting worse and worse every day, and I think we are

¹ This blind beggar, with his stick and his acknowledged authority over his fellow-vagrants, calls to mind the "upright man" as he is defined and described in that rare old book *The Fraternity of Vagabonds*, printed in 1561: "An upright man is one that goeth with the truncheon of a staffe, which staffe they call a Filtchman. This man is of so much authority that, meeting with any of his profession, he may call them to accompt, and command a share or snap unto himself. And if he do them wrong they have no remedy agaynst him, no, though he beate them as he useth commonly to do." But I think this incident in *Nova Solyma* is more likely to have been borrowed from what the author knew of the Italian Guild of Beggars. For during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (1613-1790) there existed a regular authorised Beggars' Society called the Company of St. Elizabeth. It had its headquarters at Rome, with between four and five hundred members, and no one was allowed to beg in the streets who was not a member, and foreigners and strangers only by permission from the chief officials of the society. Milton in his earlier days would be likely enough to hear about them from his great friend Diodati and his Italian acquaintances, and of course later on he would come across them himself when he was in Italy.

all going to the devil together, when beggars have no time for their carousals.'

"That night I kept in hiding, nor did I have a wink of sleep. Next day the chief magistrate was to hear the case in the court-house, where my father was brought before the bench, and the accusers ordered to give their evidence on oath. The first witness begins a long-winded account of their journey, and how they came to be attacked; how quite twenty brigands rushed upon them, while he stood bravely on his ground till he saw by their numbers that defence was hopeless; adding that he remembered noticing this old villain more than the rest. The second witness gave similar evidence in the same tiresome way, but added that he had crossed swords with just such a one as the prisoner, and in the skirmish had given him a wound. My father, when they had ended, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and waiting a little for the magistrate's permission, first asked his accusers whether they had wounded only one robber, or more. The first said he had inflicted no wound at all, to the best of his memory, and the other said he had only wounded the prisoner. Then my father asked him: 'What weapon had you? Was it a cut or a thrust? He said he had a straight and pointed sword,¹ but he knew not how the wound was made, being in such fear and peril; but he believed it was by a thrust. To this my father replied: "My belief is that your fright so confused your mind and memory that you can recollect nothing for

¹ The Latin word in the text is *oblongus*, a curious adjective to apply to a sword. Pliny uses it of eggs and leaves, and Tacitus likens the shape of Britain *oblongae scutulae*; but the word seldom occurs, and when Milton's nephew John Phillips, in his defence of his uncle against Rowland, speaks of the *oblonga lupi cauda* peeping out from beneath Bishop Bramhall's cope, there seems more than a mere coincidence. Moreover, this curious adjective is used once more farther on, at the end of the Fourth Book, to qualify the elephant's trunk—*oblonga proboscis* in Job xl. 24. But Job is speaking of Behemoth, which is some large animal haunting rivers and fens, possibly the hippopotamus, but certainly *not* the elephant. Milton makes the same mistake, *Paradise Lost*, vii. 471.

certain, but what your fear and imagination chanced to suggest to your mind you accepted as real ; and that it is so I will prove, not by words, but by the evidence of your eyes, which I am sure you will all admit.' He then asked that the surgeon who attended him, and was now in court, might be asked what kind of weapon had been used, in his opinion. In answer to the magistrate, he, said the wound was caused by a curved scimitar, and approaching my father, he removed the bandages so that all could see it. The new witness, abashed at this, began to hesitate and break down, as he felt all eyes fixed on him, and the audience turned with one accord in my father's favour. This incident having given more weight to my father's evidence, when the excitement in court was over he proceeded thus :

" 'Allow me now to tell you the real facts of the case from my own knowledge. I indeed am a Jew by nation, and was taking ship for Italy as tutor to a young fellow-countryman of good position whose father had given me that charge. On our voyage we landed at Messina, where the ship called, and taking the island on our way, we travelled through several towns till we arrived in this neighbourhood.'

"Before he had said much more, great shouting was heard behind and outside the court ; very many rushed out and left the court nearly empty. It appears that the soldiers who had been left in the wood to trace the robbers had found the dead bodies that had been buried, by reason of a cottager's dog, who had scented them and scratched them up with his paws, and they had just arrived with the bodies strapped on their horses, which were found close by. The features of two were identified from the public prints and by citizens who knew them—there was no doubt they belonged to the band ; the third was your young manservant. That gave still more credit to my father's testimony ; murmurs of assent arose, and by a sudden revulsion of feeling they changed from the rage of yesterday to the extreme sympathy of to-day. The chief magistrate, having summed

up all the arguments, with certainly no bias towards a stranger and a pauper, gave his judgment thus :

“ ‘ In this case of conflicting and uncertain evidence, my verdict is that the prisoner at the bar be taken to Italy, if his tale be false, to exile ; but if true, he shall be free to go his way.’ ”

“ My father, having nothing to object to a judgment of this kind, tendered his thanks humbly to the court. After that he was more of a free man, and with the help of some money from me he sent out paid scouts to search for you everywhere. Some came back with no news whatever, others brought fictitious and doubtful reports ; but whether they really could obtain no information, or whether they spent their pay on themselves or did next to nothing, cannot be known. I used to converse with my father at night by his window, and he often said that his sentence caused him no worry except for this, that he was obliged to leave you a vagabond and penniless ; and he strictly charged me not to cease my enquiries so long as I remained in Sicily, and that, if I left the island, my first journey should be to Solyma to hear the latest news of him. Next day he was sent to Italy, and I, who did not dare to show myself in public or make direct enquiries, heard nothing further about you. At last, after many disguises, I joined some sailors, and in that way made my passage from Sicily, and now finally I have arrived at Solyma.”

When he had ended, Joseph said :

“ I indeed, after the slaughter you mention, went on through the wood to deliver your father, and I took a roundabout course, so that I might attack from behind and unawares. Nor was it long before I came across him whom you now say was Milo ; I heard his cries, and before he saw me I could observe him rolling about impatiently on the ground, bound, and uttering the strongest threats against you. ‘ O my comrades, where are you ? The prisoner has made off, and that fine guard of his with him, and I am left here beaten and bound. If you cannot avenge me, at least set me free from this rope, which

deprives me of all liberty, even that last liberty of taking my own life.' I suppose he had heard my footsteps and thought it was a comrade. But I, when I heard these words from my well-concealed position, which I had chosen, too, as best adapted for defence, thought the best thing was to go on in search of your father without delay, who, I believe, quite awed one of his guards by his courageous demeanour, and kept the other quiet by using the loose end of his rope. His horse was nowhere to be seen; but I heard one neighing close by: it was yours or Milo's, so I seized the bridle and jumped on his back, and as the robbers had gone towards Catania, I chose the other direction. Having a fresh, strong horse, I rode about all that day enquiring of every one I met, and when I still got no news, it seemed to me best to go back into the wood and search the bypaths and cottages near.

"While I was considering, a country-looking fellow came up, and eyeing me carefully, asked me where I was going. I told him about the robbers, and how I was looking out for one of our party who had escaped them. He pretended that he had seen such a one in the next village to him, and, if I liked, he would show me the way there. I rejoined that it would be the very thing I wanted. So he at once led the way, and brought me to his abode very pleasantly. When I told him I wished to go on and see if the man was my missing companion, he seized my bridle and called for his servants, and said to me: 'If you want to go on and see him, you must do it on foot, for that horse is mine, but I did not dare to claim him before, single-handed against such a hero as you made yourself to be. Now I do say it, and I advise you to dismount, before we dismount you.' When I saw his trick on me, I certainly began to feel angry. But when it struck me that the horse was not mine, and therefore might have been stolen from him, I calmly addressed him: 'If you had told me this when we first met, it would have been doing no harm to me, nor should I have done any to you; but now you have led me on a false scent, and taking away the horse, you prevent

my recovering lost ground. I admit I lost my own horse, and that this was taken in its place from a robber, nor do I wish to keep it if you declare it is yours.' His answer was: 'All my servants can bear witness it's mine, and for a long time they have suspected that it was stolen away, and if you claim it you cannot escape suspicion of connivance at least; but when you have given up the horse, that ends the matter for me, and you can go about your business.' The servants, with threats and rude gestures, backed their master up. So I dismounted with good grace, and because it was late I remained for the night in the village. Afterwards, wandering hither and thither, I heard further about you, and that your father had been taken to Italy. At that time I was near Palermo, penniless, and not knowing what to do for the best, I determined to make for that city, thinking I could more easily get a little money in so important a place, and in that way could reach Italy or my own fatherland. I freely forgive any trouble you may have caused me, or injury, and I congratulate you very much on your father's escape. It only remains for you to wipe away the stain of so many crimes by true penitence, and by asking complete pardon from God."

Alcimus listened with feelings of deepest gratitude, and at Jacob's invitation remained as their guest.



BOOK II

CHAPTER I

A PHILOSOPHICAL GARDEN PARTY

WHILE the guests were standing by the window, the beauty of the garden beneath so attracted and charmed them that they went down at once to enjoy a bracing walk in the open air and to get rid of the stiffness which follows a long journey.

A small door at the back of the house opened into a portico, often used as a summer-house, constructed of open lattice work on the sides adjoining the garden, and on the wall behind was executed in bas-relief the figures of a venerable old man and a boy climbing a hill together. The man bore a sacrificial knife and a lighted torch, the boy carried on his shoulders a bundle of faggots, and at the foot of the mount their asses, saddled, and their bridles thrown over their necks, were peacefully grazing. Not far off were two attendants raising their eyes in the direction of the hill-top—so well done, indeed, that you would have thought they were real men gazing on the scene. Some verses engraved on a vacant space explained the device, and described Abraham's soliloquy while ascending Mount Moriah to sacrifice his son.¹

¹ In the Greek romances of the Byzantine period the authors were very fond of giving descriptions of paintings and sculptures in gardens and elsewhere. In *Hysmine and Hysmenias* we constantly come across detailed accounts of allegorical pictures in the temples and

ABRAHAM APPROACHING MOUNT MORIAH¹

To me reluctant now the third long day
 Comes slowly on; oh, how it cuts my heart!
 But yet, O God, I'm here to do Thy will,
 And, with poor halting feet, submissive seek
 Thy sacrificial mount. Alone am I,
 Save for my son; the rest abide behind.
 Alone with him! Ah, how much more alone
 When all is done, and I must homeward turn

summer-house of the garden of Sosthenes, and the older romance *Cleitophon and Leucippe* had the same peculiarity. Milton, who read everything and, often no doubt unconsciously, reproduced his impressions, may have conveyed this literary artifice from Greek fiction, just as the curious description of the goblets (*pocula*) of Mansus, in the *Epitaphium Damonis*, points back to his reading of the earlier Alexandrian pastoral poets.

¹ Milton mentions *Abraham from Morea, or, Isaac Redeemed*, as the title of a Scriptural drama he was meditating upon. He draws up a short summary of it in his Trinity College MS., p. 39. It has been supposed that he was led to the subject by Beza's tragedy of *Abraham Sacrificing*, which Beza first wrote in French, and which was soon afterwards turned into Latin iambics by Joannes Jacomotus, and published at Geneva in 1597, 4to. Milton most likely had read both these pieces (see Mitford's *Life of Milton*, p. cix.) Certainly the iambics in *Nova Solyma*, if they are Milton's, bear out the supposition, for although the lines above translated do not cover so much ground as the much longer drama of Beza and Jacomotus, yet they follow the *Abrahamus Sacrificans* very closely, and, so to speak, form a summary of the more diffuse iambics of Jacomotus. The part in *Abrahamus Sacrificans* corresponding to the little poem of *Nova Solyma* begins thus:

Jam tertium nobis redonat Sol diem
 Ter mensus arduos polorum fornices
 Flammante curru, etc.

While our poem above begins:

Jam me morantem tertius necat dies;
 Paratus adsum, etc.

Beza expands the history at considerable length, but the arguments of Abraham are exactly similar to those in our text. These coincidences seem to point to Milton, but there are others stronger still, for Sylvester's *Du Bartas* has also an account of Abraham and Isaac where there is far greater similarity, and Du Bartas was young Milton's favourite author. In fact, there seems little doubt that in these Latin iambics Milton has reproduced (unconsciously) his various readings in a subject that had considerably interested him when young.

Bereft of life's great joy! See, even now
 He pants and staggers 'neath his funeral pyre,
 Th' unconscious willing slave of Death himself,
 Whilst I, his father, bring the fire and knife
 Wherewith to slay the son I once begat,
 And on yon altar shed his blood to God.
 O deed unspeakable! that my right hand
 Should thus my undeserving offspring slay,
 So young, so fair, his mother's only pride,
 The son that ends my race; for none but he
 Can ever now fulfil that promise old,
 That in my seed should all the world be blessed
 With numbers spreading like the starry host
 That nightly shines on high, or as the sand
 On ocean's vast illimitable shore.
 Now, one fell stroke, and all these millions fall—
 This countless progeny. Can I, their head,
 Do them so great a wrong, and all alone
 Commit a crime my servants may not see,
 Or, if perchance they did, would disallow?
 And must my murderous hand imbrue itself
 In blood far dearer to me than my own?
 Oh! must my son be slain? Is there no way,
 No other penalty that shall suffice?
 Must I, too, see him on the altar bound,
 With his young life's blood oozing from his throat,
 His reeking, gory entrails dragged apart
 (Oh, monstrous thought!) by his own father's hands?
 Nor will that end the deed, for custom holds
 That in this sad and solemn sacrifice
 The victim's ashes must complete the rite.¹

Sylvester's *Du Bartas* has several parallel passages. For example

That I (alas!) with bloody hand and knife,
 Should rip his bosom, rend his heart and life;

That I should broil his flesh, and in the flame
 Behold his bowels crackling in the same;
 'Tis horrible to think and hellish too,
 Cruell to wish, impossible to doo.

Now he commands me his dear life to spill,
 And in the cradle my health's Hope to kill,
 To drown the whole World in the blood of him,
 And at one stroak, upon his fruitful stem
 To strike off all the heads of all the flock
 That should heerafter his dead Name invoke.

Du Bartas, ed. 1621, p. 339.

Who can believe that such a cruel deed
Is pleasing in God's sight, or willed by Him?
Ah! who? Not one in all the widest range
Of human passion, deepest love, or hate,
From his sad mother to my bitterest foe.
Nay, hardly seems it true to my own self,
And oft I fear that bold and unjust tongues
Will wag at me with wily seeming truths,
For often lofty Truth misunderstood
Gives men a handle for a grievous wrong,
Just as the purest light oft mars their eyes.
Yea, oft I fear that superstitious men
May licence take for cruel deeds of wrong
Because of me, and let their altars reek
With their own children's blood—a deed like mine,
But all unsanctioned by the voice of Heaven.
O sanction sad to me! O monstrous Faith!
That has to prove itself by contraries!
Can I believe that God now bids me do
The very crime He by His Law forbids?
And in that act destroy His chosen seed
And quench the glorious Day-spring from on high?
Oh, what a mighty, far-extending crime
Do I intend! Unless I stay my hand
The world is wholly lost by this one act.

But God hath spoken; I the witness am
To my own self, for I did hear His Voice,
That Voice which, heard but once, doth free man's mind
From doubt for evermore. Whate'er He wills
Is good and right, and when He speaks we hear
The highest utterance of the Law itself,
Its very Author, whom we know to be
Alone throughout all numbers absolute.
Let him but promise, and the thing is sure;
Let Him but will to do, and it is done.
Most surely He who formed and brought to life
The substance of my son within the womb
Can bring him back from death, alive in Him,
That so in His own time the promised seed
Shall spread throughout the world, as born again
E'en from the dead, this sad tomb's progeny.¹
Of this I'm sure; but who can know the means?
So I will do whate'er to me belongs
And leave the rest to God. See how my son

¹ Heb. xi. 19.

Obeys my voice with utter faith in me.
 Shall I not trust my Friend and Father, God,
 And, like my son, obey for life or death?
 O God, I will! No more do I hold back.
 My joy it is that Thou hast tried my faith
 By asking at my hands so great a gift.
 Our best is due to Heaven: I yield Thee mine;
 Nay, more, I see herein a sign and pledge
 Of greater gifts Thou hast in store for man.
 For as I offer up my son to Thee,
 So shalt Thou offer Thine for all the world."¹

¹ Sir Henry Wotton wrote a meditation on Abraham's act of faith which contains many parallel passages strikingly similar to the above. The *Reliquiae Wottonianae* were first published in 1651, but were all written many years before. When Provost of Eton Sir Henry Wotton was a near neighbour of Milton, who paid him one or two visits, and it appears by the letter that Milton received just before starting for Italy, that the literary conversation they had together was very enjoyable, and indeed left the Provost, as he says, with an "extream thirst" for more. I wonder whether they discussed together Abraham's act of faith, and whether the meditation, then perhaps already in MS., was drawn out from its place and read to the younger poet. Anyhow, the parallelisms may fitly be recorded here, and it would be interesting to know for certain which was written first. Milton was clearly thinking of "Abraham on Morea" between 1633 and 1645, as his MSS. at Trinity College, Cambridge, show.

Sir Henry Wotton begins (1651 ed., *pene me*, p. 344): "What? Could this possibly be the voice of God which I heard? Yea, Thy voice it was (my GOD), it was Thy voice. How can Thy humble Servant deny it, with whom seven times before descending from the Throne of Thy Glory, Thou hast vouchsafed even to commune in this Vale of Teares? . . . And can I slay my Child and imbrue my hands in my own Bowels without offence of His Immortal Majesty? Yes; why not? I have received an immediate Command from God Himself. A Command? Why? Is His command against His Law? Shall the Fountain of all Truth be served with contradictions? O my weak soul, is there any warrant higher than His will, or any better interpreter of His will then [*i.e.* than] Himself? And shall I doubt but thou canst raise innumerable Nations out of the very ashes of my poor Isaac? Nay, did I not even at first receive Him in a manner from a dead womb? Take my child and all that is mine. He is already Thine, and mine no longer. And I glory that he shall die upon Thy Holy Altar."

Mixed here and there with other soliloquies and questionings of the anxious patriarch, it ends (without any Messianic allusion): "Thou then [Eternal Maker and Mover] direct my Feet to the Place which

Hence we proceed into the garden, where the landscape was pleasantly varied by hill and dale and cliff and plain; nor was it anywhere too steep, for Nature's rough barrier had been transformed into smiling terraces of easy slope. The houses of the grandees who chiefly reside in this quarter have all similar gardens running back as far as the city walls. Here too were set about many beautiful trees, springing from the fertile soil, and so shutting out the view of the city that you seemed to be in the very heart of the country, and all was open to the air and sunshine, green and fertile. Here and there were beds of flowers of varied hues scattered about the grassy slopes, and their bright borders looked like garlands thrown on the ground. There were many natural curiosities as well,

Thou hast appointed, strengthen there these poor Hands to accomplish Thy Pleasure, and let Heaven and Earth obey Thee."

The sacrifice of Isaac was a very favourite subject for theological discussion at all periods. Here we have the educated and Biblical orthodox view of such enlightened men as Sir Henry Wotton and the author of *Nova Solyma*. They agree almost completely, and may be said to represent the best views of the early part of the seventeenth century.

It will, I think, be interesting to compare these with the present view of a liberal Jew of our own century, who says: "Obedience to the will of a superior is often, but not always, to be regarded as virtuous. In the case of Abraham, and the alleged command of God to sacrifice his son, his obedience is of a very doubtful quality. It is very difficult to recover the meaning of the whole transaction, but it seems to me that the *duty* of Abraham was to decline to carry out the command of a cruel Deity. Abraham should have replied that whilst professing perfect obedience to God, he could not stain his hands with the blood of his own offspring, and should have added that if the child must die, he should be slain by God and not by him, the father of the child. . . . If a similar circumstance occurred in savage Africa (as would not be impossible) for a cruel chief to order a father to kill his child, the reply of the father should be as suggested above" (A. G. Henriques, *Jewish Quarterly*, October, 1900, pp. 77-8).

I am afraid our modern Jew begs the question by his assumption that the order was from a *cruel* Deity. However, such opposing views need not trouble the up-to-date theologian. It is enough for him to say: "This is a mythical narration connected with the cessation of human sacrifice, and points to the theory of vicarious offering, the substitution of an animal for the first-born son."

not collected for mere show or rarity, but in the interests of science. The cultivation of the soil is greatly in vogue, and is a favourite pursuit, as improving the body in health and strength.

Along the sides of the garden were arched recesses, containing statues of their patriarchs, prophets, and kings. While the visitors were carefully scrutinising these, they chanced to notice a female statue of highly polished marble, which Joseph informed them was an image of the Blessed Virgin which had been dug up from the grass-covered ruins of an old wall when they were building the city, and, being unwilling to destroy it on account of its antiquity and the religious feeling of the inscription, significant for that period, they restored it carefully to its original beauty.

These remarks made them the more eager to examine it closely, and by kneeling down they were able to read on the pedestal as follows :

I once, alas ! was Niobe, a mother blest,
Who thought to rival all that goddesses possessed.
And now, transformed, God's holy Mother here you see ;
But offer up, I crave, no useless prayers to me.
Shun creature-worship, Christian ; this, and this alone,
So heathen poets sing, turned Niobe to stone."¹

When they had looked at this some time, Joseph brought them into the centre of the garden. Here rose a great rock built up with studied carelessness. Its rough and rugged aspect enhanced the beauty and elegance of the surroundings by the marked contrast afforded to the eye. It was covered with green vegetation intermingled with artificial shells and such shrubs

¹ Here we see the author indirectly expressing approval of the "religious feeling" of the early Christian Church in permitting due veneration for the Blessed Virgin, while coupled with a strong protest against Invocation and Hyperdulia. This is just what we might expect from Milton, who, though a strong Puritan, always speaks with orthodox respect for the Mother of God ; witness his *Hymn of the Nativity* and *Paradise Lost*, xii. 368-82 especially. We know that Niobe's sad fate was a most favourite subject for ancient sculptors ; cf. Pausanias *passim*.

as grow near the sea-shore. Four entrances open to every breeze led down by sand-strewn paths to an artificial cave, whose ceiling was formed of rough stones wonderfully frosted, and from these icicles were hanging and water dripping—at least, so it seemed.

This brought forth their loudest praises, so that Joseph asked: "Which of all the wonders of this garden do you think the most remarkable?"

Politian thought the present cave. "I think the antique statue," added Eugenius.

"Well," said Joseph, "I prefer to both this little bird, which is only worth half a farthing," for a sparrow was sitting on a bough near at hand. As they wondered at this and asked the reason, Joseph said:

"I indeed think that to praise the works of man excessively, and to slight, as so many do, the works of creation and the immense power therein displayed, is to show towards the Deity a most unworthy and presumptuous feeling. Every generation can praise Myron and Archytas and Archimedes for their artificial cows and doves and spheres; but as for living and breathing cows and doves and the matchless beauty of the starry firmament, we hardly notice them. And I say that if we looked at these things in the right light, it would be as clear as day that each and every work that the cleverness of man may and can produce is absolutely and immeasurably below the handiwork of God. As for those mentioned just now, most of them serve no useful purpose, while our oxen are indispensable, and our doves help the larder, and the starry spheres by their genial brilliance enlighten, nourish, and cherish us and ours.¹ If some inventions of man do seem useful, it is to no great degree; and however serviceable they may be, it does not come from them alone. Nature completes with her own hand whatever is necessary. Any additions that we may make according to our fancy or ingenuity are done not in spite of Nature, but by her assistance

¹ Milton believed in the benign influence of the stars: *Paradise Lost*, vii. 513, ix. 107.

and permission. We have our life, our sensations, our growth from her, and she it is who offers us food and drink sufficient for natural wants anyhow. Human ingenuity produces certain extras, but from no other source than Nature do they come. For what, I pray, can a cook or a physician or a chemist produce except the preparation or distillation of natural products? Nay, more the most peculiar and admirable results of art, if we thoroughly look into them, we shall find to be commonplace and inconsiderable, for indeed the very best of them have been discovered rather than invented. I especially refer to the printing press and the mariner's compass.

"That a magnet by its innate power should always point to the north is one of the greatest secrets of Nature; but it is hardly less wonderful that mankind, who has recognised the north by the help of this, has remained so long in ignorance about the other points of the compass, and how to turn this important discovery to account. Who has ever marvelled at seeing wax impressed by a signet ring with perhaps a legend on it, or at sheep being branded? Who has deemed such arts even worthy of praise? And yet they differ no more from the printing press than its own first attempts differ from its present perfection. And, indeed, that great aid to all knowledge can scarcely be termed an art, but was due rather to the happy event of some sudden knowledge¹ of the thing flashing on the mind and carried into practice. Nor are those many objects whose cause and composition cannot be assigned at first sight on that account apart from Nature. Take the case of mules and all the monstrous progeny that Africa and the Nile bring forth—we soon learn they are but Nature with a twist. And just so it is with the conceptions and productions of art, when they seem altogether separate and apart from Nature. He who first discovered gunpowder was led to it more by chance than by study. And do not fiery and watery vapours, mingled somehow in the clouds, flash forth in lightnings more terrible and

¹ Lat. *cujus jam subitae agnitionis*. Cf. Cicero, *Natura Deorum*, I. i.: *ad agnitionem animi*.

destructive than ever issued from a cannon's mouth? But we short-sighted, foolish mortals are ready to give almost divine honours to such discoveries, shallow though they be, even as the ancients made divinities of Bacchus and Ceres; but God Himself, the Creator, we quite shut out from His honours, and wellnigh from our thoughts and feelings."

Here Politian interposed. "I think we admire human art more on this account, because it seems to add somewhat to Nature, and although our talents are of course natural gifts, we are surely not wrong in thinking that the works of human reason are superior to the commoner objects of the created world."

"I am not pitting Nature against art," replied Joseph; "my one object and endeavour is to prevent art from being exorbitantly lauded, as is so commonly done. I am not so ungrateful towards God as to make the gift of intellect of no account, but I maintain that as art proceeds from the nature of man, so that Nature proceeds from the art of God;¹ and although we may have the pre-eminence over all creatures, it does not therefore follow that our works have the pre-eminence over them, for the creatures are God's workmanship. For what man of sane mind does not prefer a live animal to any picture or statue of it? What royal edifice can we worthily compare with the royal palace of the world we live in, so completely beautified and furnished in every part? What statue of Venus in all her beauty can compare with one glance of a fair woman instinct with life?² But to return to what I said before. I should like to show you that there is really no comparison between this rock-work or that statue and the commonest little bird that flies. Just consider its marvellous production from the egg.

¹ *Natura est ars Dei*. This was a phrase in vogue with Cambridge scholars. "Nature is but *ars Dei*, and so admits variety," says John Spencer in his *Discourse concerning Prodigies* (Pref., p. 1, Camb. 1663). It was also an expression of Sir Thomas Browne.

² No ordinary Puritan would have said this. This is the Milton of the May Queen.

From a formless yolk it is fashioned into the graceful structure of legs and wings and bones ; it is nourished for the appointed time by its own apportioned albumen ; it receives life shut up, so to speak, in a prison, or at least shut out from that air in which it shall afterwards enjoy such glorious liberty, and then with tender beak it breaks through the softened shell that kept it in. Mark, too, the wondrous power of the little vital spark that gives such sense and motion to the tiny frame that it seems to wing its flight, as 'twere, beyond the glorious lamp of day. Nor let the careless eye fail to note that wondrous plumed array so fit, so beautiful ; those wings striking the air like oars, and soaring upwards almost to the gate of Heaven. Ah ! here is Nature beyond all rivalry of art. But still I will not divide them by too great a gulf, but rather use them both as signs of the Divine goodness, from which only fount they both do spring ; and then a reasonable and judicious mind may rightly prefer whatever commends itself as more beautiful or excellent in each domain."

Politian being doubtful how best to reply, Eugenius came to the rescue.

"I fancy," said he, "the works of Nature are less admired sometimes for this reason—viz. because we know that this natural world, so wonderfully and beautifully made, is the handicraft of a Being of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness ; and if in the world of art the 'prentice hand of man, so far inferior, should yet succeed in imitating, even at a distance, the works of God, we, in our foolish thoughts, think this the greater wonder, just as a boy's clever words or wise actions often delight and amaze us more than all the wisdom and valour of more experienced and older men."

"I quite agree," said Joseph ; "and indeed you therein admit my point that Nature is far above all art, and I can now easily deduce that Nature deserves the greater admiration and the greater praise. For, to take your point of the precocious boy, though he may induce a sudden fit of admiration, that cannot upset the fact that

the nobler words and deeds of older men are *per se* of greater value. Where is the man who does not give more real praise to Cyrus¹ for his deeds in war and in peace than for that youthful genius of his which, however wonderful it might be, was but the promise and expectation of still greater things?

"And this leads me to my main contention, which is, that we should esteem everything according to its proper value and order, taking care lest, by dwelling too intently on the beauties of art, we rob that Divine energy which we call Nature of her highest honours, and deprive ourselves too of that great and constant pleasure which she is so able to afford; lest also, when privileged spectators of that wondrous and varied scene wherein the whole universe is put before us as on a stage, we should only care to bestow a casual or superficial glance upon it, only caring to use our outward eyes, not deeming the spectacle worthy the deeper consideration of the inward eye of the soul. For my part, indeed, when I survey the sky and land stretching out everywhere in a huge circle (than which figure none encloses larger space); when I find no spot unoccupied, useless, or superfluous; when I see the immense mass of the world securely equipoised by its own gravity,² and bearing up, as with pillars, great masses of rock, wherein are veins of precious metals stored up in their secret treasure-house; when, too, I mark the ground clothed with its garment of pleasant verdure; the sea, too, ever restless within its limits, but kept back as by some curb or bar,³ yet ever breaking its tidal waves in ebb and flow on every coast; the fresh water-springs, too, serving as pipes or aqueducts to the terrestrial palace; the air, rarest of all elements, almost a void, giving willing way to all solids, and yet eagerly pressing into every

¹ Milton was a great admirer of Xenophon's writings.

² And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

(Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*, 121.)

³ And bid the weltering waves their oozy channels keep.

(*Hymn on the Nativity*, 123.)

vacant space, raising the various winds that blow from every shore ; the element of fire, too, shut up like a bold, bad robber in its prison of flint, or banished to the earth's utmost limits ; the sky, too, and the floor of heaven with all those wandering lamps that never fail, and every steadfast star with mild benignant ray ; the strife and fury of the elements, and then again their mutual hush of peace ; and last, and chief of all this wondrous tale, the teeming world of living things with all its diverse tribes and families, each with its own conditions, unlike and separate,—when, I say, I consider all these Divine arts of Nature, I feel to be encompassed by so many superhuman marvels that every human artifice seems maimed and cobbled ; and oh ! to make of *human* art an idol, how do I scorn it as an idle thing !¹ The world, indeed, which consists by measure, weight, and order, contains in itself the exemplar and perfection of every art."

¹ The Latin is : *ipsasque artes ut inertes fastidio*. This expression is very Miltonic. Such a fondness for play upon words is quite in character with that great author. Many examples occur in his recognised Latin prose writings. And Milton also gives us sometimes a jingle in English :

And to begirt the Almighty Throne
Beseeching or besieging.

(*Paradise Lost*, v. 869.)

Also *Paradise Lost*, iv. 181, ix. 648, xii. 78 ; and especially that singular one, "the ravens . . . ravenous," *Paradise Regained*, ii. 269.

Moreover, all these views about human art, as here discussed, are strongly in favour of Milton's authorship. It is generally admitted by all his biographers that John Milton was not much impressed by the marvels of art, whether ancient or modern. Anyhow, it is certain that he stayed some time in Italy and Rome (c. 1639) in the midst of all the wonders of ancient art and architecture, and has left little or no record of that impressive sight. His description of Rome (*Paradise Regained*, iv.), as Mark Pattison says, "could have been written by one who had never seen it." But God, and the wonders of the earthly palace He had prepared for men, had scarcely ever a more devoted and admiring enthusiast than John Milton, or one who was better able to express his feelings in sublime and noble words, rushing on as with the irresistible volume and profound strength of some mighty river. I hope scholarly critics will allow Joseph's short peroration in its Latin form to be not quite unworthy of Milton in his youth.

Then answered Eugenius : "Allowing the truth of this, and that you, with your learned insight and in the light of a more commanding intellect, are able to look into the face of Nature and discover its hidden spirit and meaning, I still hold that the eyes of ordinary mortals, accustomed to be attracted and quickened by every novelty, are wont to grow dim in the daily recurring presence of Nature's grandeur in the external world, for all goes on so silently, so invariably, so unpretentiously, as almost to escape their notice."

Then said Joseph : "To see or to hear some new thing does seem to give a sudden fresh impulse to the mind—a prompting and awakening one, I admit. But no mere volatile mind can hope to draw from the deep cisterns of true wisdom. And here I must again assert the sum and substance of my theme : let us renounce vain and childish pursuits ; let us boldly brandish the weapons of intellect, and with matured, virile judgment, let us submit all things to the one standard of Truth. Assuredly, whatever our first impression may be, not only monsters and prodigies, but other strange things in Nature too, whether they be freaks or contrarieties, are far inferior to Nature's proper manifestations, where we see her whole energy and perfection shine forth, and that too so constantly and silently, so easily and unerringly, as it were from innate principles and hidden springs of action, beyond the compass of our mind. With her all things seem to be from within herself—she has no need of workmen's tools, or solder, or paint, or weights. These are the support of limping art.

"But if the sights we daily see are despised as common let us penetrate further and consider Nature in her inner workings beneath the surface—the juices of herbs and fruits and their marvellous effects, the hidden influences of gems¹ and of stars, the origin and properties of life itself. The man who is able to search into and comprehend these things will indeed taste and enjoy the greatest dainties that knowledge can offer, and if he fall short of such a

¹ A superstition in vogue with learned men, Camillus Leonardus and others, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

feast, still there will be to the earnest seeker such wonders spread before him, such unfathomable wisdom, that his reward will be hardly less. For there are in the great palace of Nature sights which cannot escape the most untrained eye, and also other sights so lofty and so mysterious that they are the despair of the wisest observer, and lead him to seek a further explanation from within rather than from without. Poets never sing more sweetly than when, with due regard to the aspects of Nature, they happily describe in true and simple language those outward symbols that she has, so wondrous fair, yet scarcely noticed by the mass of mankind.¹ The mind that has a faculty for these pursuits acknowledges and accepts their lucid presentment. Whatever else it may be engaged upon, this is ever present with them. But to penetrate beneath the surface of such mysteries as these is beyond man's power: they lie too deep; the labour is too great.

"In this practised contemplation of Nature's beauties all the old philosophers rejoiced exceedingly. Here King Solomon and David his father, as every one knows, found illustrious arguments for religious duty; here Adam himself rejoiced with no mean joy when he was privileged to view the origin and disposition of the universe,² and to distinguish the animals, however widely differing, each with its appropriate name. Nay, even the Incomprehensible and Eternal Artist,"³ after He had completed His work of the world, seemed to rejoice in it, and to rest as one that was satisfied."

"Do you therefore," said Politian, "wish us all to become philosophers and adepts in the chemistry of Nature, and in these studies to wear away our lives?"

"Yes, indeed I do," said Joseph, "if you are such adepts

¹ Have we not here something akin to Milton's famous description of true poetry as being "simple, sensuous, and passionate"?

² Cf. *Paradise Lost*, v. 153:

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good.

These allusions to Adam are Miltonic.

³ Lat. *immensus atque aeternus Opifex*. *Immensus* is an unusual epithet for the Deity, but is in the Athanasian Creed, Latin translation.

as to be able to extract the meaning of the Divine goodness, and such philosophers as to look at common things with no common views. The average sensual man measures every pleasure by his desire and lust, and so grows dull to the sense of God's goodness, which should be the supreme whet to all our joys. Philosophers also have been wont to let their studies end in the desire for knowledge and fame only, and have not used them as they ought to God's praise and glory. Now, the special advantage of natural science is to rise from Nature to Nature's God, tracing His footsteps everywhere therein.¹

"Ah!" said Politian, "how earnestly I desire to embrace this great truth, and to hear it elucidated by you. Tell us, therefore, if you will, by what great arguments you would assert that this world of ours and all that is therein is the created work of God Himself, and not merely a state of things arising from fate or some attendant Spirit or Genius inherent in it."²

¹ Cf. *Paradise Lost*, v. 511:

In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God.

² This theory of Politian as to the origin of the universe being attributed to some inherent Genius has come into some favour since the doctrine of Evolution has been established, especially with such philosophers as cannot accept naked Atheistic Materialism.

Dr. John Beattie Crozier finds an Unknown Power behind the intellectual development of mankind, a co-ordinating Power, an Unknown X, a Genius of the World, which is *not ourselves*, and which makes steadily for moral ends in such a way as we mortals would call intelligent and moral (*History of Intellectual Development*, i. 14, etc.).

And as with mind, so also with matter. The apparent progressive march and improvement of the inorganic worlds, as shown in the modern facts of Evolution, seem to point to an Unknown X, some Genius inherent in matter of the same kind as here hinted at by Politian. In fact, not only in education and civil prudence, but also in philosophy, the author of our Romance shows himself in many points a long way ahead of his time. He is clearly a learned man of original and independent mind who has read and thought much, but, with it all, has fully and conscientiously submitted himself to the Divine revelation of God's Word as he could best interpret it in the Holy Scriptures. Such a man was Milton *par excellence*!

Joseph answered and said : " You ask me to expound a mighty theme indeed, nor do I know one more profitable, for it is hardly conceivable how little real belief men have in God and His constant presence everywhere."

However, as Joseph was just about to commence his discourse, the setting sun withdrew his rays, the shades of evening began to gather round, and the damp mists to arise from the ground. All this was by no means favourable for the speaker's lungs, so he checked himself, and said it would be better to keep his promise on the morrow.¹

¹ These discussions on Nature and Art in the foregoing chapter were stock academical subjects at both our Universities in Milton's time and even long afterwards. The poems known as *Carmina Quadragesimalia* (i.e. Lent Term exercises) have no title more often met with at the head of a poetical attempt than "An melior, ars vel natura?" or something similar. Milton took the side of Nature, and uses all the stock arguments in the most skilful and poetic manner, while he adds several strokes of genius all his own. This part of *Nova Solyma* seems to hail from his college days.

CHAPTER II

THIRD DAY IN NOVA SOLYMA

QUITE early next morning, as Joseph did not appear, the youths went to his chamber to find him. He was not there, but a picture hanging in front of his bed at once arrested their attention. They recognised it directly, it was so like life, and so like her whose features were impressed on their inmost soul. In fact, it was Joseph's sister sitting under the sacred vine as they had first of all beheld her. It seemed to them a spirit or ghost rather than a painting; they even fancied, as is not unusual, that the eyes of the picture moved and followed them. They gazed eagerly and took their fill, both artist and subject receiving due meed of praise. Often afterwards they would repeat this visit; indeed, the picture became a shrine where they as lovers worshipped their almost Divine ideal, and the unsubstantial canvas kept the love of the absent one warm in their hearts. It was on this first occasion that a mirror in a window recess caught the eye of Eugenius on account of an inscription he saw thereon. It ran thus:

O thou who in this glass thyself dost view,
With face so fair,
Forget not that the glass is fragile—so are you—
A fragile pair.¹

While Eugenius was reading this, Politian strolled into the adjoining library, whence he heard sounds of reciting

¹ The Latin is:

Qui faciem pulchram speculo meditaris in isto
Heu fragili vitro sis memor esse parem.

or singing. It was Joseph. His early morning thoughts had roused, it seems, such a cheerful sense of God's goodness in bringing him back home again out of such trials and dangers, that he must needs relieve his mind in a joyous song of home and fatherland :

O sacred top of Solyma,¹
 How lovely is the place
 Where stands the city of our King,
 Where faithful saints rejoice and sing
 Of mercy, love, and grace !

¹ The Latin song begins: *O sacrum Solymae, jugum*. The word "top," by which I have translated *jugum*, is one which Milton seems to prefer to any other when he has to refer to a summit of a hill or mountain. He uses this expression "top" nearly twenty times in *Paradise Lost*.

The "sacred top of Solyma" will remind lovers of Milton of the beginning of *Paradise Lost*:

Say, Heavenly Muse, that on the *secret top*
 Of Oreb or of Sinai didst inspire
 That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed.

For it was on the two words put in italics that the famous Master of Trinity made the first of his eight hundred emendations, and perhaps as good as any of them, which, however, is not saying much. Dr. Bentley suggested that as Milton was perfectly blind, and had to dictate to an amanuensis, many mistakes arose in the text from the scribe not quite catching or understanding the spoken word. "Secret top of Oreb" was a clear case of this—at least, so thought the Doctor. "Sacred top" was what Milton dictated, and was misunderstood, and it is shown at some length how unsuitable the epithet "secret" was. To the many arguments Bentley gives there may be added this, that Milton had probably Sylvester's *Du Bartas* in mind, for therein is said of Moses that he "Upon Mount Horeb learn'd the eternal law ;" and of Mount Sinai it is said :

On his *sacred top*
 A whirling flame round like a ball doth wrap.

And if *Nova Solyma* is by Milton, the "sacred top of Solyma" will somewhat strengthen the Doctor's position.

Of course it is well known how miserably the great emendator of the classics failed in the task of correcting Milton. But it is only fair that he should have his due, if anything in our text should appear to favour him, especially as I have, in a note to another passage of the third book (note to "Sin"), rather discounted the one successful shot he has always been allowed to score out of so many—*i.e. ichorous*, his emendation for *nectarous*.

Haggai ii. 9. For there our greater Temple stands
 With greater glory blest,
 And there redeemed from alien lands,
 Brought back at last by God's own hands,
 His Israel finds her rest.

2 Cor. iii. 16 Here too dost Thou, our Light and Life,
 Illumine each dark heart;
 The veil is gone from Israel's face,
 The true Light shines on Israel's race,
 Lord, grant Thine ancient people grace
 To see Thee as Thou art!

Luke ii. 32 Thou art Thy people's glory now,
 And equal hast Thou none;
 Be Thou our Dayspring and our Peace,
 Be Thou our Light till life doth cease,
 Till our short course be run.

Luke xiii 35. Oh! let us know Thee as Thou art,
 Our King and Blessed One.
 Thou art the Holiest in the height;
 The wingèd angels in God's sight
 Heb. i 4. Are servants—Thou His Son.

From Heaven above Thine eyes behold
 Each well-remembered saint;
 The meek may now Thy mercies prove,
 And find in Thee a Brother's love,
 And ardent rise to joys above,
 Rapt by Thy sweet constraint.

In Thy great Temple, O my God,
 How much I'd rather be
 A doorkeeper to stand and wait,
 Or lie and watch before Thy gate
 Till I Thy glory see,
 Than exiled reign in royal state
 For every pleasure free.

An exile long, to me at last
 It is by God's grace given
 To clasp my kindred by the hand,
 Again on Zion's hill to stand,
 And praise God in my Fatherland,
 O antepast of Heaven!

Politian heard it all distinctly, even to the deep sigh with which it ended,¹ and was indeed amazed, for the song was so full of passion throughout, so full of desire, and yet so ambiguous and obscure. Now was recalled to his mind that confession of almost more than sisterly love which had interested him so deeply the day before. Now again he thought of that portrait in Joseph's room, and altogether was not far off from feeling very jealous.

At that moment Joseph came out of his library, so Politian advanced to greet him with a pleasant smile, saying how glad he was to find him, and to have another chance of hearing that edifying discourse of which he never tired.

"Well, then," said Joseph, "I will now proceed with that discourse on the works of God which I in a way began yesterday, and will continue it as its importance demands, for it is a habit with us, if any particular matter is to be discussed, that it should be carried through duly and exhaustively, avoiding the natural levity and foolish love of variety that is so general, with the view not to be led astray in a labyrinth of by-paths, but to obtain the advantage of a direct and persistent enquiry on the main road."

So Joseph took them both to a turret rising from the roof itself, whence was an extensive view of the surrounding hills and landscape, clouds and sky, and where one could meditate and contemplate with nobler and deeper emotion, the majesty and infinite power of Him who had given such sights to men.

¹ How many sighs and prayers have gone up from the dispersed children of Zion in Russian Poland, in Galicia, in Roumania, and by the old broken wall of Jerusalem in these latter days! What longings for this "antepast of Heaven" that Joseph here speaks of! What passionate desire for that time, when the children of Zion should no longer have to "sing the Lord's song in a strange land"! Is this century to see the Zionists in possession again of their Holy City—their longed-for Salem—the "Vision," the "Foundation," the "Inheritance" of Peace, as expositors have variously entitled it? Who can say? From a practical point of view the prospect somehow fails to charm; but when I view it in theory, it seems as if the justice of the world as well as the justice of the Eternal One would be nobly consummated by such a termination to an earthly pilgrimage of nigh two thousand years.

CHAPTER III

THE TOWER DIALOGUES

JOSEPH attacked the subject without prelude, thus :
“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. This Divine phrase carries with it the highest authority and the clearest proof. That heaven and earth exist we see, perceive, and know. Let this be the basis of the whole argument, which can neither be shifted nor shaken. No less reasonably can it be established that there has been a certain fixed and determined beginning for creation. If it had a beginning it was created from nothing, and if so, then it came to exist through the Divine virtue and omnipotence of an infinite Creator.

“Let us proceed with the argument in order :

“First, then, know this, that all bodies, whether celestial or terrestrial, are limited by finite (1) quantity and (2) time, and may be extended, measured, and circumscribed.¹

“(1) As for quantity, however far the universe may reach, it is still a finite mass, for suppose it a thousand times larger, still it must be measurable, and there must be a beginning and ending of your measurement ; for howsoever extensive the limits of anything may be, those same limits certainly terminate it ; and

¹ This word of the text, “circumscribed,” calls to mind the “golden compasses” of *Paradise Lost*, vii. 225 :

And in his hand
He took the golden compasses prepared
In God's eternal store to circumscribe
This universe and all created things.

The reference is scriptural, Prov. viii. 27.

again, if you divide that same mass through its middle, you will see plainly that the former cohesion has been turned into two limiting boundaries. The circle, too, which is in itself a figure of the whole world, is of finite magnitude, though one circle may be larger than another. You have only to measure the circumference to perceive this, and yet a circle is so perfectly free from any beginning or ending of measurement that we must almost look upon it as all beginning or all end. Nor can we rightly define souls to be infinite, since they occupy a certain portion of space, and are in this finite world.

"(2) As for time, this too must be considered as of fixed and limited duration, for it is made up of successive moments, and is used to designate the revolutions of the sky and earth, which are also not eternal. We must not, however, make the mistake that time has its existence from the sun or depends upon that luminary ; for in point of fact the sun came into existence in the course of time, and serves us for a clock to measure it, but time began with the creation of the universe. We may not know the exact date of the world's nativity, but we can understand by the clearest reasons that it occurred some time, for we see it in existence now. No one but a madman would deny that the world is a hundred years older now than it was a hundred years ago ; but we could not say this if the world had no beginning, for one's age is reckoned from his nativity, and that which has always existed is so far beyond any counting process or numeration that it cannot be increased by one jot or tittle. So the world's eternal pre-existence is reduced to an intellectual absurdity for we know for certain that the world's age does increase, and that it is not independent of the progress of time. Again, if you will not admit a beginning, it becomes the same as if you took away the initial number from our numerical notation, and thus destroyed all the processes of arithmetic, or as if you set to work to build on the great abyss, where everything would be totally engulfed. But I will give you what I may almost call ocular demonstration of my thesis.

"Tell me, has not the world of Nature ever since its existence constantly brought forth men and all other living creatures in succession? Well, let us go back step by step. Your father, for instance, is one step back, your grandfather another step back, and so on; but however many steps you go back in this way, you can never exceed a finite number. And suppose, too, that each life was longer than Methusaleh's, what then would you get? Why, only the age of the world in a very large number, but still a finite one. I will go farther, and say that it is not possible to imagine seriously, or conceive in our mind, such a thing as the eternity of past time, for let a man try his best, he will never be able to imagine himself sufficiently old; in spite of himself he will always be thinking of a certain space of time."

Eugenius, who had given most serious attention to what had been said, now remarked: "What you say of the universe and all things in it as enclosed, so to speak, within the limits of number, time, and measure,¹ I think highly probable. But I cannot deny the eternity of time and the eternal existence of our souls after death, for although this material universe can neither be infinite, nor, as I admit, can such a conception be thinkable, yet surely time, which is ever on the wing, and seems

¹ This view of the constitution of the universe seems a favourite one with the writer: it is alluded to again a few pages back under the terms "measure, weight, and order." Its source is a rather uncommon Scriptural one—viz. Wisdom xi. 20: "Thou hast ordered all things in measure and number and weight." Du Bartas reproduces the idea, and Joshua Sylvester, a favourite author of the youthful Milton, translates it as follows:

And in this Storehouse of his Wonder's treasure
Observ'd in all things number, weight, and measure.

It was, however, the common property of the educated world before Du Bartas wrote, for do not some of us remember that charming account of the interview (the final earthly one, alas!) between worthy Roger Ascham and the Lady Jane Grey, then a mere girl?—how he came to "Brodegate" in Leicestershire to take his leave, and "hir parentes the Duke and the Duches with all the houshould Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntynge in the Parke. I founde her," he

so infinitely divisible, has been from everlasting and will continue without end."

"I seem to have been unsuccessful with you on this particular ground; but if I can manage to remove your scruples here, I feel sure all the rest I have urged will be accepted. Hear, then, my argument. Time, as every one knows, is either past, present, or future. Now, everything past or present is subject to the ordinary working of the universe, and is included within its limitations, which are finite. The future is not here yet, but when it arrives, it will be subject to the same conditions. Starting thus, I can safely assert that this world has not been in existence from all eternity, and, according to the law of Nature, cannot possibly be so, for could it have started forth from nothing ten thousand centuries before the present natural limit of its origin, it would still have a beginning and be finite. In the same way, our souls may live on for ever, and yet not obtain that eternity which we imagine, for when they shall have endured a thousand myriads of years, still all the ages past can be numbered, even as the shorter life has been, and can never become infinite. Nor, if this vast body of the universe daily increased, could it ever extend its substance infinitely, which follows by a parity of reasoning.

goes on, "in her Chamber reading Phaeton Platonis in Greeke, and that with as moch delite, as som gentleman wold read a merie tale in Bocace. . . . 'And how came you, Madame,' quoth I, 'to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, and what did chieflie allure you to it, seinge not many women, but verie fewe men have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will mervell at. One of the greatest benefites that ever God gave me, is, that He sent me so sharpe and severe Parentes, and so jentle a scholemaster. For when I am in presence of either father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence . . . or do anie thing els, I must do it, as it were *in soch weight, mesure, and number, even so perfitelie, as God made the world*, or else I am so sharplie taunted that I thinke myself in hell, till tyme cum, that I must go to M. Elmar [Bishop Aylmer, her tutor], who teacheth me jentlie, so pleasantlie, with such faire allurementes to learning, that I thinke all the time nothing, whiles I am with him'" (*The Scholemaster*, by Roger Ascham, edited by Mayor, p. 34).

"And now enough has been said on the first point, nor should there be more doubt concerning the finite origin of the world than there is concerning its present appearance and changes, which are produced and ended before our very eyes in finite time."

Eugenius agreeing, Joseph proceeds to another argument.

"If thus far be true and clear, it follows next that there must have been some beginning of time itself, and of all other material objects, or, what comes to the same thing, nothing could have preceded that beginning, whatever it was; and if nothing preceded, then it was drawn forth and created from nothing. Nor, even if we admit the eternity of the universe, need we deny that it was created from nothing; for what else is there from which it could be created? So there must needs be an ultimate originator of all things, who started first into action from himself; and whatsoever that may be, it will be the Deity to whom alone in His own person we must refer all things. For whether we suppose creation from nothing to occur at a certain point of time or in the fathomless abyss of immeasurable eternity, in each case it implies infinite power, and in the latter case (if possible) something more profound, in so far as the production of a work that is eternal shows more potential energy than the carrying out of a limited work that is not eternal."

"I should like to hear you prove now," said Politian, "that the world did not make itself, but was made by that Infinite Power we call God."

"If," replied Joseph, "the view is held that the world made itself, that is evidently allowing an infinite and Divine power to matter; but, to make the case clearer, I would ask you to examine yourself and consider your natural faculties. You will find them two-fold in their action, and very different. Some are connected with the intellect and judgment, while others, acting unconsciously within, are no less proofs of design and foresight, though we may neither clearly grasp their cause, utility, or mode of action. What man can boast of such chemical knowledge as to be able to teach his stomach and other organs

how to digest their food, how to distil the natural juices into blood and flesh and life, and how to reject what is hurtful or excrementitious? Or if he could do it, what praise would he be likely to obtain? Do not fools and babies do the very thing in question with no exertion? In fact, the more one tried to accomplish this, the less likely would he be to succeed, for he would disturb the natural processes. What mother, too, could be induced to believe that the child in her womb was formed and moulded by herself? for could she not then choose a boy instead of a girl, beauty instead of deformity, and could describe her future progeny before they saw the light? And who among men could hope to succeed in imitating such works of Nature as these are? One here and there may have constructed a wooden puppet with such skill and industry that it is able to utter a few words articulately; but to make one that lives and sees and performs the various duties of our race is what no man can ever do. When I turn these over in my mind, I am fain to cry out with the Psalmist: 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from Thee when I was made in secret and curiously wrought *in the lowest parts of the earth.*¹ Thine eyes did see my substance yet

¹ This Latin verse translation of the Psalmist's account of the embryonic life of man shows clear marks of a Hebrew scholar who had studied the original in an independent spirit, and one who, without adhering to any traditional or current version, gives his own translation in his own words. This was, as we know, one great characteristic of the illustrious John Milton. Here we have a good undesigned coincidence pointing to Milton being the author of this translation in *Nova Solyma*.

The common version of Psalm cxxxix. 15 has always been: "When I was. . . curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth"; and the Revised Version allows this to stand even now without marginal note or comment. But Hebrew scholars are all agreed that the words "lower" or "lowest parts of the earth," which are used elsewhere in Scripture with the meaning of "the unseen world," are, in this particular passage, to be considered as referring, in a figurative sense, to the womb as a region of darkness and mystery. This, they all say, is clearly shown by the parallelism of the Hebrew poetry. Now, in

being imperfect, and in Thy book were all my members written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.'¹

"From ourselves let us descend a step to the animal creation, to which belongs a certain understanding and power of conception: for instance, the swallow and her mudbuilt nest; the fox, as cunning in securing his prey as he is in saving his brush. We suppose all this arises from natural propensity and a perceptive power somewhat akin to the ingenuity of man. Nor do we less admire how the egg is formed in one and the foetus in another, and how the seeds scattered in the bosom of the brute² earth burst forth into green shoots and waving grass. And as for inorganic Nature, it is carried through all its movements and attractions without any life or apprehension in itself. My query therefore is: Who or what is that great working Energy which so wisely and prudently produces these specimens of His eminent skill and intelligence, and that too in objects manifestly unequal to such endeavours in themselves? Surely, when none of our own race is presumptuous enough to claim the honour, every man would scorn to attribute it to the lower tribes. Will one say that the universe is a mathematician because itself and all its component parts are formed to move in such beautiful and complete figures and curves? Will one give to the marshalled hosts of the starry sky the credit of knowing drill and discipline? By what words of prayer does the earth obtain the sweet influence of the constellations?³ or

this passage of *Nova Solyma* (ii. 15) we have "the lowest parts of the earth" rendered *inferna sedes uteri*, a correct and fine paraphrase of the original Hebrew characteristically, as we have mentioned, pointing to Milton.

¹ Ten Latin hexameters paraphrasing Psalm cxxxix. 14-16.

² Latin is: *bruta tellus*. Notice *Comus*, 797, when Milton uses "brute earth." The expression is, of course, Horatian originally (*Odes*, I. xxxiv. 9). Tennyson uses "brute earth" (*In Memoriam*, cxxvii.), but the expression cannot be common, for the New English Dictionary (Oxford) only gives one quotation—viz. 1712, Blackmore's *Creation*—and omits both Tennyson and Milton!

³ This influence of the stars on the earth is mentioned in several

when was the treaty struck with the sea, that it should not transgress its certain bounds? Do the flowers rejoice in their beauty, or adorn themselves in their gay apparel and delicate odours, or seek to please the sense of men? Do the fruits of the earth grow up annually of themselves with this one object, to satisfy us? In fine, does everything of itself so fall in order as to be of service to man, for whose sake it has been made? Whence arises this foresight, this parliament and republic in the world? Surely the man who denies any appearance of contrivance in inorganic Nature, and he who asserts that it is self-conscious, are equally opposed to what is reasonably true. What, then, is left but to come back to that original Almighty Creator who has formed¹ all these things out of nothing, and regulates them by His wisdom?

"A certain man once found some mathematical figures marked out on the sea-shore; he straightway declared on this evidence alone that the place was inhabited by man.² And the evidences I have mentioned are just as weighty, and what they point to is no less clear."

Hereupon, as having made his point, Joseph took breath and paused.

Politian again pressed him with an objection. "May there not be some natural property of matter lying hid in its mingled elements, which is the prime origin of the present universe?"

"That I utterly deny," said Joseph; "for if you bring Nature as final efficient cause, you might just as well say that architecture builds a house, or the art of management governs a household—for these are only human arts and craft which the mind of man uses for his purpose, just as Nature is the Divine art by which God made the world, and ever since regulates it. If by Nature you understand a great gathering together and disciplined array of original impulses implanted in or impressed upon

places in *Nova Solyma*. Job xxxviii. 31 is probably the origin here. Cf. also *Paradise Lost*, viii. 513, ix. 107, etc.

¹ Lat. *finxit*.

² This reminds us of Paley's watch.

elementary matter, you then must also admit a Being who implants or impresses; for where does this hidden Natural Power, which you set up to do so much, show us His science and skill? What art or reason can there be in mere clods of earth, in the procreative secretions, or in the wondrously beautiful array of stars? Now, a house with the wood-work carefully put together, or an automaton, is a very different affair, for in these cases they are obviously not self-made, but bear the marks of a manufactured article. I cannot see why any one should confuse his thoughts by this word Nature, when in all other works he clearly perceives and admits the devices of a worker. And if we agree to hold that it is a very powerful and wise Spirit who is the Author and Acting Power everywhere, we are drawn to confess that this is only another phrase for the Deity. Indeed, this truth has such a wide application that in whatever direction we try to evade it, we find it still facing us."

"But," says Politian again, "suppose all comes by chance, or by the force of eternal necessity, without any author or design, so that originally the elements were in a confused mass, then gradually fell more in order, and last of all evolved this most beautiful universe we live in?"

Here Eugenius smiled and said: "First you put Nature in the place of the Divine Power, and then Fate in the place of Providence, which last expression generally includes both Free Will and Necessity, although they are so radically opposed; for whatever happens contrary to the order of Nature does not happen of necessity, and events that constantly succeed in a known order exclude the idea of chance. Now, to put fatalism in the place of providential care is such a vain opinion that it seems scarcely worth Joseph's while to refute; indeed, I believe I can easily do that myself.

"That all events are contingent or necessary is a new and rather puny¹ philosophy. It is true that all students of Nature admit that in all her works she shows the

¹ *Foeminea.*

connected links of a long chain of sequences; even if they cannot fully comprehend it, they admit its presence. These links are not the efficient causes or principles, but rather the resulting ones. When a fire reduces a house to ashes, you might say it was by chance—*i.e.* outside man's intention; but it happens *per se* in the order of things and not by chance. Again, if you set light to wood and coals on the hearth, they are necessarily burnt, because fire has the *vis caustica* and the material is *ustibilis*. Nor, again, do abnormal events break the chain of Nature. Monsters are constantly produced, generally from some undue excess or defect in the generative power to which the offspring corresponds. There is much, too, in Nature that seems to wear out by degrees daily; if such loss happened all at once, it would everywhere be considered a miracle. Nature, moreover, has a very great tendency to variation—even in the same breed you never see two quite alike—but necessary sequence forbids variation altogether. But why skirmish any longer around a defeated opponent? I will finish by one argument, or rather proof, which is this: Our free will raises itself above all these natural contingencies and limitations, and is subject to the providential foresight of God alone, His will and His impulse. Do we build our houses by chance? Do we chisel out the statue or build the lofty rhyme by chance? Can we not of ourselves vary and confuse the natural sequences? Can we not even put an end to them, and make a whole natural genus extinct, and last of all ourselves too? Where now, I say, is this iron law of Necessity, and the inseparable links of that great chain? Where is it shown that the constraint of a baser nature is invincible? Whoever asserts such a tyranny as this does not sufficiently call to mind his liberty and his manhood.”¹

Politian, rather ashamed of his last attempt, now produced another, which he thought a better one. “Although you have thus far compelled us by your arguments to admit a great Creator who is also Governor of the

¹ Miltonic.

world, why may I not venture to suggest that our material universe is constituted and regulated by a mind of its own, and that this is the case even from its extreme boundary, the imperishable heaven, to this central earth of ours, which we may liken to a uterus¹ in its way of disposing, dissolving, and generating matter?"

"That," said Joseph, "is indeed a theory of monstrous birth, akin to the earth-supporting atlas the poets speak of; but, as with all your other suggestions, you fall back on some Divine influence or power, and as this is not very wide of the mark, I will not further debate, but try to turn the faint streaks of glimmering dawn into the clear light of day.

"Now, if such a wise and active and indwelling spirit be the cause of its essence and the creator of the world as well, it cannot possibly be joined to a finite body, for of itself it is clearly infinite, as harmoniously connecting things infinitely separate, and this quality of infinity is is the truest sign of the Divine Perfection. For what is Infinite is *One*, and can have no rival. For suppose a rival, even one as inferior as possible, he would prevent total supremacy, or at least limit it. So we arrive at this, that God is eternal and omnipresent, and not limited by time or space; for who can be induced to believe that a self-originating Power, to whom all things owe their existence, could have come into existence at any fixed point of time or space? Why not elsewhere, why not aforesaid, why any delay, obstacle, or impediment, why later in time or less absolutely? How can we think of begetters, or sustainers, or coadjutors in such a case? Such an incomprehensible Being must have incomprehensible attributes beyond our highest faculties."

To this Politian gave reply: "You dumfounded us by your arguments and logic, and bind us down by cords of reasoning so tied as to be insolvable, giving the impression that your view is more in accordance with the

¹ I cannot say that I have met with this uterus theory anywhere else, but I well remember that the late Professor Clifford, the great mathematician, suggested that the universe might be a huge brain.

laws of Nature ; but what can be more unreasonable and self-contradictory, and more opposed to the evidence of the senses, than that something should come out of nothing, and by any means be extracted from it ? And so you overlook these difficulties, and take shelter behind that ineffable Deity which no eye can see, no words explain, and no thoughts conceive."

Joseph replied to this with more sternness and emphasis than was his wont. "No," said he, "it is you who try to cut the knots you cannot untie, and when the light shines forth, you prefer to go back into darkness ; but you are greatly mistaken if you hold either that our reason cannot rise to any knowledge at all of a Deity, or, on the other hand, expect a clear and perfect knowledge. We are like men gazing upon or peering into the mighty ocean : one sees farther than another or deeper down, according to his eyesight ; but the clearest-sighted of them all cannot penetrate the darker depths or see beyond the skyline, and the more he sees, the more he knows there is to see. So reason teaches us that the world which exists during time must have begun and must end in time ; reason shows that whatever began at a certain time had no existence beforehand ; reason proves to us that it is impossible for something to be produced from nothing except by an infinite Power ; and the same reason compels us to acknowledge that what is infinite cannot be perfectly known by any finite intelligence. These are not empty figments or probable conjectures, but evident, straightforward truths, commending themselves to the will and the intellect. In fact, the world, in the truest sense of the expression, is the *idolum*, or *imago*, of the Deity. But just as a picture by no means gives us a facial likeness of the painter, although it gives us a representation of him, inasmuch as it shows us his ability and method of work, so it is with the world, which is in this sense the representation, or *idolum*, of God.

"To this knowledge of God we rise somehow thus : First, we attribute to God the things that are God's and to the world that which belongs to it. Now, the world is a kind

of half-way house between God and non-existence, and since all imperfection has a tendency to make for non-existence, while God is the author of existence and perfect goodness, we ought, in trying to arrive at the knowledge of God, to neglect the imperfections of matter, and to seize rather some glimpse of God's likeness from His purest and most perfect works here below, investing them with His attribute of eternity. As created things clearly show a Creator, so the infinite work of creation shows that the Creator is infinite. Again, since the lowest and most rudimentary forms enjoy existence, which is really their chief and typical feature, surely the existence of their Maker clearly follows ; for whatever is non-existent can neither act nor give existence to others. So this existence, as far as it is real and beneficent, rises up to the existence of God. But all that is vain and dependent, limited, compound, or changeable, belongs to the creation, not the Creator. Take these away, then, from the idea of God, and you will understand that He is an existence primal, universal, perfectly complete.¹ He is infinitely above us, yea, more so than we are above non-existence ; for granted that God created us from non-existence, still He cannot create another Deity from us. Indeed, God could not be infinite, if we had attributes similar to His, but in Him we live and move and have our being as so many motes in a sunbeam, borrowing a fitful existence from the light—or rather, I might say, we resemble the phantasies and spectres of an active brain ; and so we have been called 'the Poems of God.'² And indeed 'He spake the word, and all things were created.'

¹ Lat. *omnibus modis consummata*. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, viii. 421. *Omnibus numeris absolutum* was a similar phrase often used by Milton. It is Ciceronian, and corresponds to Ben Jonson's description of Bacon: "He filled all numbers."

² This phrase or idea was the common property of the Cambridge Platonists, with whom Milton was in some degree allied in thought, and it occurs several times in their writings. Cudworth, of *The Intellectual Universe*, repeats, with some expansion, what his fellow-Platonists had expressed before. "The evolution of the world . . . is a truer poem, and we men histrionical actors upon the stage, who

"Therefore, since He is infinite, incapable of addition, diminution, or variation, it follows that He is perfect always and everywhere, complete, constant, and immovable, enjoying always the central immensity and eternity. Nor if we search beyond the utmost sphere of this universe is there aught that can co-exist with Him. For there we find first the yawning pit, the deep abyss, and chaos inscrutable, quite as potent a barrier as the firm, impenetrable walls that limit our universe.¹ There, I say, is that formless void, that empty space, which Nature so abhors that she breaks her own laws rather than unite with it.² Who could live or endure there before the world was made, or, what is beyond our conceptions, before time was? But that which is infinite must of necessity fill this void too, vast as it is in space and time, and be present outside the universe no less than within it.

"It is clear, likewise, that God has our good attributes, such as power, life, intelligence, liberty, justice, goodness, and the rest, but in His own infinite degree; and not only ought we to refer to Him whatever in us is beautiful and distinguished, but even our better feelings and thoughts, for it is His work that our minds so act.

"We may well believe that God has in Himself other splendours, of which this world gives no sign, and which are beyond conjecture and imagination; nor can we deny His power to produce other worlds than ours, or a new order of Nature, so different from the present as not to be described by any word or similitude that we could use.

"Finally, then, as God is infinite, and without rival or associate, it follows that in our conception God must notwithstanding insert something of our own into the poem too; but God Almighty is that skilful dramatist who always connecteth that of ours which went before with what of His follows after into good coherent sense.

¹ The *primum mobile*, an impenetrable shell (Masson, Introduction, *Paradise Lost*, p. 26).

² Milton afterwards met Galileo, who knew Torricelli intimately, so possibly he had reasons to modify this ancient and proverbial idea in later life by the light of the Torricellian experiment.

be distinguished as One, the One Deity, the absolutely perfect One; for that which consists of parts can never be infinite.

"From all these arguments we can picture to ourselves a certain idea of God, which He, having regard to our finite faculties, deigns to accept from us; but His exceeding greatness and glory cannot be measured or comprehended by human reason. This we must ever humbly admit, and the confession will cover our imperfections in His sight."

NOTE

This fine optimistic peroration on Nature, and especially the view of Evolutionary Nature as the "Poems of God," call to my mind the expressions of a very humble and unjustly forgotten genius, John Critchley Prince, who said: "When the Almighty, in the plenitude of His wisdom, created the earth, the plan and progress of his work was the opening and the gradual development of a poem which no inferior Intelligence should ever be able to alter, imitate, or destroy; a poem of transcendent grandeur and sublimity, which should never become obsolete, but retain its pristine loveliness to the very end of time." He said much in continuation to the same effect in refined and cheerful eloquence, and his poems, especially *The Poet's Sabbath*, are worthy of perusal for their rhythmical charm and excellent word-painting. He was an uneducated weaver born at Wigan in 1808, and wrote *Hours with the Muses* (1841, 1st ed.; 1847, 4th and last ed.). For some time he begged his bread from door to door. I give one stanza from this lover of Nature and its Creator:

Man cannot stand beneath a loftier dome
 Than this cerulean canopy of light—
 The ETERNAL'S vast immeasurable home,
 Lovely by day and wonderful by night!
 Than this enamelled floor so greenly bright,
 A richer pavement man hath never trod;
 He cannot gaze upon a holier sight
 Than fleeting cloud, fresh wave, and fruitful sod—
 Leaves of that boundless Book writ by the hands of God.

(*Hours with the Muses*, 1847, p. 8.).

CHAPTER IV

THE STRANGE ECSTASY OF JOSEPH

WHILE he was thus speaking, a great fear and amazement fell upon him,¹ so that he seemed

¹ Here we have something very much like the *ἔκστασις* of Neo-Platonism, and allied to the inner light of the Quakers. With the Neo-Platonists, to attain to this beatific vision was a high and rare privilege. Plotinus hints at but three or four such experiences, and Porphyry had one and only one, at the age of sixty-eight.

There were Cambridge Platonists in Milton's lifetime, and though More, Cudworth, and the other leaders of the Cambridge school were rather later than Milton's college days, yet we know that More came up to the University before Milton left it, and Platonism was in the air. Who was more fitted to inhale it than Milton? Who was a better subject for receiving the inner light? And who of mortals has invoked the guidance of the Divine Spirit in sublimer language?

It seems to have been More's wish to lead his friends to believe that he had himself enjoyed the *ἔκστασις* of Plotinus. I should not be surprised if Milton had similar feelings and experiences, though I cannot find that they have been historically or traditionally alluded to. Some have thought (Peck, *Memoirs of Milton*, 1740, p. 274) that Milton in his latter days was more of a Quaker than anything else, and in his later verse we read:

He who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true
(*Paradise Regained*, iv. 288),

and there was his friendship with Mr. Elwood the Quaker and Mrs. Thomson to bear this out.

In addition to this beautiful trance utterance of Joseph in the text (and Joseph, we know, stands for the author of *Nova Solyma*) there are many other allusions to what is called Divine, or Spirit, guidance in *Nova Solyma*. Joseph's Genius is frequently noticed; his poems, *nova quaedam et forte incognita* ("things unattempted yet in prose

carried round in a great whirlpool of conflicting thoughts, quite unable to utter or explain the mighty and deep things that were rushing through his mind. Meanwhile, his inner sight being opened, he stood silent for a time, as though seized and arrested by ecstatic musings or

or rhyme"), are said to be the creation of his *Genius*; and by this word the old classical idea of a guardian spirit, or guide, is suggested, or at least not excluded. Milton uses the word too. In that well-known autobiographical passage in *Reasons of Church Government*, where he complains of being engaged in a manner of writing wherein he has the use only of his left hand, he describes himself as "led by the genial power of Nature to another task." But there is stronger evidence yet, and Richardson, a good early witness, supplies it. It seems that Milton's unpremeditated verse would sometimes flow in a torrent, under the impulse, as it were, of some strange poetical fury, and that in these peculiar moments of imagination, his amanuensis, who was generally his daughter, was summoned by the bell to arrest the verses as they came, and to commit them to the security of writing. "With a certain *impetus* and *oestro*," are Richardson's words.

Scholars are well acquainted with the interesting cases of Socrates and Pascal (*Vision and Amulet*, November 23rd, 1654); but I do not think it is so well known that both Tennyson and Wordsworth were occasionally ecstatics. Professor Tyndall is my authority, in his "Glimpses of Farringford" at the end of the second volume of Tennyson's Life. It seems that Tennyson, Jowett, and Tyndall had been talking together after dinner in Tennyson's den near the top of his house; and when Jowett had left, Tennyson, with great earnestness, described a state of consciousness into which he could throw himself by thinking intensely of his own name. It was an apparent isolation of the spirit from the body. "By God Almighty," he exclaimed, "there is no delusion in the matter! It is no nebulous ecstasy, but a state of transcendent wonder associated with absolute clearness of mind!"

Tyndall also says that he was told by Professor Bonamy Price that Wordsworth, while walking out with a friend, turned to his companion and said: "My dear sir, to assure myself of the existence of my own body, I am sometimes obliged to grasp an object like this [a gate they were passing] and shake it."

See later on, in Book IV. chapter x., Joseph's ecstatic vision of God and judgment compared with the "Vision of Adonai" as experienced by Maitland, Annie Kingsford, and T. L. Harris.

Since writing the above it has been a pleasure to notice that these matters are now coming more to the front even among the strictly orthodox. In the *Church Quarterly Magazine*, the most cultured exponent of Anglicanism, we read: "The spiritual gaze may be purged

dazed by excess of heavenly light. After he had returned to himself, Politianus again took up his office of critical objector, remarking that "If God be such as you say, and so great, why, I wonder, does He not come forth and show Himself; why does He not preserve all things in their due perfection, and assert His power and vindicate Himself before ignorant and unjust men?"

To these questions Joseph, having first slightly jerked his head,¹ thus replied: "Your weapons are too weak to expel or take from our possession that truth which we have gotten for ourselves and hold to, nor are they hard to parry. My wonder rather is, how the eternal and infinite Deity can be perceived by a finite mind in any way or manner. Can any one conceive in his mind by what force or art or magic something can come out of nothing? Again, if God were willing to show Himself to our finite senses, He must needs become an Impersonator, and clothe Himself with a material body; but crass and dull matter has no congruity with His purity, and not even then should we see Him as He is, but something most unlike. Nor is it possible that any one could properly explore that infinity which God enjoys with no companion, being

and unsealed at the fountain of heavenly radiance, and as it cannot be denied that it has been granted to many, so it may be possible for us to experience and enjoy a consciousness of a communication with the Eternal" (Review of *Christian Mysticism*, January, 1900).

There has also just been published (1900) a suggestive book, *The Soul of a Christian*, by Frank Granger, Litt.D., who quotes the following: "Mr. Yeats speaks of a little company of Irish mystics who cultivate the power of vision at the present time. They 'have taught for some years a religious philosophy which has changed many ordinary people into ecstasies and visionaries. Young men who were, I think, apprentices and clerks have told me how they lay awake at night hearing miraculous music, or seeing forms that made the most beautiful painted and marble forms seem dead and shadowy'" (Frank Granger's *Soul of a Christian*, 1900, p. 150).

¹ As coming out of a trance? Any one who has been to spiritual seances or heard inspirational speakers in these latter days, will have noticed the peculiar jerk of the head when the inspiration is ended, and the speaker returns to himself. Was Milton a medium? or had he seen one?

His eternal possession and eternal happiness.¹ Not even the angels can fully look into these matters, for it is charged to them as folly² and vanity. But yet our mind, even here below, has a knowledge of God implanted in it by its very nature, and the man who has kept that alive and strong will not easily have that conviction shaken. Nor is there any nation, community, or tribe where you will not find record of some kind of religion. Surely this universal and immemorial experience can be nothing else but the voice of Nature herself clearly and indubitably confessing a Deity. As for the providence and patience of God, they require another discourse, and other reasons."

"We shall eagerly look forward to that," said Politian, "for though I have always held this truth in general terms, it has been my great desire to hear it expressed fully and exhaustively."³

"I give your criticisms," replied Joseph, "their due meed of praise, for you really have brought forward all the points in dispute, and have shown a desire to remove the least occasion of scruple from this primal and most important truth, on which all others depend. I shall gladly rejoice if my disquisition has thrown any light on your enquiries. As for me, the older I get, the clearer is my view, and I go only, so to speak, from the bondage of this world of sense into the glorious liberty of God. When I expand and illumine my mind with these far-reaching meditations, I satisfy a desire that nothing else

¹ Quoted in Du Bartas (*Augustine on Psalm cxx.*): "Deus in se habitabat, apud se habitabat, apud se erat."

² Job iv. 18.

³ The Latin is: *omnibus numeris absolutum*, which is a Ciceronian phrase meaning complete in all its parts and perfect. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, viii. 420) speaks of God as—

Infinite,

And through all numbers absolute, though one.

This too is the phrase that Ben Jonson was thinking of when he said of Bacon that "he hath filled up all numbers." The Baconians make much of this, taking "numbers" to mean poetry.

can quench, and I seem engulfed and surrounded by the everlasting waters of the Fountain of Life.

"Ah! then, O Eternal God, I see Thee and adore, praising Thy unspeakable excellence and glory; then, by this ever-blessed vision, I come into a foretaste of Heaven, and, as far as can be given to mortal man, I am satisfied with Thy fulness. Thy presence everywhere surrounds me, Thy goodness enlightens my path. Thou drawest me to acknowledge and admire this universe, Thy great work, though I cannot so much as count its elements, measure its limits, or divine its nature; but when I compare it with Thee I understand how all things are but passing forms, dreams, and shadows. When I take from them what is Thine and restore it to Thee, I am left bare indeed. And so, whatever we are, in comparison with Thee we are nothing, and without Thee we fall into our own nothingness.¹ Thou art One alone; in Thee my mind finds rest, it neither desires nor perceives any other refuge. Thou art most absolute; from Thy goodness I cannot separate either Thy arbitrary power or Thy justice, nor is there any attribute of Thine that I prefer to Thee. In Thee alone is no variableness; Thou art ever in peace, and Thou givest Thy peace to them that trust in Thee. All else is unstable; if any put their trust elsewhere than in Thee, they are tossed to and fro as by the rolling waves, they sink as in a treacherous quicksand, or they pass away and vanish like a summer cloud. The centuries come and go, but eternity is Thine. Thou canst order the change and decay of all things, and Thou canst renew. From the beginning we have lain hid in the bosom of Thy good pleasure, and at Thy appointed time we are brought forth, we live, and we die. Thou hast not to look back to the past, or forward to the future; Thy all-seeing eye has all events and all ages before it, for Thou art all in all.

"Thy pure and hallowed majesty cannot suffer by our misdoings, cannot be diminished by our defects, cannot be defied by our resistance.

"We are but as weapons brandished by Thy hand, with

¹ St. Augustine.

no force but what Thou suppliest ; if Thy hand be taken away, we fall powerless to the earth again.

"In the lowest grades of creation Thou hast impressed the marks of Thy wisdom, and, as far as we can examine, all things seem in accordance with reason ; and if there be any mysteries that are too deep for reason, it is left to us to admire and wonder at them, as the designs of a more inscrutable Providence, or the state secrets of the King of kings. Thou takest in hand the disposition and passions, and they are moulded by Thee ; Thou art worshipped by the submission of the mind to Thee, and to such a worshipper Thou revealest Thyself, and takest up Thy abode with him.

"Thou, O God, art our Law, our Ensampler, our Judge. Thou art the Fountain of Goodness welling out into an overflowing ocean embracing all things. The highest and best eulogies belong to Thee ; over-praise is not possible, for how can we even give Thee Thy due ? O God, pardon me, I pray, in this, that I cannot worthily or eloquently treat of Thy great majesty ; but oh ! impart Thyself to me ; oh ! let the Heavenly Influx come, that I may see the light of Thy presence, and be enfolded in Thy love."

It was a peroration very vehement and striking, as of one rapt in ecstasy. But the tune was too high for mortal endeavour, and so, feeling unequal to the task, Joseph committed it to the angels above, suddenly breaking forth in this rhythmic strain :¹

¹ Compare Milton's

"My muse with angels did divide to sing"

(*The Passion*, line 4),

also

"And join thy voice unto the angel quire"

(*Hymn on the Nativity*, 27),

and what Masson says : "Milton . . . would pile thoughts and fancies together till no prose sentence could convey the whole burden in its cadence, and the residue had to be conveyed in a poetic channel" (Masson, *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, s.v. "Milton"). What an illustration have we in our text !

O young-eyed choir of angels blest,
Who ne'er, by sin or pride possessed,
Have forfeited your Heavenly Rest,
 But kept your first estate,
Come, raise your joyful songs on high,
Let all the morning stars draw nigh,
Let antiphons of praise reply,
 " Our God alone is great."

But we below have sins to own ;
Oppressed with shame, we can but groan
 Beneath our burden vast.
Oh ! how we long for that great day
When He who went before shall say,
" Come, join our choir with voices gay,
 For all your woes are past."

'Tis yours to leave, if God approve,
Your heavenly citadel above,
 And fight the infernal crew ;
'Tis yours, as ministers of grace,
To guard and guide our mortal race,
Or speed as messengers through space,
 And 'tis your pleasure too.

May it be ours with joyful heart,
Under God's will, to bear our part
 And bravely stand our ground.
Soon shall the fight be won, and they
Who fret not at their Lord's delay,
But faithful unto death do stay,
 Shall be as victors crowned.

When the end came, Eugenius could not refrain, but broke forth : " Can such an utterance come from mortal men ? Methought 'twas Adam that I heard speaking in Paradise before he fell,¹ or else some of the blessed saints who in the courts of Heaven do speak and sing of Him whom now they see."

To him gave Joseph quiet answer thus : " May He grant indeed that we all so dwell on these high arguments, not as in the schools for practice or debate, but as it

¹ Milton, in his third draft of *Paradise Lost*, in the Trinity College MS., makes Moses, in the Prologue, say : " We cannot see Adam in the state of innocence by reason of sin."

is in Heaven, as if we stood ever in God's presence, waiting in the Temple, turning all things to His glory and our reasonable service."¹

To this they all gave token of assent, bending their heads as in prayer, and thus breaking up, they descend from their lofty chamber.

¹ Mark Pattison says of Milton (p. 37) that he had "a soul tremulous with emotion, whose passion was intensified by the discipline of a chaste intention." Here and throughout the present volumes we have everywhere the evidence of such a soul.

This song of Joseph "committed to the angel choir" strongly reminds us of what the youthful Milton might be expected to produce.

Even Samuel Johnson, who seemed to dislike Milton almost personally, and showed such a strange prejudice against the beauties of *Lycidas*, could not help admitting "in Milton every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners." Is not that also remarkably the case in this Romance?

CHAPTER V

THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE AND THE MEETING WITH PHILANDER

THE young travellers now began to think that they ought to write home, and get their letters conveyed by the merchants. So when they had them ready, Joseph conducted them to the merchants' Exchange in the market-place. Their Public Hall, which stood among private houses, was a square building, but its two gangways, one on each side, took off from its width inside. In front a square tower rose from the roof, having on each of its four sides a clock face to draw attention to the passing hours, while the clock within ever and anon sounded forth the time for all to hear. Above was a little silvery-toned bell only used on the more important occasions of convening or dismissing meetings.

The central space within was open to the sky, and paved with roughish stones closely laid. There was a slight slope from the centre to the sides, where stone gutters drained off the rain and slush. Skirting this open space were marble pillars supporting the upper storeys of the buildings, and so forming a colonnade for promenaders, with a heavy timbered vaulted ceiling. The floor was a tessellated pavement in various colours, and continuous seats were provided along the walls. Below this were little stores filled with merchandise and necessities of all kinds, while on a higher level there was what might be called the Ladies' Bazaar, an emporium of all articles of feminine adornment, a "tiring-

house" of which they never tired;¹ for here those fancy articles which the fair sex ever delights in, as aids to elegance and fashion, were on sale and view. The buildings were roofed with lead, and the walls that faced the central area were all blank.²

When they had arranged for their letters and were walking about the place, a young lad was seen to be constantly following them at some little distance. His face was a handsome one, but bronzed as if by constant exposure to the sun. When at length he was somewhat nearer, the two lads, struck by his appearance, looked steadily at him, but he, directing his glances only at Joseph, at first did nought but tremble and blush, but presently, by his miserable, beseeching looks, showed that he desired something of them. Noticing this, Joseph went up to him and asked who he was, and of what country, and how he was faring. He replied that he was an Italian named Philander, driven by a stepmother's ill-treatment from his father's house, and that he had fled to Solyma, as he had heard it was a town devoted to liberal studies and honest pursuits, where he might gain a livelihood by honourable work. He had, he said, learnt Hebrew at home, among other things, and gave a specimen in a most delicious foreign accent; but that, since he was destitute

¹ As there is a pun, or play on words, in the original, I have attempted to follow suit. I have no doubt Milton was of the opinion that ladies who devoted too much time to "tiring their heads" were more like Jezebel than Martha.

² As I think Latin scholars would like to see some of the original of this elaborate description of the Merchants' Exchange, I place it here. It is the work of a practised Latinist: "*Subdialis area rudioribus lapillis constipata sensim a medio umbilico vergebat in saxeos canales, qui confluentem pluviarum vim in se receptam sub terram demitterent. Ambulacra undique sub aedibus extructa, marmoreis columnis arcuatam tignorum molem inter se sustinentibus in aream patebant. Pavimentum omne discoloribus saxis tessellatum erat, et continua per parietes sedilia defessos ambulandi excipiebant. Infrà cellulae publicis mercibus confertae. Suprà cedes plumbeo tecto et integris parietibus inclusae; quas muliebre mercatorum diceret, et omnium mundorum mundum, quippe hic vaeneunt leviora mercimonia, quaecunque ad cultum et ornatum faciunt,*"

and a stranger, he had no chance of teaching or even of finding lodgings as yet. He ended by saying how glad he would be for any help.

The eloquence of his pleadings and tears greatly disposed them all in his favour, especially as they judged from his manner and speech that he was of gentle breeding, and besides, Eugenius and Politianus thought of their own case, which made them all the more eagerly enquire about his parents, his education, and his adventures. As he showed no unwillingness to answer, and it seemed likely to be a rather long recital, they all betook themselves to the seats close at hand.¹ As soon as they were settled, the boy began to relate his troubles in due order.

"Fortune," he said, "gave me at first more gifts than blows. My father was a Neapolitan of noble birth, with plenty of money, and I was his only child, but by a former marriage. He was kind to excess, and my stepmother for a long time seemed to vie with him in affection to me. She had an only daughter by her first husband, who was nearly of a marriageable age already, good-looking, and well dowered from her late father. Each parent looked forward to our future union. But often the most careful plans are easily upset by the simple course of events. I was staying at our country place, and it happened one day that I went hunting, and just as the sport was becoming exciting, I caught sight of the stag far in front of the hounds. As I judged that he was sure to make for a well-known place of refuge in the woods, I urged my horse swiftly in that direction, leaving the rest of the company entirely; but when at full speed he stumbled over a stone, and flung me headlong to the ground. Terrified and dazed by the sudden shock of the fall, I lost consciousness, and fell into a dead faint.

¹ This was quite the correct thing to do, as the favourite heroic novels of the period show us. Their characters were always telling long-winded tales, and the listeners at once began to look for chairs. An amusing instance occurs in Calprenède's *Cassandre*. We find there that when Tireus had a story to tell to Prince Oroëntades, the Prince at once went to bed and had seats put round him for the company, and so composed himself to hear the recital,

Just then, as it happened, there was a girl, a foreigner, taking a walk not far from the spot, who lodged with our steward. Seeing the accident, she came with all speed to my help, and bending over me with every attention, somehow at last brought me back from my Lethean sleep.

"The sight of her seemed to quicken me with the breath of life, and yet at the same time to withdraw it. Indeed, when my opening eyes first gazed upturned upon that face, I thought it could be none of mortal kind I saw, but some one of those woodland nymphs who, as men say, guard hunters in their peril. In fact, I was preparing to make her due obeisance. The sudden love that then took possession of my heart it is impossible to express; it came as a Divine afflatus, it made my heart glow as with fire from heaven. Perhaps my semi-consciousness made me an easy prey, or it maybe that my heart knew at once its fate and joyfully accepted it, as new-born babes when first they see the light.¹

"Besides her beauty, the great service she had done for me drew me to her, and all the more because she spoke so modestly of the help she had been able to give. It was not long before the others came up, and carried me, still rather faint, to the steward's abode, till a carriage was got ready to take me home.

"My parents had heard nothing of the accident till they saw me back again safe and sound, and when I told them, they were horrified at the thought of my narrow escape. I told them I owed my life to an unknown young girl who was living with our steward's family. My father said she deserved a handsome reward; and next day my mother and her daughter went to see her, and found that she was not in service there, but a guest who had come from Syria, named Crescentia,² so they invited her to stay with us. To me, of course, nothing could have happened better, and my father and mother, not yet suspecting any love affair, joined me in paying her every attention. Her

¹ Does not this incident recall the "foreign" fair ones who bent over Milton in admiration when he was asleep near Cambridge?

² Joseph (Heb, "He shall add or increase").

manners were so pleasant that all were charmed with her noble disposition and varied accomplishments. As she was very clever at needlework, my mother asked her to depict the scene of the accident in that way. She soon began it, and when finished you could almost fancy that the figures which she had worked in with her needle were real and moving. In the foreground was the youth lying, deadly pale, and with drooping head, which the maiden was holding in her tender and skilful hands. Close by was his horse, still struggling on the ground, and vigorously kicking out those limbs that had so recently failed him. At some little distance the rest of the party, with the hounds, were following the stag, engrossed with their sport. All who saw it said it was a splendid work of art. I carefully preserved it, more to remind me of my love than of my escape.

“All things passed like a happy dream till my parents began to urge forward the expected wedding, and to constantly speak of it as a second betrothal and the reunion of themselves in their children, to praise it as the best possible family bond of unity, the remover of all jealousies, a partnership which happily brought together and indeed doubled the family possessions, and to declare that further delay was positively wrong. Least of all did they think of consulting me in the matter, so unsuspecting were they and so jubilant. For before I saw Crescentia I paid my stepsister the ordinary attentions of a lover, and afterwards, when my feelings changed, I concealed my true love as well as I could, and invented from time to time plausible reasons for delaying the marriage. But there are hardly any secrets which do not somehow leak out in time, and so it came to pass that my parents were told the real truth, but by whom I never heard. My father began now to play his reticence against mine, and, without saying a word to me, he ordered the steward to take Crescentia into his household again, and to keep her as a prisoner there, and meanwhile had a report spread that she had gone back to her own country. As soon as she was gone, my father urged my marriage

by all possible means, first by kind advice, by pleadings, and blandishments, and then, failing these, by threats and execrations; and when he found all in vain, and my stepmother urging him against me as well, he could hardly contain himself at the unexpected overthrow of all his hopes and plans.

"Meanwhile, Crescentia escaped by night from her keeper, and when this became public, the tale was invented that she had been kept there on a charge of sorcery and poisoning, and that she had used her arts to obtain my love by philtres and incantations. But in truth she was the most chaste and bashful of girls, and seemed, as I thought then, to act as if her inferior position precluded our mutual love.

"When she had gone, as I could neither comply with my father's wish nor endure my stepmother's fury, I followed in her track, and by enquiries found she had gone to her own home, and that her family was a distinguished one. My first hope, on leaving my country in pursuit of her, was that if we met abroad, where I should have come down nearer to her position in life, the bar of unequal rank would no longer separate us; but finding out how good her position was, I began to feel that the tables were indeed turned, and that *my* inferiority now was the obstacle that forbade me to tell my love. So I assumed a disguise, that I might begin to make those first signs, which never escape the notice of those skilled in love's art, and that if love was not returned, I might be free to leave without being put to shame. But fortune was against me in every guise, so I am now trying for a quiet resting-place here; and if you," he said, looking towards Joseph—"if you think me worthy of your friendly offices, it will help to lessen somewhat my grief for the lost Crescentia. You will find me not unskilled in the matter of accomplishments, and if I come behind in any gift, I will make up for it by real gratitude."

All this was said with sweet expression and a most charming voice; in fact, the tale was so clearly and sympathetically told that it drew the attention and com-

passion of all who heard it. Joseph, in reply, said that he too was not yet independent of paternal authority, and was simply a member of the family council, but that he would introduce him to a countrywoman of his who let good lodgings near their own house and easy of access, and if at any time he required help, he willingly promised his aid. Philander thanked him with a most courteous bow, and with an equally polite reply.

Joseph then took him without delay to the landlady, who was a widow, by name Antonia, born at Rome, and who gained her living by receiving Italians as paying guests. Her husband had made a large fortune in the same way, and had died scarcely a month before, leaving all his wealth to his wife, who afterwards continued the business with equal care after his death.

As soon as Antonia saw the youth brought to her by Joseph, she exclaimed: "Unless I knew for certain that my son was dead and buried, I should say I saw him now"; and she burst into tears. She had really lost a much-beloved son only just before her husband's death, and there was a likeness, though slight, to Philander; the good looks, too, of the new-comer were not likely to check her amiable feelings, so he was received and treated as kindly as if he were a relation. The widow called him by the endearing title of "Son," and loved him because he called back to mind her dead son, or rather because he was his living image.

Philander did not repel these attentions, for he had the hope that this mutual good feeling would be useful to him, and perhaps eventually pave the way to his reaching the one great object of his journey. He therefore behaved so dutifully to her that he quite took the place of her lost son. He used to visit Joseph daily, who was not displeased at such constant signs of gratitude. He was also a good musician, and sang most pleasantly; his manners were so taking, and his devotion to Joseph so marked, that gradually he gained his true esteem, and was liked by all who knew him everywhere, but especially was he welcomed by Joseph's household.

CHAPTER VI

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF THEOPHRASTUS

AT that very time there happened to be an Italian lodging with Antonia, a professor of occult science and alchemy, who had been attacked by a strange malady. It did not seem to strike any particular part of his body, but his whole frame showed signs of some wasting disease. The expression of his countenance was one of settled sorrow, his eyes glared in a horribly uncanny manner, and he avoided all society. Every one noticed his deep groans, his frequent suppressed sighs, his sudden tremor, his uncouth gestures, all betokening clearly some sad derangement of mind. He grew worse day by day, but he was always trying to conceal the fact, and to put enquirers off by evasive answers, till at length he got so weak and so full of pain that it could be hidden no longer. He was obliged to take to his bed, and against his will a doctor was summoned, named Lucas, a citizen of Solyma well known to Theophrastus (for that was the patient's name) and one who had learnt from him many wonderful secrets and experiments.

Lucas carefully studied the case and the symptoms, but could pronounce no certain diagnosis, except that the state of the pulse betokened a feverish tendency. He prescribed the usual remedies, but the patient would not take them, declaring with the saddest of smiles that they could effect no relief in his case. Lucas, catching at his meaning, said to him :

"I thought perhaps these common remedies might have some good effect in calming the violence of your attacks ;

but your complaint is really a mental one, and can be best conquered by hearkening to good advice. Wherefore tell me, I beg you, the whole of your trouble without any reservation, for I am convinced that a little good reasoning, taken in a prayerful spirit, is all that is required for your complete cure."

As the patient preserved an obstinate silence, Lucas addressed him again. "Oh! my friend, what is amiss? What is this melancholy that so grievously torments you? Do not you see that you are unequal to the strain, and yet you will not accept help? My only object is your well-being; tell therefore your secret to me or to any one else you prefer, for God bids us take counsel with our friends, but the devil would shut us up to our own broodings. If you unload your mind and tell it privately now, you will not be so likely to make it public to all when delirious."

The patient, whose eyes looked sadly wild, at length spoke. "O Lucas, there is no one I would trust in preference to you, and often I have wished to tell you; but how could I offend your ears with such incredible vileness? I shall be gone ere long," he cried—"I shall be gone, and my memory will be cursed"; and he turned his face to the wall.

But Lucas, seeing that he did not absolutely refuse to confess, pressed him again. "No confession, however terrible, will offend me; indeed, He who shall judge the world righteously declares that it is pleasing to Him. Do not therefore break your good intention to me, but tell out your grief, for revealing is the first step to healing.¹ Suffering human nature is relieved by tears and sighs, but the mind is most eased by a recital of its troubles."

With a fierce, wild look in his eyes, Theophrastus raised himself up in his bed, and in an excited voice said: "Hear then, if you so wish it, a crime neither usual nor frequent, that will indeed astound you. I have devoted my soul to the devil, and my own lips have ratified the horrid deed.' When he had said this, and while the

¹ *Proditio est prima medicatio.*

doctor, struck with horror, could not for a time utter a word, at once he threw himself back in bed, and, as if he spurned the thought of peace with God, seemed to flatter himself in his awful state. But the doctor, having thus discovered the true malady, set to work to cure it.

"You have told me," he said, "of a deed as unutterable and as detestable as it is remarkable, but it does not cut off all hope of salvation. King Manasses,¹ who was guilty of this and many other crimes no less heinous, obtained a full pardon for all."

On this the patient, who, like all neuropaths, was sufficiently shrewd about his own ills, began to argue very acutely thus: "As to Manasses, I admit he had dealings with evil spirits, but he bound himself by no compact. Now, a compact with the devil, however unfair its terms, is irrevocable. For as God requires our free vows and promises to Him to be fulfilled as a sacred obligation due to Him, so in strict justice He allows the devil to claim his due, and exact the completion of our free compact with him.

To this said Lucas: "In spite of your assertion, I think it more likely that Manasses *did* strike a compact; but be that as it may. Since you are now making such a point of strict justice, my advice is: Render first unto God the things that are God's, and after that give the devil his due. God has a claim to our souls by His personal right and peculiar prerogative, and although by a foolish and imprudent concession or compact you may do yourself harm, you are not bound to give yourself away altogether, nor can he claim so much. Give him his share—all your evil deeds to wit, of which he is the prime author and father; let him have them back."

¹ I think the cause of this allusion to Manasses was a famous sermon preached at Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, on Sturbridge Fair Sunday, 1620, entitled "Manasseh's Miraculous Metamorphosis." It is much above the average of the age—sprightly, colloquial, proverbial, learned to a degree, packed with quotations as well as many historical allusions and the fashionable tricks of euphuism. Milton was then a pupil of Thomas Young, who would be a likely reader of such literature.

"Ah!" replied the other, "but God demands free gifts, and so He has granted us free option, and I, of my own will and knowledge, have surrendered myself to the Evil One."

"'Tis true," said Lucas, "that you should have chosen God as Master freely and willingly; but although you have done otherwise, you are still within God's jurisdiction, and He is able to recover you from the hands of an unlawful claimant. Think how many there are who have, with most fearful curses, devoted themselves to hell fire, and yet have been brought back to God by His loving kindness, and preserved for his Heavenly kingdom."

So they kept on arguing to little purpose, till at length Lucas, thinking within himself that some other mode of cure should be tried, determined to go and consult those who conducted the religious services of the place. On the next day, as Lucas was bringing them to visit Theophrastus, they met on the road the attendant rushing towards them in all haste, trembling with fear. He explains that the patient had a most violent seizure, lasting through the whole night and still continuing; that he was constantly crying out: "The devils are here! they are attacking me! —the devils are here! they are tearing me to pieces!" and then he would utter piteous shrieks and lamentations. He further added that he had seen nothing himself, but had heard a great clatter and banging of doors, accompanied by the shaking of the room in every part and the bed as well, and by strange, weird noises. When they heard this account they were all mightily amazed, for such prodigies were by no means common in Judaea; but not being ignorant of the devices whereby the great enemy of mankind attacks frail mortals, they determined, God helping them, to go on and try their best against him. When they arrived, they found everything safe and quiet, and the poor man lying in bed just as usual, except that he had a look of greater terror in his face, and was still trembling with fear. Presently he became more composed, and, without any pressing, gave the doctor this account of his troubles.

When a young man he squandered his patrimony in continual chemical experiments of a foolish kind, prompted more by curiosity and avarice than by praiseworthy and useful scientific research. Quite penniless, he happened one day to be walking in the country alone, deep in thought over his wicked plans, when quite unexpectedly there met him a man of lofty stature, with a fierce dark countenance, and of goodly apparel.

"He spoke first, asking me how I was in health; and when I told him of my wretched condition, he asked me if I would like to take service with him, for if I did, I should never afterwards be in lack of assistance in my career and of success in my favourite art. At the same time he pressed me to take some gold broad pieces. Moved by such liberality, I never thought of refusing, and, worse still, I had the foolhardiness to add (whatever prompted me I know not): 'If you were the devil himself, I would accept, if you keep your word.'¹ At that he changed into a more awful form, and cried with a loud and terrible voice: 'I, the one you name, am here. If you will deny the faith, and give yourself to me, you will

¹ Milton, who was an omnivorous reader in his younger days, had not forgotten what the demonologists said about the compact and appearance the devil was wont to use, and whom he was most likely to attack. We see he represents Theophrastus to have been one who in early years dabbled in alchemy. This is introduced very appropriately, for old Richard Bernard, of Batcombe, a great authority with the Puritans, in his *Guide to Grand Jurymen* in witchcraft cases, published in 1627 and 1629, had said just as much. This rare little book, of which I have a copy with the autograph of John Bradshaw the regicide, was the authority for country gentlemen and others in Milton's early days. Bernard says (p. 56); "The Chymicke melters, seeking the Philosopher's Stone, but failing by their art, have asked counsel of the Divell, as Bodinus relateth from an approved witness; it is just with God to let the Divell possesse some of them." We know Milton was a lover of justice above all virtues, so it may be that this justice of God took Milton's fancy, and was impressed on his mind.

This particular kind of compact (for there were many kinds) with the devil is also in Bernard at the page before: "The Divell may take possession of a man or woman, not by the instigation of another; but this may come to passe first by the very parties own default that

find me a better master.' So blinded in wickedness was I, that at his instigation I recited after him a full denial (woe worth the deed!) of all the Christian truths and promises, and took my vows to him as lord and master. When all was over, he vanished from my sight. As I returned home to the town, I began to reflect upon the great crime in which I was involved, and then again I thought of the benefit from it, and looked for my gold pieces; but they, either accidentally, or, as I rather think, by a trick of the Evil One, had taken their departure.

This certainly damped my spirits considerably, and afterwards at times I had thoughts of renouncing my compact, but he always prevented me, sometimes alluring me on by empty promises, sometimes terrifying me into submission by threats and punishments, in order that, with the boldness of despair, I might continue as I had begun. He showed me, I admit, a few trivial and ridiculous specimens of his magical power, but he could effect nothing really important. He was constantly urging me to murders and poisonings, and was ready to be my avenger against all my enemies. My experience has

is possessed, by invoking the Divell as to say 'The Divell take me!' or, 'Would the Divell had me!' if a thing be not so-and-so; which may be spoken in so unhappy a time, as God may give the Divell then leave to enter, of which there have been examples."

The appearance of the devil as a tall dark man is also quite in accordance with the best authorities. Alexander Roberts, B.D., tells us in 1616, in his *Treatise on Witchcraft*: "The Divell can assume to himself a body, and frame a voyce to speak with, and further instruct and give satisfaction to those who have submitted themselves unto him, and are bound to his service. . . . Thus the Divell hath appeared to some in the forme of a Man. But it is observed by some that he cannot take the shape of a Sheepe or Dove."

The amount of contemporary sermons, pamphlets, and books dealing with this subject both in England and on the Continent is wonderfully large, and shows the great interest taken in it by all classes. The Puritans were believers in it to a man; if any one disbelieved in those days, he was written down an Atheist at once. Many were practically Manichaeans, but saved their conscience and their logic by the useful formula that whatever evil the devil caused was done by God's permission.

taught me that man has a greater power for evil against his fellow-man than the devils have ; for the latter only do us harm, as a rule, at man's will, and seem to have no permission to wreak their own vengeance on us ; for if they had a power equal to their intention, the human race would have been destroyed long ago. But of themselves they have no power to attack a man or his goods, his swine or his cattle, nor can they alter for the worse the constitution of the world. Neither can they appear to us or offer the compact unless we first have desired it, and invoked them. All things they do is under God's permission, nor can they always satisfy our evil wishes, any more than we can of ourselves, for there is God to reckon with, and His providential care may intervene even at the last. The kinds of devices,¹ too, by which we can drive them away, are so surprising that we can scarcely believe they are devils, especially when they are such familiar spirits as to suck the bodies of witches like leeches, and that too in the uncomely parts, to glory in our shame.

"For some time I lived a retired life in my own country, practising these dark arts, and later on I came hither, hoping to be delivered from my bondage by living in the light of such illustrious and worthy examples. However, the Evil One has not ceased his constant attempts to prevent my desertion and to claim me for his own. He has declared that God would not receive me, even if I should be willing to return, and since I told you of my

¹ *Quibus excubiis*. What is referred to is the "watching" of witches to prevent the access of their "familiar." The poor creatures were kept awake by a succession of watchers for days and nights together, and when drowsy were marched up and down the room between two watchers. Many became light-headed and confessed outrageous things, till in Hopkins's time it became a scandal, and he was attacked for it. Stearne, his coadjutor, defended him in that very rare and curious book *A Confirmation and Discovery of Witchcraft*, as follows : "And I do not deny but at first he [*i.e.* Hopkins] might watch some ; but to my knowledge he soon left it, or at least in such a way as not to make them incapable ; but if he ever did at first, evidence was not taken till after they rested. And for my part I never watched any at first, so as any way at all to disturb them in their brains."

crime he has been more furious than ever, threatening me with all that is most horrible. Help!—help!” he suddenly cried out. “I see him now. He is attacking me! I feel his power. Oh, deliver me from my furious enemy!”

At this great amazement fell upon all, for although they heard on all sides that horrible clatter which the servant had spoken of, they could perceive nothing to cause it. When the noise had ceased, they discovered him trembling and almost dead, and try their best to bring him round by soothing words. They ask, too, whether they should pray for him. With a deep groan he replies: “Prayers are of no avail for a wretch like me; but do what you think right.” The bystanders being called upon, they all engage in prayer. As soon as they began, there were certain uncanny sounds, and then mocking laughter and language of the foulest kind; but the prayers went on, the patient seeming strengthless, though now and again he moved in his bed and interrupted the proceedings by querulous and inconsequent cries.

When they had finished their prayers, they remained a little time longer to console and comfort the sufferer, and before they left they agreed with one consent that this sort could not go out but by prayer and fasting. They arrange therefore to meet the very next day for that purpose, so that no delay should prolong the suffering.

The report of this soon spread in the immediate neighbourhood, and so many came at the time appointed that the hall where the possessed man was brought was full to overflowing. All day long services were going on, the patient clearly improving, but still not quite himself, until towards evening there arose the greatest disturbance they had ever had, with much noise and shouting, and then presently a dead silence. The terror of Theophrastus gave way to quiet composure, and he acknowledged that the enemy had been put to flight, nor was he ever troubled again. Such a wonderful answer to prayer filled all present with the highest gratitude, and they brought the day to a close with a service of praise and thanksgiving.

Lucas, after a word of warning and counsel to his friend,

before they separated drew a due account of the matter and had it fully attested by all present, so that this uncommon and almost incredible history might not be without good evidence.

NOTE TO THE CASE OF THEOPHRASTUS

The strange case of possession which occupies so much space in *Nova Solyma* may have been suggested to Milton by conversations which he had with the Diodatis, Uncle John of Geneva, and his nephew Charles, the Damon of Milton and his dearest friend.

In 1629 John Diodati of Geneva wrote three letters to Joh. Jac. Breitinger (*Antistes Eccles. Tigurinae*), of which the subject was the case of a boy of eleven who was grievously vexed with a devil. David de la Rive was the son of a pious senator of Geneva, a good lad of moderate parts and well brought up. At the age of eleven he began to be possessed, and to utter impure and horrid blasphemies, and afterwards he would alter his tone and preach and vaticinate in the sweetest of voices *non amplius Pythonicè sed Enthusiasticè loquens*. At length it came about that the good voice in him declared his body freed from the evil possessor, at which the boy did greatly rejoice, and presently, *with a mighty sigh and a terrible belching, he was free*. Fifteen days after he began to fall into ecstasies, with rigidity of the body and wonderful contortions of the limbs. The words he uttered now were all of the holiest—of God, the Trinity, faith, works, and the right use of the Sacraments. He would prophesy, too, of Antichrist, the Pope, and the fall of the House of Austria. Soon, however, these goodly predictions were changed into heretical nonsense of a ludicrous, fanatical, and often semi-blasphemous nature. So finally the elders of Geneva pronounced the spirit to be evil, and stopped the controversy. Diodati in his letters mentions recent similar cases he had heard of—viz. a nun in Savoy, and Poniatovia, of whom I. A. Comenius gave such a long account afterwards (cf. *Miscellanea Tigurina*, 1722).

Milton, when a boy at St. Paul's School, was no doubt very intimate with the London Diodatis—i.e. with Dr. Theodore and his family—among them being his great school friend Charles. Uncle John of Geneva also visited London, and of course saw his relations, and strange cases of possession by the devil would doubtless be discussed in Milton's hearing, and referred to his revered tutor Thomas Young for *his* opinion. Young's opinion would be scriptural more than medical, and would be more lastingly impressed on the young Puritan, we may well believe, than any professional or scientific dogma. There was also another Italian physician, and a Protestant as well, who would be known to the small Italian Protestant colony in England, and possibly to Milton. This was Gaspar Despotinus. He came from Venice in 1610 with Sir Henry Wotton, and settled at Bury St. Edmunds. He was a great friend of Bishop Bedell. Now, Bedell

owed his bishopric indirectly to John Diodati of Geneva, who met him accidentally in Cheapside, and having known each other in Venice, they renewed their friendship, and the casual meeting led to Bedell being brought by Diodati to the notice of Bishop Morton. Gaspar Despotinus lived till about the middle of the seventeenth century (will proved 1650), and if we could have asked him, he would, I think, have been able to tell us something about both Lucas the physician and Theophrastus the patient, for Milton in *Nova Solyma* seems fond of depicting real events and real characters under the fictitious names of the Romance—e.g. Apollos the tutor (Thomas Young), Joseph, Jacob, the daughter of Zion (himself, his father, the May Queen), etc. However, the great point is that young Milton lived in an atmosphere of doctors (his Damon was a doctor) and theologians who discussed the occult; and the curious case of Theophrastus is just what we might expect from a young author who dwelt among such friends and acquaintances. Later on another famous member of the Commonwealth party visited Diodati at Geneva—viz. John Cook the regicide. They spent much of their time in discussing the case of Christina Poniatovia, and what the Puritan ministers thought of it!

There is also the case of A. Nyndge. I am inclined to think that this curious episode of the obsession of Theophrastus owes somewhat to *A True and Fearefull Vexation of one Alexander Nyndge; being most horribly tormented with the Devill from the 20 day of January, to the 23 of July. At Lyeringswell in Suffocke: with his prayer after his deliverance. Written by his own brother Edward Nyndge, Master of Arts, with the names of the Witnesses that were at this Vexation. Imprinted in London for W.B. and are to be sold by Edward Wright at Christ-Church-gate. 1615.*

This tract begins with some rather unusual canting remarks about the devil and the fallen angels, and also the good and holy angels. It then states the case of Alexander Nyndge. His first vexation occurred at seven o'clock one night when all the family were present. His brother, Edward Nyndge, the M.A., judged it to be an "evill spirit" at work, and after prayer and exhortation, he conjured the "fowle Feind" to depart; "whereat the Spirit transformed him very ugly against his chest, swelling upwards to his throat, plucking his belly just to his backe, and so ceased for a time. The partie tormented being somewhat restored, uttered these words: Sirs, He will speake with me, I pray you let him not speake with mee." Those present then all prayed, and charged the spirit to tell them the cause of his coming. To which the spirit answered, "I come for his soul." Edward Nyndge, M.A., then held some theological arguments with the spirit, as exorcisers are wont to do. But he did not gain much by this, for "the Spirit said in his hollow voyce, I will have his Soule and body too." After a little interval the attack came on again, and many friends and neighbours assisted in prayers and advice, and at last the possessed man, after a severe struggle, declared that the

spirit had left him. Whereupon the company praised God, and Edward Nyndge, M.A., drew up an account, which was signed by those present. The tract has a strong Puritanical flavour, and when one of the audience coupled God's name in prayer with the Virgin Mary, this was strongly objected to by Edward Nyndge and the rest there assembled. It is a production that might easily have been commended to Milton's notice when a boy by his tutor Thomas Young, who "cutt his haire short." The year when this remarkable case occurred is not given on the pamphlet of 1615, but I find that the year really was 1573, and the present tract is an amplification of an earlier account printed (without date) between 1573 and 1576. This kind of literature was, with few exceptions, made up for the market, and purely fictitious. I can find no place called Lyeringswell in Suffolk. Nyndge seemed to have suffered from epileptic fits, and the two narratives are not quite on the same lines, but, as we see above, there are certain striking similarities.

It is needless to say that Milton was a firm believer in the personality of the devil. Taking his stand, as he did, wholly on the Bible, it could not be otherwise. In his *Christian Doctrine* he dismisses the subject, as a settled one, in a very few words: "The devils also have their prince (Matt. xii. 24), 'Beelzebub the prince of the devils.'" Then come certain Scripture references to the devil under the names of Satan, the Old Serpent, the Great Dragon, Apollyon, Abaddon, and the list is finished without any further remark. Magazine writers and the better class of literary men seem to take for granted nowadays that the devil is practically unheeded; but I think Peter Mackenzie, who has done as much to keep the devil alive as any man in this generation, could tell them a very different tale. His lecture on Satan has been delivered again and again through the length and breadth of our land, and has been received with the greatest interest and even enthusiasm by the people (chiefly middle-class Nonconformists) to whom it has been addressed. He, like Milton as quoted above, used to give a list of the devil's names in his lecture. "Ah!" once remarked an old man who had been listening most attentively, "call him what you like, he's a bad 'un." Indeed, Peter Mackenzie kept his audience as a rule on the same easy terms with his Satanic Majesty as did the Morality Plays of earlier times. But he kept him alive in many a grocer's and linen-draper's back parlour, and a personal devil is "reckoned with" in many such a household yet. I remember his lecture about 1884. It brought in, first and last, a good amount of money, but as I do not think it was ever published, a few reminiscences may amuse the reader.

The lecturer, who was always heartily received, used to begin by saying that he was often asked: "What are you going to lecture on Satan for? Why don't you give us something practical?" "Well," I would answer, "if this is not a practical subject, you may be sure I would have nothing to do with it. They had lectures on astronomy and

evolution, and I maintain that a lecture on Satan is quite as practical as endeavouring to prove that men are descendants of baboons. Some people scarcely believe in the personality of Satan. I once gave this lecture at Hanley, my friends securing the large hall from 'Gipsy Smith' for £5, and making a good profit out of it. After the lecture had been announced a man met 'Gipsy' and said to him: 'I see Mackenzie is coming to lecture on the devil. What's the use of talking about that? I don't believe in such a man.' Gipsy asked his interrogator if he had ever been drunk and had 'the blues.' 'Ay, ay, a few times, boy,' was the reply. 'Well, didn't you ever see any little ones?' 'Yes, plenty of 'em.' 'Then,' said Gipsy, 'if you saw the family, you may be sure the father wasn't very far off.' Again, people enquired: 'What are you going to lecture on Satan for? Science has killed him.' No, no; the old scoundrel was only deceiving them. Their Lord had told them of the existence of the enemy, and had given them weapons wherewith to fight him. As for his personality, it was plainly set forth in the Book of Job, and if Milton, with all the sublimity and magnificence of his poetry, contradicted Job, I would drop Milton, and take my stand on the patriarchal record." And thus, interspersed with many a tale, the lecturer would go on.

Sixteen years have passed, and the "higher criticism" has been filtering down all the time to the lower strata of believers, and I therefore do not think that Peter's lecture would be quite such a success now. But if magazine writers say that belief in a Scriptural devil is practically extinct at the present time, they are very wide of the truth. Witness only the vast multitudes who enjoyed the services of Moody and Sankey, and who still throng the gatherings of the Salvation Army throughout the world. The Manichaeans have survived to the twentieth century, and are not likely to be snuffed out all at once just now. This doctrine will die hard; for although the eternal, personal devil, whether sublime, as with Milton, or ridiculous, as with St. Dunstan, has lost his distinctness and become somewhat hazy and impersonal, there are always with us the awful examples of men and women who have verily a devil within them, or seem to have—men and women possessed in far worse and more harmful ways than ever was Theophrastus.

But such devils nowadays are often much better exorcised by Doctors of Medicine than by Doctors of Divinity. To expel the devils I refer to from the human race, perhaps stirpiculture might be of some avail, or, if the spirit of the age would suffer it, habitual criminals might be sterilised or hypnotised. What I mean to convey is, that if we are on the side of those endeavouring to get rid of the tiger and the ape and the devils that beset the great human family in all its varied branches, from the lowest Bushmen to the most intellectual Aryan, from the predominant animal instincts of the one to the "beautiful soul," the *anima naturaliter Christiana*, of the highest type of the other—that then, I say, our eyes and efforts should rather

look hopefully in the direction I have hinted at, especially as far as our bodies are concerned, trusting our doctors, who by the progress of science and experiment know so much more about the "ologies," including demonology, than did ever their predecessors of the blood-letting and exorcising days. While thus dwelling upon "the body" I do not forget the "sin-sick soul" nor would I bar a skilful director and confessor in such a case. There are physicians of the soul as well as of the body. Who that has tried can ever doubt this?

CHAPTER VII

OLD JACOB'S SEARCH FOR THE ONE TRUE RELIGION

SOME of Jacob's household had been present at this remarkable event, and among them Joseph, who, when the party reached home, told his father the whole history. The old man, seeing a good company present, including the guests, thought this a good opportunity, as he was at leisure just then, to instil some prudent counsels into the minds of the younger ones. With a view to attract their interest the more, he took them back to his own youth, and began to tell them how and by what arguments he was then converted to the Christian faith.

"My parents," he said, "were decidedly hostile to Christianity, because its defenders were so stiff-necked and bigoted, and would not condescend to free discussion or reasonable disputation. All Jews in our country were obliged to go to church occasionally to hear sermons: this led me to consider and enquire what was the true faith. Such a great question, I thought, could not be attacked by my own powers alone, nor yet by unsupported or subtle reasoning, nor yet by mere authority, which was only other men's opinions. I considered also how that in human affairs God's guidance is or ought to be the first thing that is looked for and desired; that even Gentiles and savages, by a natural instinct, adopt this plan in all danger and difficulty—in danger they pray God's aid, and in difficulty they consult His oracles. How much more then ought we to invoke Him if we

wish to know His truth, for that is a subject far more beyond our natural powers, and indeed, to speak of my own case, I have certainly gained more advantage here by prayer than by book-learning; for often those hard knots which I had long anxiously been trying to untie by my studies have suddenly been loosed while in the act of prayer, and the dark places made plain, as it were, by the light of Heaven. And so it was that I left behind me many far wiser than myself still struggling in the unsettled sea of human reason, or liable to be dashed to pieces against the rocks of the heretics—men who, trusting in the powers of their mind, would not acknowledge their thoughts to be vain, or be led to draw water from the Rock that was higher than they. Eventually, by the most just judgments of God, such men get to believe and to act quite contrary to the laws and teachings of Nature herself.¹ From the knowledge of God properly applied all other knowledge flows, for it is the knowledge of Him from whom all things are derived, and who deigns to make all things open to those who seek Him, and so, lest we should be led astray by our own false imaginings,

¹ Here ends a sentence of 151 words in the Latin without a single full stop; farther on in *Nova Solyma* is a sentence of 144 words, and several of over 100. This is Miltonic, for Milton held short sentences in contempt. In the *Apology for Smectymnuus*, when speaking of his opponent, he says: "Instead of well-sized periods, he greets me with a quantity of thumb-ring posies." In Milton's "poems written at Horton" (says Keightley, p. 382) "may be discerned the first traces of the love for long periods which distinguishes his prose writings." Frederic Harrison also refers to this distinguishing mark when speaking of a late master of style. "Ruskin, when his whole soul was aglow with some scene of beauty, or transfigured by a profound moral emotion, used sometimes preposterously long sentences, 200 words and more, 250, nay, 280 words without a single pause, each sentence with 40, 50, 60 commas, colons, semicolons, and yet the whole symphony flows on with such just modulation that we hasten through the passage in a rapture of admiration. Milton began, and once or twice completed, such a resounding voluntary on his glorious organ."

Ruskin's longest sentence is in *Modern Painters*, ii. 132; it contains 619 words without a full stop. Milton's unequalled peroration in his work of *Reformation in England* has one sentence of 210 words,

or any deceit of men, we must ever pray for access to the light of pure and perfect truth under His supreme guidance. Strong in this idea, I set to work, and first of all put aside all prejudice and partiality, my object being to seek out the true faith that hath salvation with every diligence, to follow it constantly when discovered, and in all things to obey the imperial commands of conscience. I held too that God does not delight in the empty debaters of the world, but rather in those men who like to work and serve Him, and that God comes to such and dwells with them in their work, and that is the really true renewed life of the soul. Again, this true faith I was seeking, as its power was in work and service, could not be sure and lasting without a lively exercise and warm experience of it. For when the love of religion grows cold, we soon esteem it a troublesome and ungrateful task; we get tired of it, and we either give it up or satisfy ourselves with the reasons of conventional hypocrisy.

"When I had so cleared the ground somewhat, the first leading idea that struck me was this: There is one

and in the *Reason of Church Government* (Bohn, ii. 504) he reached a sentence of 353 words.

But we must not suppose that these two great writers are super-eminent in this particular distinction of unstopped verbosity. The record sentences, as far as I have noticed, belong to far inferior men—e.g. John Cook the regicide, beats them hollow with a sentence of 1,125 words, and others of over 1,000 in *Monarchy, No Creature of God's Making* (Waterford, 1652,) (*penes me*). But the man who is *facile princeps* is J. L. Ananias, in his rare posthumous work (*penes me*) *De Natura Angelorum* (Romae, 1654). At pp. 49 and 58 he has two sentences of 1,560 and 1,580 words respectively! He draws a long bow, I find, in other respects as well, and is worthy of his appropriate name.

Mr. G. Saintsbury alludes to this peculiarity of Milton in his *History of Elizabethan Literature* (1893, p. 323): "Even in his finest passages he never seems to know or care how a period is going to end. The second sentence of his first prose work contains about 400 words, and is broken in the course of them like a wounded snake."

We no longer possess the breath or the sustained attention for such literary weapons. We have disused, as Taine says, the big two-handed sword of our fathers, and we only carry a light foil.

God, one truth, one religion; and in no way could I allow the opinion that God is willing to be worshipped according to the rites of the particular country, and has given no command or form binding on all the world. Of course, I admitted that we ought to live in accordance with the laws and customs of our native land, so long as they do not oppose our religious belief, for in temporal matters they are the main authority, and have been ratified by the common consent of the people. Therefore every subject ought to obey his duly elected king, even if his government is autocratic.

"But in spiritual matters, by a parity of reasoning, the ordering and appointing is of God, and if any humanly authorised power denies or even strives against this principle, it is the people's duty to resist, and death itself is to be chosen in preference to such an unjust and monstrous tyranny. Nor are we morally bound to observe rites which do not owe their origin to the Deity, either by His sure institution according to the faith, or from the very constitution of the universe over which He presides, for in the latter case God does not exclude from our acts of homage whatever tends to beauty and order, or is a help to our pious meditations, for the world and all that is therein declare to us the glory of God.

"So true religion puts before us God the Creator in His infinite perfection as the most perfect object of our worship, which we offer with all our senses, our intellect, and the constant exercise of inward love to Him and fellowship with Him. It is true that some of the philosophers, with sufficient magniloquence, declare that the highest happiness of mankind consists in this union of the mind with God, that the mind alone can conceive God, or approach the fountain of His dimly discerned goodness, and that it is only in spirit that due and sincere worship can be offered. But these same philosophers place their Deity afar off, concealed, as it were, beyond the clouds, and extol Him with vain titles and honours; whereas true religion, by the privilege of holy love, is lifted up to the closest union of friendship with God, and

yet nevertheless combined with the most profound humility as of the creature to the Creator. Indeed, the nearer we approach to God, the more submissive does our reverence become, and the more we revere Him, the nearer we desire to be, just as in earthly love we long for the dear one's presence, and are in a sense submissive worshippers before love's shrine.

"Moreover, since religion is the law of the King of kings, it is supreme in all the duties of life, and no part of man is free from its influence.¹ We are not to think that kings invented it to get themselves honoured, or to gain that good opinion of the common people which nobler minds despise and in their own hearts feel often to be ridiculous. Nor are we to think that religion was first sketched out by the poets, and then completed by the mystics and the priests. For religion has its original foundation in the very bosom of Nature.

"Surely no one would venture to assert that goodness and honesty have been invented to keep men in order; and as these qualities make us just and liberal to each other, so does religion make all things subservient to the Creator; and what can be more just and righteous and reasonable than this? Nor is it the fearful or the shallow man who alone can admit this, but the deepest intellects also have acknowledged this truth, and in such, when accepted, it has shown its mightiest force.

"Religion, thus viewed, is adapted for all empires and kingdoms, for every form of a republic, and for all family order; yes, even for hermits themselves, who quit the society of their fellows in order to give themselves up more closely to this very matter. For there is nothing equal to the reverential fear of God in its ruling effect on that inner life of the soul, whence the whole outer life proceeds, and to mere human laws it adds also the greatest authority and sanction.

"The great variety we see among religions is man's work. Thus, when cruel and powerful tyrants had the wish to disturb the traditions and peaceful relations of

¹ Text, *universum hominem pervadit*.

their subjects, they found they must first weaken those great twin principles of justice and religion, and twist and turn them to their own private ends; or again, when all human honours began to pall, and the tyrants longed to be hailed as gods, it was not long before greedy and sacrilegious priests were easily found to pander to this gross presumption and enrol them among the gods. The very images and temples of the gods became an excuse for begging and extortion, or else the priests gradually obtained a hold on the minds of the people by assumed sanctity, and then by degrees drew them from the pursuit of the truth by superstitions and fables and such like evil inventions. Really every false religion is founded originally on some true principle of natural piety. For religion seems to be innate in mankind, and to be a most powerful and secret lever of the mind. Designing impostors were not slow to discover this, and to turn it to their own interest and private passions, abusing the ignorance of the lower classes by presenting for their acceptance a corrupt form¹ of that true and ideal religion which our human nature so eagerly desires. And since they knew that lying impostures never last very long without constant propping up and protecting, they ever kept the silly minds of the common people in dark ignorance. As for the better classes, they were either soothed and quieted by rewards, or checked by the force of custom and authority, or else drawn aside from a good life by indulgence in vice and crime; and if any escaped these manifold snares, then for them there was recourse to threatenings and torture; and all this lest the truth should have its own again.

¹ Lat. *adulterina facies*. Milton uses this rather uncommon adjective once in his *Doctrina Christiana*, and once in his *Defensio Secunda*; cf. *Milton's Prose Works* (Bohn), iv. 230. It is also used later on in *Nova Solyma* when discussing the nature of true and proper worship, which must be *sine adulterinae superstitionis maculâ*. The idea is a Biblical one (Isa. i. 21; Psalm cvi. 39; etc.). That superstition which Voltaire stigmatised as *l'infâme*, the author of *Nova Solyma*, a fervent bibliolater, preferred to denounce as *adulterina*

"There is one mark of true religion which is very worthy to be noticed—viz. that under the fierce light of all the sciences, and in the greatest rancour of controversy, it holds its own, and gains rather than loses, and in addition is always closely connected with the light of universal truth, morality, and goodness of disposition. And no more ingenuous witness of true teaching was ever given than by him who thus summed up the good qualities he wished his fellow-disciples to attain unto: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever thing are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are gracious, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise."¹

"These marks of genuine religion, originating from the very laws of Nature, readily commended themselves to me as indubitable. But I wanted yet another principle, and that a fundamental one, which could make amends for our fall and separation from God; for being rebels and branded with the perpetual mark of sin, what union or reconciliation can there be for us with a God whose attribute is most perfect justice—an attribute, too, which He cannot lose or change? When, therefore, Nature has

¹ Phil. iv. 8. Here the writer does not quote the ordinary translations of St. Paul's words, but translates from the Greek for himself. This was Milton's singular and almost invariable custom when he had occasion to make quotations: he would give his own version, even if the quotation was a perfectly familiar one. This peculiarity occurs frequently in Milton's Latin works. Surely it is a strong and undesigned coincidence that the anonymous author of *Nova Solyma* shows the same unusual literary peculiarity. The present passage, too, is not the only one, for farther on, when he is referring to the "paddle" of the Mosaic sanctuary ritual, for which the Vulgate uses the word *paxillus*, our writer will translate for himself; rather than borrow a word he will coin one, and so we have *liguncula*, a non-classical word, of the Italian diminutive kind. Now, Milton was a word-coiner, in his Latin prose works especially, and also liked diminutives, for he was an Italian scholar, and that beautiful language abounds in them. In Milton's college exercises we have the *sententiuncula*, *oratorculi*, etc. He might have used *sententiola*, but preferred to choose his own word. In *Nova Solyma* we have *stellula*, *alumnuli*, *ocellulos*, etc. See this more at length in *Excursus*, B.

nothing to promise to sinners, except eternal separation, and an everlasting continuance of varied misery, this true religion we are seeking ought to open to our view some new and wonderful way of salvation coming forth from the insurmountable goodness of the Creator, and fitted to free us from our natural infection. But if there is no hope or possibility of this, then it follows there can be no real good or effect in any religion, but we shall all sooner or later be cast into the bottomless pit of despair, to keep company with the damned."

Just as Jacob was in the midst of this discourse, one of the servants came in to say that he was summoned to the Council of State,¹ so, much against the wish of all, he had to leave them rather abruptly.

¹ Milton was strongly in favour of a Council of State. His views are declared at considerable length in *The Ready Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*. He says there: "For the ground and basis of every just and free government (since men have smarted so oft for committing all to one person) is a general council of ablest men, chosen by the people to consult of public affairs from time to time for the common good" (*Prose Works*, ii. 121).

There is much in Milton's *Ready Way*, published in 1660, to recall the views of *Nova Solyma* regarding politics and regal tyranny, and the same may be said as to Educational views. Milton dwells in 1660 especially on University Extension, and on colleges distributed throughout the land "to all extreme parts, which now lie dumb and neglected" (*Prose Works*, ii. 136).

Thus he thought in 1644 (tractate, his first sketch); we find it again in *Nova Solyma* (1648, the eve before a great change); and then again in *The Ready Way* (1659, the eve before another great change). Surely these three treatises look like the continuous work of one and the same great original thinker.

BOOK III



CHAPTER I

THE COLLEGES OF NOVA SOLYMA DESCRIBED

SEVERAL days had now passed, chiefly occupied in pleasant conversation with Joseph or in visiting the city and its principal sights under his guidance. Eventually he said: "My father is going to send Auximus to our Public Academy, and has asked me to make the necessary arrangements for him, and I have just had a message that he is ready to start. Would you like to accompany us?"

His guests, glad of such a chance, readily assented, and all went together to hear Jacob's farewell advice to his son. They found the old man sitting in his handsome and comfortable chair; there was a truly paternal expression on his countenance of combined love and solicitude, and, looking earnestly at the lad, he gave him these parting instructions:

"My son, you are now going to leave home, but only, as I hope, to come back to your father all the better, and therefore all the more beloved. Some parents love their children for their beauty or their strong family likeness, others for their early promise, their cleverness, and in some cases this love seems a blind, unreasoning passion which they cannot control. My boy, I would have you know that I estimate my children after the same manner that our Heavenly Father uses with us, and he will be my

dearest son who is my best son, and by this principle will my affections be ever guided. If any one of you, my sons, turn out thriftless ne'er-do-weels¹ (which God forbend!), and disobedient to my counsel, and an alien to his father's house, I must tell him that, though he is my own flesh and blood, I should not hesitate to throw the first stone of righteous indignation. And I take my warrant from the Divine justice of God, who condemns and rejects His children whom He has created if they fall away from Him and will not return in true penitence. No father can be kinder than I to good sons, no father more severe to bad ones.

"As far as I can I bring you up liberally and start you with good prospects and means, and, if it were permissible, I call the Eternal One to witness that as I have, under God, endowed you with wealth and health of body, so no less would I endow you with health of soul. But this, as coming from God, can only be bestowed by Him; and since Nature has been no unkind stepmother in your case, so I hope that Divine grace will not be lacking either.

"Thus favourably equipped, strive with all your might and main to reach the appointed goal. You, my son, are now entering on this race of life; you are, so to speak, now leaving the starting-post;² let what I am saying spur you on throughout your course even to the end, and when I shall have finished my course and be no more seen, still endeavour to keep green in your memory your father's presence and your father's words.

"I am entrusting you to the hands of a tutor the best to be found in this city, or in any other, as far as I know. He will not only make you proficient in the liberal arts, but also in the true moral virtues. Treat him with every respect, and obey him as you would me. What more can I say? Let me impress on your mind but one thing more: if you grow up to become a good man, this

¹ Lat. *nequam*, which hardly implies a moral taint.

² *A primis carceribus*. This classical allusion occurs twice in Cicero: *De Senectute*, 23; *De Amicitia*, 27.

of itself you will find to be the greatest blessing you can have, and in addition you will thus give vast pleasure to myself and all your friends ; but if the opposite should happen, then all things will ever go from bad to worse."

All this fell from the old man's lips with such fatherly seriousness and indulgence that Auximus, while giving him thanks with all filial reverence, and promising to fulfil all his injunctions, could not refrain the falling tears—in no wise tears of sorrow, but rather silent witnesses of how his heart was moved by his father's love.

The old man then delivered certain letters he had written into Joseph's charge to take with him to the tutor, and then they who were to accompany Auximus started for their destination.

The public school buildings were in the north angle of the city, and were very extensive. No windows looked out upon the street, but the space they would have taken up was occupied by statues of men of old who were celebrated for their life or learning, and some great deed that each man had performed was so expressed by the sculptor that there was no need for an inscription on any statue. Over the entrance gate was David, as in his youth, of fair, ruddy countenance and smooth, boyish face ; in his left hand was a lyre, and in his right a sword, bearing upon its point the head of the giant, a gruesome and fearful object. When they were approaching the gate, Joseph explained that it was not open to every comer, but under the care of an official porter, a very important personage, who could neither be bribed nor disregarded, and who had two junior assistants under him ; and, further, all who sought admission were first personally seen and questioned, no one being allowed to pass in without good and sufficient reason, or to pass out without obtaining a tutor's permit, the reason of this last rule being to prevent boys from frequenting bad company in the town, but no bar was put upon the visits of relations and any others who had a valid excuse. Thus it came about that the young students, though living in the same

town, were virtually as much separated from it as if they had been banished miles away, though, of course, when there was need they could enjoy the society of their friends.

"And I should tell you in addition," Joseph continued, "that the students here hardly ever return to their homes till they have completed a full seven years' course."

By this time they had arrived at the gate, and Joseph knocked for admission. One of the attendants opened without delay, and the porter, hearing himself asked for by name, came quickly forward out of his inner room, where he always was to be found. As soon as he saw Joseph he recognised him, and their mutual greeting was a warm and hearty one. This over, the porter, before admitting the party, said:

"My duty is, as you know, to ask who these strangers are."

Joseph replied: "This one is my brother, whom I am bringing here to be one of the college students; the other two are friends of mine, who have a wish to pay a visit of inspection with me."

The porter politely asked them to enter, ordered his other assistant to conduct them to the head tutor, and then, having fulfilled his appointed duty, went back to his own room. The visitors proceeded through a large quadrangle, all of smooth-shaven,¹ well-kept grass of

¹ *Smooth-shaven grass*. To speak of grass being *shaved* instead of *mown* is a singular expression, not likely to occur in the ordinary way. However, Milton uses it in *Il Penseroso*, 66:

On the dry smooth-shaven green,

having it in his mind, no doubt, from his early perusal of his favourite Sylvester's *Du Bartas*. A luminous summer meteor is described as—

Seeming amidst the *new-shav'n* fields to light.

Sylvester was very fond of odd, new-fangled epithets, but no one seems to have been much struck with them, except Milton, who probably, as a boy, knew much of Sylvester by heart, as he constantly uses in his early poems turns of expression, rhymes, and compound epithets distinctly recalling Sylvester's translation of *Du Bartas*. I notice that Mr. Seccombe, in the new *National Dictionary of Biography* (*s.v.* Sylvester), would have us believe that Sylvester's influence upon Milton was chiefly indirect. But surely Dunster's little book on the *prima stamina* settled that question quite otherwise a century ago.

verdure most pleasant to behold, separated from the footpaths by a very low lattice-work fencing. These footpaths, which were formed of round stones or cobbles very tightly packed together, and so keeping down any growth of weeds, did not go across the grass, but were on the outer edges of it. Thence they entered through a large hall into the room above it, and they there fortunately found the head-tutor doing some work with a pupil. As soon as he noticed Joseph, he started from his seat as if he had seen a ghost, and then with joyous countenance and open arms he welcomed back his old pupil, who returned his greeting with all the wonted respect of earlier days.

"Welcome home again," he exclaimed, "to your fatherland and your old college which you so honoured! Can it be true that I see you back again alive? I thank God for this," he said, lifting up his eyes; "it is indeed no common joy to see you with us safe again. You had been given up as dead some time ago; the *threni* and *epicedia* to your memory are all but published."¹

¹ *Threni* and *epicedia* and similar "poetic complaints" for the loss of popular members of our English Universities were by no means plentiful in Milton's age. Those who received that great honour had generally something very special to commend themselves. A distinguished nobleman and patriot such as was Sir Philip Sidney, that great benefactor to his University Sir Thomas Bodley, that great antiquary William Camden—all these were lauded in thin quartos by their University admirers and friends. The Kings and Queens of England and their royal relatives always had their full share; indeed, they nearly occupied the whole field. In their case the thin quartos occasionally became quite portly, not to say obese. There is one on my shelves, hailing from Oxford in 1603, lamenting the death of Queen Elizabeth, which numbers 182 pages and 190 different contributors! In this instance all the *threni* are in Latin, except two or three in Greek or Hebrew and a solitary specimen in Italian by Albericus Gentilis, a possible author of *Mundus Alter et Idem*.

But the object of this note is to show that the publication of *threni*, *epicedia*, etc., in the case of a merely popular and clever graduate such as Joseph was, would be a most unusual circumstance. However—and this is my special point—there was such a case in 1638, when a thin quarto appeared entitled "*Iusta Edovardo naufrago ab Amicis moerentibus*," etc. (Would that it too were on my shelves! I once saw a copy in a country bookseller's catalogue marked 5s., but

"I am told," said Joseph, "that there was such a report, and the very thought of it bids me never forget that I have been dead and am alive again."

He then introduced his friends and presented his brother's letter. While the tutor was reading it, Politian and Eugenius closely observed him. He was well advanced in years, of a grave and commanding appearance, heightened by his long white beard, but his kind eyes, pleasant voice, and sweet expression all pointed to the best of dispositions. His dress was a long, loose purple gown, and on his breast he wore a jewelled representation of the sun, suspended from his neck by a chain of gold. For the Jews of Nova Solyma do not hold schoolmasters in contempt, as so many other nations do, nor do they class them simply as superior servants who have to see chiefly that the children are kept safe, and do not get into mischief.¹ On the contrary, they are classed with the chief magistrates of the nation, and especially are those schoolmasters held in honour who have the charge of the young and untrained, for they are invested with the Order of the Sun, appropriately enough too, for the sun is the dispeller of all darkness, and renders possible the active duties of life.

When the master had finished reading the letter, he looked towards the young lad, and asked if he was the one spoken of.

Joseph said: "Yes, it is my brother Auximus."

failed to obtain it.) This book, worth now about £100, contained the *threni* for Edward King, the friend of Milton, as he was also of many other college contemporaries, a man truly popular and beloved, but of no higher position than tutor and prolector of Christ's. The last poetic plaint in this small quarto was the ever-living *Lycidas*. It was its first appearance, with the simple signature at the foot: "J. M." I wonder if the author of *Nova Solyma* was thinking of this.

¹ Milton, with his Hebraic knowledge, would well know the respect Jews had always entertained for their Rabbis and teachers. There is a rare and interesting little book written in 1619 by Thomas Morrice, entitled "An Apology for Schoolmasters," where he declaims against the low estimation in which they were then held. He objects to their treatment in gentlemen's families, where they were often put on an equality with the steward or bailiff.

"May he be another Joseph!" said the old master. "His name is of good promise,¹ and I will do my best, since he is your brother, to make him follow in his brother's footsteps."

"Praise from you," said Joseph, "I value not less than from my father, nor do I doubt your being able to make my brother as successful, or even more so, than myself."

Politian so far had made no remark, but now he ventured to say: "If you make all your pupils equal to Joseph, we would willingly begin our lessons again under you—if, at least, you would deign to enlighten our minds on that great mystery and miracle whereby you are able to impart such perfection of knowledge and conduct."

Joseph, too, joined in their request, and begged his old master to give his new friends an account of the method of study there, while he took his brother to the under-masters in whose classes he would be placed. A willing assent was given, and Joseph and Auximus left together.

Then Alphaeus (for that was the name of the master), sitting down in his chair of office, asked them to sit beside him, and thus began:

"We do not take upon us to strike a blow against other methods of study, nor do we superciliously force our foreign students to conform to our national habits; but we maintain that experience and results make it clear that our system, whatever be its peculiarity, is not a failure. The founders of our republic, in their zealous enquiry how best to establish it on a sound basis, put the education of the rising generation in the very forefront of all means to that end.² They held the opinion that good laws, an effective army, and all the other defences of a State, were of comparatively no avail if obedience and benevolence and the other virtues which tend to the well-being of mankind were not early implanted in the minds of the young; they thought it would not be an

¹ *Auximus* = we have increased.

² So thought Hartlib and Dury, Milton's great friends. They strongly expressed it in several pamphlets published about this time,

easy, natural thing for citizens to act for the common weal unless from their youth up they were accustomed to restrain their natural evil desires, and to learn that habit of mind by which they would willingly, in their own interests, keep inviolate the laws of God and their country, and put the advantage of the republic before any private or personal benefits whatever. Wherefore they spared neither skill nor labour nor expense in properly preparing the ground at this critical period of youth; especially did they bestow every care on this great public school, or academy, intended for the flower of the age,¹ and to be an example for all other teaching institutions in the land. I have now been head of it for twenty years, having had but two predecessors, our duty being to visit and supervise the filiated schools as well. These schools are in the principal town of each province or district, and they are inspected in order each year by myself and my chief assistants, and I advise where it is needed. And thus the method and character of our teaching is spread throughout the whole country,² and any lazy or cramming

¹ *Lat. lectissima juvenus*, "our noble and our gentle youth" of Milton's tractate (1644).

² This great public school, or academy, with its filiated schools set up on the same pattern, and planted in all the chief towns of each district, this method of University Extension throughout the whole country, this project here foreshadowed long before its time—a project even now not carried out anything like so completely as the author of *Nova Solyma* had devised more than two hundred and fifty years ago—does indubitably, as I contend, point out our author to be Milton himself. For who had thought of University Extension in those early days of educational theories? Who was there that had thought of making school and university, so to speak, conterminous and synonymous, so that there should be no need to go up from school to college? Who was there who had hinted at any plan for rendering the cumbrous and antiquated and privileged universities quite superfluous, or suggested that the flower of the nation could be well trained enough in shorter time, without the old, long-tried, but tedious methods? Who was there in those days that had any "idea," as we should say, of such a theory?

Well, there was one, and only one, so far as I know, who had thought of and expressed this idea of his in almost exactly similar terms to those we have just heard expressed in the present book, What he

head-masters are stirred up to better results. Our pupils are either lads of gentle birth, who by their position in life are likely to make a figure in State councils, or else lads of great natural parts and good promise, admitted with the prospect of reaching the like honour. These last, if their means require it, are supported by public scholarships,¹ instituted for that purpose, the funds for which have been so far faithfully administered. And it has always been no slight recommendation to any candidate for public service or the magisterial office if he has taken his degree with us. Hence we are pretty sure to keep up our numbers, and there is no lack of suitable students, for all who have this ambition of serving the State naturally

said was contained in a letter on education to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, and it was somewhat as follows.

After saying that no laws of private friendship should have prevailed with him "to divide thus or transpose my former thoughts" (*Nova Solyma* had been thought out some time before, but was not yet published), he proceeds to "set down in writing . . . that voluntary *Idea* which hath long in silence [*Nova Solyma* in MS.] presented itself to me of a better Education, in extent of comprehension far more large, and yet of time far shorter, and of attainment far more certain, than hath yet been in practice."

He then suggests "first, to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an Academy. . . . This place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other house of scholarship, except it be some peculiar College of Law or Physic where they mean to be practitioners. . . . After this pattern, as many edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every City throughout this Land."

Why, this is just what we have been reading in *Nova Solyma*, published only four years later. There must be rank plagiarism somewhere. Which of these two different authors borrowed thus barefacedly from his contemporary? Let us not say "two different authors," and then the matter will be easy enough to explain. Milton wrote the letter to Hartlib in 1644—that we know for certain; does it not also seem in the highest degree probable that he also formed this strikingly similar "idea" in *Nova Solyma*?

Moreover, in 1659, in *The Ready Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*, Milton repeats exactly the same idea! (*Milton's Prose Works*, ii. 136, Bohn).

¹ At length, after three hundred years, this great principle has been acted upon even so low down in the social grade as Board Schools.

seek admission here. All this wonderfully dignifies their work, and spurs them on to make progress. There are technical schools¹ as well, and public workshops where the children of the poorer classes are taught the meaner occupations, or, if they show ability, are instructed in the mechanical arts and crafts. Others follow the trades by which they earn their livelihood in a private and more independent manner. The education of all these goes no farther than reading, writing, arithmetic with geometry, and other such studies as are a help to the mechanical arts, for the higher culture is considered out of place in their station of life, and even prejudicial, from its tendency to make the working classes dissatisfied with their humble duties, if once they have tasted the dignified "sweetness and light" of the intellectual life.² But as regards morality, military drill, and religious exercises, these are inculcated on all without exception. We consider a beggar no better than a thief, and that they who give alms to such do more harm than good. Our plan is to appoint suitable collectors of charitable contributions, which are prudently distributed to meet real want, and therefore we have a special dislike to beggars as casting a slur on our public charity, and as being the very dregs of the population. Moreover, we cannot understand how those who are in need can be better supported by chance benevolence than by regular collections.³ We regard trade with much favour; all classes of society engage in it. Merchants and farmers are under no social dis-

¹ Milton's researches and notes for his Latin Dictionary are most likely the source of the singular word he here uses—viz. *ergasteria*. This word is post-classical, and only appears in the Imperial Edicts of Constantine. There is the classical word *ergastula*, meaning a prison-workshop, where the men worked under constraint (*vincti*) like convicts. Sir William Petty, when advocating something similar, uses *ergastula*, but it is not so suitable, by any means, as *ergasteria*.

² One of the late Bishop Creighton's favourite paradoxes was that the worst thing to do with many people was to educate them, because it was ten to one they remained ignorant and only became conceited.

³ The Charity Organisation Society would find a defender in our author.

credit; it is only the dishonest business people who are despised and disgraced.

"But to return to my pupils and their training here. Our first and chief care is to induce the religious habit of mind, our next to inculcate the ethical duties, and our last care (which others make their first) is a liberal education, both literary and scientific. Our religious training is mainly directed to the feelings of a spiritual character. We do not weary our boys with deep disputations, we do not confuse them with mysteries, nor do we hinder them by casuistic scruples and discouragements.¹

"Those who intend to take up theology as a profession receive no stricter religious education than their fellow-pupils, although they have to attend special divinity classes in their course. But the power and essence of religion, as far as it is conducive to a good and happy life, are hardly anywhere so generally insisted upon with every student as with us, for we hold religion to be the foundation and corner-stone of society, and the great connecting link that holds it together in all its different sections.

"We do not simply give divinity lectures and expositions, but at every opportunity we advise, exhort, admonish, by personal and friendly intercourse, so as to reach the heart.

"We believe that not even spiritual pastors and preachers have so good an opportunity of using that continuous and varied personal influence which is the peculiar privilege of parents and tutors.²

"When you first arrived this morning, I was engaged in this very work of private exhortation with the boy you saw. Ah!" he added, with a sigh, "would that we could put ourselves before them as living examples of our teaching! But who is sufficient for these things?"

Here he paused a moment or two for the silent recol-

¹ Cf. *Paradise Lost*, viii. 190-7, where such matters are termed "fume or emptiness or fond impertinence."

² Milton had always the greatest gratitude to his father and his first tutor, Thomas Young.

lection of his own great duties and failures. He was intending to speak further, but Politian, fearing that he would stop, interposed a word of praise and a question to fill up the interval of speaking, and to induce him to continue.

"You are clearly right," said he, "in taking care that boys do not get dull by solitary studies, nor yet neglected in a crowded class. But I would gladly learn how you improve their conduct and opinions, and how you deal with the frequent instability of character at this age."

"A boy's schooling," replied the tutor, "can never bring greater honours or better results than when coupled with manly religious teaching and seasoned with prudent counsels; thus he is passed on to the ordinary duties of life not, as is so often the case, unsuited and inexperienced, but fully and singularly prepared for them. This can happen in its perfection to only a very few—it requires the highest skill and wisdom in both master and pupil. For myself, I fully recognise that I am unequal to the great work—my life has been a troubled and varied one; but I do the best I can. My method is this: I first search out the boy's natural disposition and character, his vices, generally due to the weakness and compliance of youth, his virtues, and his accomplishments. With proper attention his levity may be changed into quickness of comprehension, his choler into valour, his credulity into faith and obedience. Having thus modified his bad qualities, we can also bring out and improve the natural virtues of modesty, simplicity, and the like. Indeed, all that boys do, whether worthy of praise or of blame, can always be turned into a good lesson for them, if skilfully managed; but if no care is taken, boys go from bad to worse. And besides this, I seek to discover each one's peculiar disposition and genius.¹ Some are so evenly and happily gifted by

¹ Milton, in his *Common-place Book*, p. 15, under heading *De Liberis Educandis*, writes: "Natura cuiusque imprimis inspicienda, nec torquenda aliorum" (*i.e.* "Each one's natural tendencies of mind must first be considered, and they should be allowed free play in their own direction"). Milton also refers under this heading to another heading,

nature that all good things come alike to them. They are like very fertile soil, which deserves the best seed, and requires checking rather than forcing. Others are so contrary in disposition that they seem unable to produce anything fair or honourable; in this case their vices require checking. There are others who show remarkable ability and taste for some special line of study, but are inapt, or, what is worse, make no progress whatever outside it. Here we generally confer with the parents, and foster the tendency if likely to be useful; it is soon noticed, for we try our pupils in all branches of study, and unless their hobby is unsuited to their future position in life, they are allowed to devote themselves to it. In fact, we find that the majority of those who are pressed to undertake uncongenial studies get lazy and careless until they return to what they naturally prefer.

"As for the frivolous, pleasure-loving natures, we keep them out of harm's way as much as possible.¹ Between these two extremes are the slow, plodding students, eager to improve; with perseverance all things are within their reach, and often they prove superior to the brilliant scholar who, with much less difficulty, reaches a certain degree of excellence, and then, lacking energy, either stops or falls back. My favourite pupils are certainly these steady workers who by their diligence and attention bring credit to themselves and their tutor. It is

De Scientia Literarum, and according to the original MS. index this should be found at pp. 53 and 54 of the *Common-place Book*. Now, strangely enough, p. 53 is to be found, and the extracts it contains, but p. 54 is gone, the only page of notes which is missing in the whole book. May not this have contained something which would be likely to identify the anonymous author of *Nova Solyma*, and for that reason was torn out by Milton himself, although he forgot to erase the reference in his index? Of course this is a mere suggestion, but the fact remains, and it is a curious one. This hiatus in the MS. was quite overlooked by the editor.

¹ It may be interesting to compare this remedy with Montaigne's, in his famous Essay on the Education of a Young Gentleman. His "short method" was: "I can find no remedy for such a case, but that he be bound apprentice to a pastry-cook in some respectable town, were he the son of a Duke."

my pleasure to personally interest myself in their work, and to give it the finishing touch. As to right views and opinions,¹ my method with them, in answer to your question, is this: As occasion may allow, I correct or advise, or I ask them to declaim on some moral theme, or I give them essays to write on both real and imaginary subjects. I make them practise letter-writing to persons of various ranks, to study the right word and gesture in ordinary intercourse, and how to produce a favourable impression, also what kind of language is most seemly for disputing, joking, rebuking, and the carrying out of all bargains and business matters. They have to go through all this in character as on the stage. This not only greatly improves their gestures, accent, and self-possession, but makes them ready speakers and good business men in after-life. We also encourage them to give their own opinions and to judge for themselves, and in my lectures on general history I lay before them the methods and meaning of the old authors, where their remarks are just, and where their judgment is at fault, and why it is that so much which is in accordance with the traditions of other times is at variance with our present views. I am careful to do this, lest their boyish ardour should be attracted by the examples of antiquity, and, without true discernment, be induced to follow them. For there is nothing harder to acquire than the art of true insight in matters of history and State policy,² and when it is acquired, nothing can be more invariably consistent."

Eugenius said he agreed on every point, and from his own experience ventured to say that all this warned us that we are placed here not to be bound down to mere book learning, or incessantly devoted to letters, but that

¹ The word in the text is *prudentia*, which Cicero (*De Offic.* i. 43) distinguished from *sapientia*, and explains to be the knowledge of what we ought to choose as good and avoid as bad. Our author generally connects the quality with a wise policy in State matters, and so does Milton, as we shall see later on.

² Lat. *vera prudentia*. Cf. Milton's use of the word "prudence" in his *Areopagitica*, Holt White's edit., pp. 75, 194.

the affairs of the State had a special call upon us, a point to which our present-day pedagogues pay no regard whatever. They educate us as if we were all to become in the future philosophers or hermits, as if we had nothing in common with the interests of the family or the State, when, as a matter of fact, we are joined thereto by the closest of ties.¹

"Somewhat late my own experience laid bare this mistake, and now I see how much they have the advantage who are not simply warned against going astray, but are in addition provided with helpful means to acquire solid principles. Now, if I am not tiring you, I should like to hear your educational method in minor detail."

"Willingly, and I can do so more conveniently if you will come with me to our library, where, besides the books, we keep examples and records of our results."

Both the visitors most gladly assented, and followed through the armoury, where they noticed swords, long pikes,² and all kinds of military weapons as well as peaceful requisites for boys' games. This made them ask whether Mars too was added to the muses.

"Well," said the tutor, "we think Mars, or military science, should not be separated from Pallas, or wise Civil Prudence.³ By military drill and other bodily exercise we

¹ Here we have an opinion concerning education very much akin to the famous and novel definition of education given by Milton in his tractate: "I call therefore a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

² The Latin is *sarissae*, a not very common word which denoted the long pikes or spears used by the Macedonians in their phalanx. It is used by Milton's favourite, Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, xii. 466: "Macedoniaque sarissa," but nowhere else, I believe, in Latin poetry, except in Milton's fourth Elegy, which he wrote at the age of eighteen to his tutor, Thomas Young, and here he transforms it into an adjective of his own composition—*sarissiferus* (rectius *sarissophorus*):

Saepe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis.

(*Elegia*, iv. 65.)

Does not this lead us to attribute to Milton's imagination this view of the *sarissae* in the College armoury—to Milton rather than another?

³ Pallas Athene is here rightly connected with the science of State

prevent work from being dull. Every one is allowed a horse to ride, and mimic warfare is often carried on both in our field and in public. The boys accustom themselves to act as infantry, cavalry, or as rough-riders, mounting and dismounting with the utmost dexterity. They are taught alike to charge or to retreat, to serve in the ranks,

Policy. To the Greeks the goddess was looked upon as the protectress and preserver of the State and social institutions, and it was her power and wisdom combined that was supposed to make her such an effective patron divinity.

The Latin here is, *Pallas seu prudentia civilis*, and this teaching of political science, or "civil prudence," to the noble and gentle youth of the land, discovers who is the Apelles behind the picture pretty openly, as it appears to me. For our Apelles has expressed here the very same peculiar and original views which Milton (and Milton alone of all educationalists) had put forth in his tractate on Education published four years previously.

What marked out Milton as distinct from all other writers on Education was the great stress he laid on the advantage of preparing well-born and talented youths to serve their country wisely in their generation, and of inculcating true political principles during the educational training for active life. Milton's words are: "The next remove must be to the study of Politics; to know the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies; that they may not in a dangerous fit of the Commonwealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience, as many of our great counsellors have lately shown themselves, but steadfast pillars of the State" (*Prose Works*, iii. 472, Bohn). And farther on in *Nova Solyma* (IV. ii.) we have this peculiar Miltonic fancy again presented and enlarged upon. Our anonymous author is describing the course followed at the head university in *Nova Solyma*, and says: "Those students who had taken their degree in Arts were removed for a further three years' course in Philosophy and *Civil Prudence*, so as to be qualified to sustain their rank and position in life in the noblest way."

And, what is still more to the point, Milton uses more than once the exact English counterpart of the *civilis prudentia* of *Nova Solyma*. Milton writes: "Our condition is not sound, but rotten, both in religion and all *civil prudence*" (*Prose Works*, ii. 137, Bohn). And in his *Areopagitica* he used both *Prudence* and *State Prudence* in the sense of political science, just as in *Nova Solyma* (cf. *Areopagitica*, Holt White's edit., pp. 75, 194, where this sense of *Prudence* is illustrated).

On the theory of education as it affects the political well-being of States, see more in my *Excursus V.*, which deals with the views of Bacon and Milton and their two romances *Nova Atlantis* and *Nova Solyma*.

or to lead the rest to victory ; in fact, our object is to make them feel ready in all the exigencies of a campaign.¹ One would scarcely believe how these mimic contests endue them with real courage, and drive away any war-fright. Our whole system adds, too, to the effect. We know that his Socratic training helped Xenophon as a general, and that Scipio Africanus faithfully followed the same precepts, and that both conquered their enemies as much by their justice, generosity, self-restraint, and magnanimity as they did by actual fighting. We do not expect the gods to fight from heaven nowadays, but we believe in Divine Providence protecting and helping right methods, and bringing them to as good an issue, the same now as ever."

All this was said as they went through the armoury, and now, when they had come to the library, he changed the subject thus :

"Do not think, my sons, that we disdain to borrow anything that is really good, because it had its origin with nations alien to us. We believe every good gift cometh from the same source of Divine Light. We believe it was not without a purpose that among the praises of Moses recorded in Scripture was his skill in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and that Daniel and the Three Children were versed in the secrets of the Chaldeans. We take the learned lore of Greece and Rome as being a later and more finished literature than Egypt or Babylon could boast. Let me briefly tell you our mode of procedure.

"Languages spoken and written are of course the original and only transmitters of all knowledge. We begin by general instruction in the three popular languages of the world, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew (the latter being our vernacular); and in familiar conversation we use sometimes one, sometimes another. These are the precious caskets wherein are stored all the finest jewels of art and science. They express most tersely and yet with

¹ Milton, in his letter on Education, dwells strongly on this same novel idea of martial exercise for boys. See *Prose Works* (Bohn), iii. 475-77.

a versatile inflection all the varied shades of meaning and description, and richly set forth the many-sided views of the human intellect, in effective yet easily flowing words, not without a certain musical cadence. Beyond these, attention is also given to foreign languages, especially of those nations who trade with us, for the use of interpreters wastes time and hinders business, and unless one learns for himself the genius of a foreign tongue and its due expression, he will fail to convey it by proxy, and will be at a disadvantage whether as a suppliant, a soldier, or a merchant. Similarly we read great writers in their original tongue, and so do not miss what is often incommunicable in a translation. We especially study the foreign way of pronouncing words,¹ and so avoid both ridicule and loss of dignity in our converse, and in order to obtain this excellence many reside abroad for a time.

"But as for those languages which have been dead and buried long ago, and all the archaic barbarisms of a Carmenta,² we willingly leave them to the grammaticasters³ and the bragging philologers; nor do we trouble

¹ Milton, as we know, was in favour of the Italian mode of pronouncing Latin. This was exceptional for a university man, and probably derived from his friend Diodati and his Italian proclivities. See *Milton on Education*, iii. 468 (Bohn).

² *Carmentales linguae*. Carmenta was a *vaticinatrix*, the mother of Evander, a chieftain of Arcadia who came to Italy before the Trojan War, and settled near Rome on what was called afterwards the Palatine Mount. Carmenta was the first to predict the future rule of Rome. It seems she adhered to the archaic language of her early days, and hence became a by-word for those delighting in words long out of common use.

Aulus Gellius (*Noct. Att.*, i. 10) introduces Favorinus taunting a young man who was fond of thus interlarding his talk: "Tu autem, proinde quasi cum matre Evandri nunc loquare, sermone abhinc multis annis jam desito, uteris" ("Why, you use a lingo years out of date; you might well be talking with the mother of Evander herself!").

³ *Grammaticaster*, an inferior *littérateur* who only knows about half what he should, as the common expression has it. The barbarous ending *aster* is modern, dating from Scaliger. James Duport, the Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and a contemporary of Milton, has an epigram (*Musae Subsecivae*, p. 161) on this termination, or *cauda paragogica*, as he aptly calls it. It denotes, he says, a *semivir*.

about any out-of-the-way living languages of people unconnected with us. Let others seek for credit in such curious researches into origins and roots; we do not think they are worth the time spent on them—hours and hours that could be so much more profitably employed. We confine our studies to things not so difficult and yet of more general use. We do not so much insist on minute criticisms of a word or a letter, but our special object is to search into the nervous force and true spirit of an author, and, as it were, to extract his very marrow to impart to our classes. In this way the *genius* of a work is revealed, and the book, so to speak, becomes alive for us, not a mere dead letter.

“As for the editions we use, we think the oldest are the best, even if there are omissions and corruptions; certainly they are not so corrupt as many that have been over-edited and patched up again and again. We

Cf. *poetaster*, a word in use now, though sometimes wrongly understood, at least as to its etymology, for Dr. Grosart, in his Preface to the *Collected Poems of Phineas Fletcher*, says (p. x): “I grant that such preservation of mere Poetasters (if they ever so much as tasted) has wrought and brought its own revenge.”

Grammaticaster “caught on” in the Republic of Letters, for in the printed correspondence of Sir Henry Wotton, the famous Ambassador at Venice and Provost of Eton, there is a letter, dated 1617, from a patrician friend, Velsor of Augsburg, where the word is used with reference to the literary knight-errant and swashbuckler Scioppius, who is branded as “semicoctus grammaticaster—vespellonis et castrensis scorti spuma,” which I will leave in the original, merely stating that is several degrees worse than “son of a sea-cook.” Hard-hitting Billingsgate of this most disreputable kind was then thought allowable even among gentle and honourable men. Milton, who in so many respects had a soul which “dwelt apart,” here sinned with the age, as his *Defensio* and other polemical works, especially the Latin ones, indubitably prove.

But Milton was no antiquarian and philologist of the Dr. Dryasdust stamp. The pursuits of such men are well thus summarised by J. B. Mencken in his amusing book *De Charlataneria Eruditorum* (Amst. 1727), p. 78: “Ii nimirum sunt qui Sybillae [*sic*] folia, carmina Carmentae, Maeandros Lycophronis, libros Numae, epitaphium Aeliae Laeliae, librique Aegyptiorum nullo negotio interpretantur.” Such men were the very antipodes, in a literary sense, to our author.

therefore give our classes the original editions with all faults, and tell them to use their own judgment in correcting the mistakes. The very corrupt and defective passages may be made to bear many meanings, but scarcely ever can the original words be discovered with any certainty. And if to one of these pedantic emendators there should be granted his heart's desire, viz. to interview the author himself in the shades below and to bring back the true reading of a passage long debated, not twice nor thrice, but a hundred times, by so many different pens, think you that the precious booty would be worth the trouble? We think not; therefore we do not favour any trivial *tours de force*,¹ nor yet any such ridiculous cult of the words, syllables, or letters of a Virgil or a Cicero, as though we could form from them centos² of Divine foresight, or seek in them new oracles of Delphi;³ nor do we follow the practice of our ancient Masoretic trifling. Nay, they

¹ *Nuga difficiles* in text. What is referred to are the chronograms, anagrams, and centos in vogue at Cambridge and Oxford in Milton's time, but never once used by him. Duport, Phineas Fletcher, and other good Latin poets of the period were wont to toy with them more or less, which gives us some grounds for reducing the number of possible authors of *Nova Solyma*, certainly within very narrow limits. For Latinists of sufficient excellence to produce the prose and verse of our present book were not numerous in England, and when we exclude from among these the lovers of centos, anagrams, etc., we have very few left, and when we test this small remainder by only one or two of the chief opinions adopted by the author of *Nova Solyma*, we are very soon reduced to one only, and that one Milton.

² Virgilian centos were in fashion, in Italy chiefly, the Capilupi leading the way, and Johannes Baptista Spadius, a Dominican, following, the latter writing in Milton's youth, 1615-24.

Ciceronian centos are very uncommon, and our author can only be thinking of Bellenden, the Gallo-Scot, who wrote some of enormous length, the longest (*penes me*), of great rarity.

³ "New oracles of Delphi" here mean the *Sortes Virgilianae*, even more uncommon than the above. I possess the following two, both published when Milton was a boy:

(1) *Sortes Virgilianae quibus aestuantis Galliae Theatridium instruxit Pasquinus Passavanti Patricius Romanus* (Veronae, 1616).

(2) *Violenti Imperii Imago a L. Annaeo Seneca in persona*

make as much fuss about the so-called felicity of a fairly good emendation as Archimedes when he made his great discovery, and most likely think more of their little piece of work than the original author thought of his whole book. When this craze first came into fashion it was ridiculed, and some would write purposely in a crabbed and out-of-the-way style to confuse their readers, while others would lay pitfalls (*cruces*) which entrapped the grammarians and plagued them famously, until these last in turn had their revenge with some slashing criticism or repartee.¹ But if an author came to grief in any part of his work, then the critics who were favourable would laud him to the skies in a most brazen-faced way; while the other critics, who were hostile and envious, would put their finger of scorn on the few blemishes, in such a way that a work, otherwise most useful and excellent, would be utterly damned just through these few slips and the absurdly exaggerated and blatant abuse by which they were greeted. Both methods are vulgar and illiberal, and opposed to true and fair criticism."

Frederici Palatini Bohemiae et Patriae exulis in scenam producta. Accessit M. Annaeus Lucanus Proteus de Bello Bohemiae (s.l., 1621).

This last curious book of oracles is concerned with the unfortunate son-in-law of James I. In this case the *sortes* are not taken from Virgil, but from Seneca and Lucan.

Sortes biblicae, of a practical kind, are, I believe, occasionally resorted to by pious and uneducated Christians, even in our own generation.

¹ There are several instances of this in the quarrels and jealousies of the learned. Perhaps the best-known one before Milton's time was when the great scholar Muretus fooled the still greater scholar Julius Caesar Scaliger with a fragment of an old comic poet which he had concocted himself for that very purpose. Scaliger pronounced it genuine and fine. This was a great take-down for the omniscient dictator of the literary realm, but he had his revenge in the following stinging epigram:

Qui fumos rigidae vitaverat ante Tolosae
Muretus, fumos vendidit ille mihi,

for it was reported that Muretus, criminally charged, just escaped the stake by fleeing from Toulouse. Morhof, in his *Polyhistor*, wrongly makes Joseph Scaliger the victim.

CHAPTER II

THE SYMBOLICAL PRIZE PENS

AFTER these remarks, the college tutor went to his desk, and took thence a little box and brought it to the table where they were. Having unfastened it, he drew forth a bundle of various pens, which he held in his hand, while he took up again his discourse in the following manner :

“We do not act upon our pupils by fear so much as by spurring them on to rivalry by prizes, such as, for instance, these pens.¹ One kind is for one subject, one

¹ I cannot discover whether pens were given as prizes at St. Paul's School when Milton was there. It is not unlikely that this was the case ; anyhow, Alexander Gil the younger, who was at first usher and afterwards head-master of Milton's school, and a personal friend of the poet, sent, about the year 1633, a gold pen to Phineas Fletcher with the following punning distich :

Mitto tibi auratum calamum quia singula scribis
Aurea ; sic palmae debita palma tuae
(*Sylva Poetica Autore P. F. Cantabrigiae, 1633*),

which I endeavour to preserve thus :

Each word you write is golden ; let me then
Send you this handy prize, a golden pen.
Thy rightful due this little gift supplies,
A palm of merit for the hand I prize.

Classical scholars will notice the fault *singula scribis* in the first line of the distich—*a* is long before *scribis*. Now, Gil the younger was one of the best writers of Latin verse of that time in England, and we have letters of Milton to him, praising his skill very highly. But here he commits a grave error in prosody which no modern head-master or ancient *grammaticaster* would ever sanction. Milton also, young Gil's pupil, friend, and admirer, has a short vowel twenty-seven times before *sp* and *sc*, and received castigation for these and other

for another. Just as we vary our tone for conversation, for reading, for singing, so also is there no less variety faults of quantity from the great Continental critics. The author of *Nova Solyma*, in the midst of admirable Latin heroics and lyrics, commits, curiously enough, the same egregious fault. What is the inference from such facts?

Milton, too, was well acquainted with Phineas Fletcher's Latin works, and is supposed to have been influenced by the *Locustae* in 1626 and later, so that he would see his friend Gil's pen allusion in Fletcher's book of 1633 is likely enough. This presentation of pens occurs more than once in the Republic of Letters. On another occasion it was in connection with Du Bartas's *Divine Weeks and Works*, of which the youthful Milton was such an eager devourer and unconscious reproducer. The famous Ronsard, a celebrated French poet, sent Du Bartas, as a mark of his respect and esteem, a pen of gold, and said: "Du Bartas has done more in one week than I have in the course of my whole life."

Again, there was a silver prize pen given in the middle of the sixteenth century, and possibly later still, to the best boy in an annual competition held between all the London Grammar Schools of that period. We know too that a St. Paul's boy on one occasion just missed it. This was Fulke, afterwards a noted Puritan divine, who was beaten for the silver pen by the boy Edmund Campion (who was to be the first Jesuit martyr of England); and so "Paul's Pigeons" had to remain in the background while Queen Mary passed St. Paul's on her accession, and Campion, from another school (the Grocers', most likely), having won the silver pen, had the privilege to come forward and "speak his piece," whatever it was.

Pens, too, were given as prizes at Tonbridge School about the time Milton was born. This we know from a laudatory poem on John Stockwood, the head-master there, which appears in the prefatory portion of his *Disputatiuncularum Grammaticalium Libellus* (editio quarta, London, 1619). This poem, by a certain Thomas Thorpe (Oxon), describes the annual speech and prize-giving day (May 2nd) at Tonbridge, and says that the head-master, having taken his chair of authority in all his academical glory—

Illi aptat, primam meruit qui laude coronam,
Auro perfusam (fulgentia munera) pennam;
Et sacras alii pennas sex praeemia primi
Accipiunt, meritâque caput nectuntur olivâ.

Also John Davies of Hereford in 1611, says:

"There was on such a day
A disputation (that's a grammar fray)
Betweene Paules Schollers, and St. Anthonyes
St. Bartholmeews among; and the best *Prize*
A *Pen* was of five shillings price."

(*Paper's Complaint*, line 279.)

in writing and composition. He who gains the prize in any particular branch of literary work has the pen corresponding to it in shape and material. This first pen I take up is of iron, and is the prize for ordinary diction. It is strong, plain, and has not too much ornament; in fact, its polish comes from use. It thus suggests that our every-day language, whether spoken or written, should be manly and strong, and yet restrained withal, free from colloquial boorish vulgarity,¹ free from puerilities, and not decked out with any rhetorical flowers. Solidity of diction is to be aimed at both in the words used and the sentences formed. All that is vain and foolish, or worse, must be studiously rejected. The language should be gentle, mild, temperate, and only on the rarest occasions vehement or excited, suitable and easily flowing, and carefully prepared without showing it; in fact, easy and clear both for speaker and hearer.

"The next prize, somewhat similar, is for the best letter-writer. It is of the same metal, but rather more refined and polished. The next is of bronze, for the History prize, large and lasting, with a broader nib,² so that the ink flows into blacker letters, and the whole writing becomes more important. The other end of this pen has a moderate-sized feather slightly trimmed and cut off to a point at the top, useful for going carefully through and considering what has been written, and for dotting down anything. Now, the historian differs widely from the messenger or the narrator. For in writing history there is quite as much need of foresight into coming events as of recapitulation of the past. The sensible historian does not content himself with a mere recital of things; he rather considers how history may be of present use, and especially contemporary history. We think the most praiseworthy object of the art of history is to trace out the effects of events great or small, to put in a bad light all crimes, even if successful, and to defend and extol good

¹ Lat. *rusticorum diverbia*.

² *Crena*. Unknown to many dictionaries, but in Littleton, the dictionary which absorbed the lexicon collections of Milton.

actions, even if they fail. Especially do we wish our candidates for this prize to point out, in all that comes to pass, the wonderful power and varied action of Divine Providence, even as we see it shown in Holy Writ, and give God the glory due for it.¹

"The next pen is a silver one, fuller and longer than the preceding, enamelled with coloured figures, and rejoicing in a very big feather. This is the prize for our orators, and shows the form of their art.

"Rhetoric within the due bounds of prudent restraints is a most powerful weapon, and can be turned to the highest uses. How often it can overcome the most prejudiced man present by a subtle chain of reasoning adapted to the abilities of the audience! What power it has to encourage or depress! As by a magic charm, it can alter and attract man's very power of will. By the varied modulation of voice, and by the appropriate gestures which accompany it, it takes unobserved possession of our two most important senses. Nay, more, by the artful sway of its fascination it can often lead a whole audience captive at its will.²

"Neither conversation nor business, private or public, can be successfully conducted without this great art. A vulgar, paltry speech soon upsets the audience; but when the speaker is dignified both in himself and in his subject, his sonorous periods seem to roll forth like the voice of many thunders round the throne. With what silence and reverence, with what good will and agreement, will a vast crowd listen to an eloquent, grave, and free-spoken speech from a prominent citizen! What valour is kindled in the breasts of the rawest recruits when their General cheers them on by a brave, vigorous address!

¹ Miltonic.

² We all know Gambetta's almost magic influence. But take an instance of to-day. On October 10th, 1901, Dr. Clifford (of the Baptist Union) spoke with vigour and eloquence at Edinburgh against Anglican sacerdotalism. We are told by the *Daily Chronicle*, October 11th, that "he stirred the great audience like the blast of a trumpet."

"Rhetoric cannot be tied down to ordinary rules, though what I have said forms the foundation of the art. It will be found that a noble mind will best follow its own course, and pour forth new figures of speech, new surprises, and new intellectual feats, as the occasion for them arises, for the right expression at the right moment can hardly ever be made a certainty by any rule or by any speaker. Wherefore, to be a perfect orator, one requires not only an exhaustive knowledge of his subject and the great gift of a voluble tongue, but also a certain special skill and tact in managing his audience.

"So long as the great human family and its social instincts remain, so long must Rhetoric too remain with us. She cannot be expelled from our words or even from our thoughts (how often do we play the silent rhetorician there!). She is different with different nations and tribes, but it is just this variety that makes her acceptable and permanent.

"This being so, we do not depend much on models or rules of this art.¹ In our lectures we rather illustrate by selections from the best authors, showing what is required of an orator for a democracy, what for a monarchy, what suits a town audience, and what the camp and the army, by what art to soothe the savage barbarians, and, most important of all, by what kind of

¹ What the poor Grammar-school boys of Milton's youth had to endure, and how their brains were racked and bodies beaten on account of the themes and exercises they had to bring up to the *ludi-magister* before their years and knowledge were equal to the task, can hardly be conceived in these days. There were certain intricate rules and models for such compositions, which had been handed down from earlier times, and were quite unsuited to the youth and imperfect knowledge of the young intending Latinists. But they had to grapple with them. If they had to write a "theme," then they must observe these parts: (1) Exordium; (2) Narratio; (3) Confirmatio; (4) Confutatio; (5) Conclusio. All must be done in thorough conformity with "Aphthonius his rules," Aphthonius being a flowery pedant of the third century, whom most boys wished had never bloomed at all. We have still a fading survival of these horrors in the early Latin verse and prose grinding of our own older foundation schools. But our author is against this method, and so is Milton. For an amusing dialogue on these

reasons and what method of eloquence we may bring over to our side the wise and prudent."

Politian here interrupted with the remark: "One reason why very many sensible men have not unjustly condemned rhetoric is that it often detracts from our virtues, and throws a meretricious veil over our vices, and so tends to overthrow social order and true judgment."

The speaker replied with a smile that he had anticipated this objection, and had found an answer which they should hear before he finished.

"Rhetorical eloquence cannot be abolished, as was said before, but it can be ordered and regulated. Just consider if mankind agreed to have done with it forever! How then could we adequately praise that which is good, and spur men on to follow after it? How could we thunder against vice and denounce the sinner? Our religion and our Divine Book do not reject, but, on the contrary, especially make use of this art in a manner all their own. Virtue and true piety, as holding seniority with regard to evil, claim this prerogative, that praise is due to them first, and we object that anything that is really wrong should be openly spoken of under any false name or pretext.

"We agree to manage matters therefore in this way: All that is good and just and holy we gladly hear, and scholars' and masters' difficulties, cf. J. Brinsly, *Ludus Literarius*, 1612, p. 172.

There was another terror to youth even worse than Aphthonius. This was a German, calling himself Susenbrotus, and hailing from a school at Ravensburg. The Stationers' Society reprinted his book in London in 1621, and Brinsly had praised him in 1612, so the English boys had a taste of him sometimes.

The book is a fearful production to put before the "young idea." It deals from first to last with the long terms by which the forms of grammar and rhetoric were denoted, its title being *Epitome Troporum et Schematum Grammaticalium*. There are nearly three hundred of these "Figures of Speech," ranging alphabetically from aphaeresis, aposiopesis, and autonomasia, right down to tapinosis and zeugma. It is almost the worst example I know of the once dreadful error and waste of time in education caused by teaching barren names only, which roused Comenius to such wise reforms.

allow the adorning gift of eloquence to be added ; but in all that is of a contrary nature we carefully and reasonably disallow it, lest the gilding of a bitter pill should make us thoughtlessly swallow it. We do not want that which is evil and unjust and impure to be seasoned by a clever devil or spiced by his jests, nor do we wish such things to be supported by vulgar or sophistical arguments or illustrations, nor will we allow them to be defended or taught frequently or persistently, or to be prepared for the public by any florid verbosity of language or any other entrancing arts of the orator.

"Against such devices of the enemy we have invented an anti-rhetoric, which exposes the vanity of their meretricious disguises and shows the fallacy of logical puzzles. At the same time, we are not stern upholders of "the naked truth" in all her bitterness ; we are for sweetness and light, and the message of rigid truth may be clothed in honeyed and enticing words, and none the worse for it. Indeed, it is our joy to see Truth's chaste simplicity adorned with all the ornaments that winged words can give. But they must be words that can be justified, and words well founded,¹ not words that will sink presently into the shifting quicksands and confused whirlpools of thought from which they first arose ; indeed, no good man can help being heartily sick of listening to fulsome praise of an unworthy subject, or object to give ornate honour where such honour is due."

When he had at length finished his remarks and replaced this pen, he took out another, similar to the last, but of a gold colour, embellished with figures of a more archaic and dramatic character, and having its other end in the form of a painter's pencil. When it was briskly used, it produced a most pleasant tinkling sound as of cymbals concealed in it.

"This," said he, "is the famous implement that poets use. By this they describe, as in a picture, all the most

¹ Milton acted up to these principles in his sonnet on the massacres in Piedmont, and many another pure and lofty passage in his varied themes.

wonderful beauties of Nature, which lie hidden from the unobservant crowd. By this they throw a new glamour on the world, and put before us the ideas¹ of the Divine mind. Just as the heroic virtue adds glory to each other virtue, so does this art throw light and splendour on the best efforts of her sister arts. Poetry is the impetuous rush of a mind full to overflowing, strained and exalted to its utmost powers, yea, rather, lifted in ecstasy beyond itself. Savages regard it with mute amazement. With the civilised world it has always been honoured, but very few of our mortal race have attained unto its fulness.² No other accomplishment is so easily taken in hand or so full of spirit. No other mental exercise is so adapted to quicken the natural talents of our boys, or so easily to relieve the natural fervour of our maturer students.

"How sad, then, it is, that when all the other arts are the handmaids of Religion, this is the only one which is quite banished from Christian uses. For the religious Muse to be in disfavour or neglect would be bad enough, but the present age seems to despair of introducing her at all.³ And, what is still more strange, the remains of pagan superstition as handed down by profane poets are still the stock reading of the schools, and not even do they who profess to sing the praises of God and the saints venture to give up the incongruous, not to say wicked and abominable, practice of invoking the heathen gods. These extremes especially offend us, and we are

¹ Milonic. See *On Education* to Hartlib, when the word is used in italics, as pointing it out to be a foreign word. Of course it is Greek and Platonic originally, and in this sense is used by Milton again in *Paradise Lost*, vii. 557. The modern use has vulgarised the meaning considerably. Milton says, in *Paradise Lost* as above, that the world when completed answered God's "great idea."

² Milton says the same (*Reasons of Church Government*, p. 479) of poetical abilities—they are "rarely bestowed."

³ Cowley thought the same a few years later. His words are to be found in his Preface to his *Works*, 1656 fol. "It is time," he says, "to recover poetry out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the Kingdom of God, who is the father of it." And in the opening stanzas of the *Davideis: a Sacred Poem on the Troubles of David*, he again

pained too when we see good religious men, lacking the poetic instinct, rush to the other extreme, and bind down as with the chains of a slave that sacred Muse that should be so free, deprive her of all warmth of colour, all beauty of expression, all loftiness of thought; as if Religion could be nothing unless lonely, dry, feeble, and morose, and could never beget a noble, vigorous, generous impulse.¹

"It is this that so often turns aside the young from a just idea of Christian principles and a true knowledge of the Creator, especially when they have imbibed from their studies such lofty ideas of the arts and poetry of classic times.

records his novel theory, as he supposed it, for *Paradise Lost* had not yet been written. His words are:

Too long the Muses' land hath heathen been :
 Their gods too long were devils, and virtues, sin.
 But Thou, Eternal Word, has called forth me,
 Th' apostle, to convert that world to Thee ;
 T' unbind the charms that in slight fables lie,
 And teach that Truth is truest poesy.

Cowley evidently had not read and did not know of "the apostle" who published *Nova Solyma* in 1648, and could not know of the later *Paradise Lost*, the grandest exposition of Cowley's supposed original thought.

¹ Before Milton led the way, there was no precedent for sacred themes being treated with freedom and sublimity in our own country or indeed hardly anywhere. The trail of classic paganism was over them all. Here Milton arose as a burning and a shining light amidst almost universal darkness. Professor Raleigh's remarks on Milton are very appropriate to the above passages of *Nova Solyma*, and the lament therein contained over the wretched sacred poetry of the early seventeenth century. He says: "Ever since the Renaissance had swept modern poetry back to the pagan world, some voices of protest had been raised, some swimmers, rather bold than strong, had attempted to stem the tide. Among the earliest of these was Thomas Sternhold, Groom of the Chamber to King Henry VIII. Inspired by the example of a better poet, Clement Marot, Sternhold thrust some of the Psalms of David into a carterly metre, 'thinking thereby,' says Anthony à Wood, in his delightfully colloquial fashion, 'that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets, but did not, only some few excepted.' In the reign of Elizabeth, when the classical mythology reigned and revelled in pageant and masque, in court and town, one

"But in strict truth, Poetry finds in Religion its most suitable subject, for Religion, above all else, presents to us the unusual, the marvellous, and the sublime, and is able to rouse our feelings with the most forcible of all inducements. Do we not read that holy men, when they were about to relate the great acts of the Almighty, or were entranced with heavenly joy, or when the fire kindled within them, at once broke forth into song? The prophets, too, when the Spirit came on them, uttered the heavenly oracles in rhythmic verse. Surely this, or something akin to it, is the native language of our heavenly country, and the fittest vehicle of the joys and triumphs that are there. Nay, have we not been told of the angelic choirs above, and do we not believe that when our earthly toils and troubles are over, it will be in God's holy temple that our tongues shall be filled with gladness, and our hearts with joy? Are we not to be made "equal to the angels," and take our share in their continuous service of song? We therefore lay great stress on sacred poetry, and on its right and sound principles."¹

Thomas Brice, a painful preacher, cried out against the pagan fancies that had caught the English imagination captive:

We are not Ethnickes, we forsooth at least professe not so;
Why range we then to Ethnickes' trade? Come back, where will ye go?
Tel me, is Christe or Cupide lord? Doth God or Venus reign?

But he cried to deaf ears, and the Elizabethan age produced no body of sacred poetry worth a record. . . . Milton was original. . . . He left a high road behind him, along which many a tuneful pauper has since limped; but before him he found nothing but the jungle and false fires" (Raleigh's *Milton*, 1900, pp. 173-4).

¹ Who ever yet has fulfilled this great ideal of sacred song in a higher degree than Milton himself? See also what he says in his recently discovered *Commonplace Book*, where at p. 6 he quotes St. Basil's similar views as to the religious value of sacred poetry.

CHAPTER III

A DISCOURSE ON POETRY

WITH these words the speaker was about to lay down the Poetry pen as finished with, when Eugenius begged for some examples and illustrations in addition to the sketch they had just listened to. "For," said he with a smile, "I have a liking for the poetic vein myself, and Joseph gave me the hopes of obtaining instruction and benefit from you."

"Joseph could have satisfied your wish himself, well enough," he replied; "but since he has passed the work on to me, I will be even with him in this way—the illustrations shall be his own, and I will read them to you." He then rose and led them to certain sketches which were hanging from hooks on the wall, and covered with silken wrappers to keep off the dust and sun.

The first is uncovered, and lo! there appears a wide river, incredible to behold. For at one side of the picture the river, in its lower, broader part, flows fast with tumbling waves towards the sea; at the other the waves are shown rolled back from mid-stream like a wall, and forcing up the river's headlong course to that fount¹ whence it came. Thus there was a parting of the waters, and an open sandy passage reached from shore to shore. In the midst of this were priests bearing on their shoulders an ark, and around them was a vast crowd in the act of passing

¹ Lat. *in fontem*—that is to say, the writer thought the miracle even more wonderful than it is usually considered by the ordinary Scripture student. He pictured the waves of Jordan, after the dividing of the waters, as rushing in different directions, the lower part of the

through. Others could be seen putting up their tents on the farther side, and many were still entering with all confidence into the river's opened channel. It was amazement that was depicted on every face rather than fear, and the golden standard that was carried before them bore the inscription :

river rushing on to the sea, and the upper part flowing back to its source.

Now, Milton had this same idea ; as early as his fifteenth year he wrote (*Paraphrase Psalm cxiv.*) :

Why fled the Ocean? and why skipt the Mountains?
Why turnèd Jordan toward his crystal fountains?

Professor Masson praises these lines as "clear, firmly worded, and harmonious," but quite misses the curious idea they contain, for he quotes it thus :

Why turnèd Jordan *from* his crystal fountains?

Also in *Paradise Lost*, xii. 145 :

Here, the double-founted stream,
Jordan, true limit eastward ;

and in Milton's Greek translation of the same Psalm cxiv., composed in bed one morning in 1634, we have the same thought :

τι δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφέλιχθης
'Ιπὸς 'Ιορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγῆν ;

Why wast thou, sacred Jordan, driven back
To thy clear silvery fount?

I do not think this idea of Jordan rushing back to its *source* would be likely to occur to an ordinary reader of the psalm as we know it in A.V. and P.B.V. :

The sea saw it, and fled : Jordan was driven back.

Nor do I remember it in contemporary poetry, except that Wishartt (c. 1642), in his *Immanuel*, p. 19, speaks of Jordan's "twin-born tides." The Hebrew is :

The sea saw and fled : Jordan turned backward.

and our Revised Version has now accepted this rendering, which Milton as a scholar knew and followed long ago.

Since writing the above I have noticed in Sylvester's *Du Bartas* of the 1621 edition, p. 49, the following couplet, no doubt the true *sons et origo* :

And toward the Crystall of his double source
Compellèd Jordan to retreat his course,

All tribes must yield to victors such as these,
At whose command e'en Nature turns and flees.

Eugenius read this over, and, at once grasping the allusion, gazed awhile at the scene ; then, eagerly moving on, he raised the silken veil of the next in order. Here, behind a grating, was shown a man of noble mien, with hands and eyes directed in prayer up to Heaven. Lions of fierce and terrible aspect were lying harmlessly at his feet, and caressing them with pleasure again and again. They seemed to have come to pay their court to him rather than to tear him to pieces. The picture had this motto :

O mystic seer, if you would best avoid
The snarling teeth of men,
You have a refuge safe and free from fear,
Though in a lion's den.¹

When they had viewed this, they were called to another picture, where they saw the head of John the Baptist on a silver dish, with King Herod and his magnates sitting at meat, and struck with horror at the dire result of a girl's vengeful request. Over the monarch's head was this epigram :

O fool, thine oath might have been saved, as well as he ;
For he was *more* than half thy kingdom unto thee.

" Ah ! " exclaimed Eugenius, " would that some good counsellor had thought of this idea before the deed was done. But who can this be, dipping an Ethiopian in a stream ? Surely he can never wash him white ? "

But in the midst of his joking he was struck by the following verse inscribed on the picture :

O Philip, why this vain attempt
To wash an Ethiop white ?
" 'Tis not in vain," the answer comes,
" If heart and faith be right."

" This answer," said Eugenius, " justly reproves my

¹ This epigram on Daniel does not seem a very pointed one ; possibly Psalm lvii. 2, 4, was in the writer's mind,

foolish scoffing, and I accept it as an oracle of God, which indeed it is.¹ But did Joseph compose all these?"

"Yes," said their guide, "and painted the pictures too, for painting and music and such-like accomplishments we foster wherever there is talent or inclination, but not otherwise. As for poetry, it is different; all, without exception, are instructed in this, for although only a few out of the many make their mark in it, yet there are scarcely any who do not receive some tincture of refinement of style. The first concern for a poet, and the last, is

¹ These Latin distichs here translated belong to that division of Latin poetry technically called *Epigrammata Sacra*, or Sacred Epigrams. After the Renaissance Latin epigrams began to spring up all over the learned world in great abundance, both sacred and profane, and at the time of Milton's youth they were at the height of their reputation. Our countryman Owen the Welshman was universally accepted as in the first rank. But our "British Martial" contributed mainly to the profane section, and his work began just before Milton was born. Later on, when Milton had recently left Cambridge, there was published at that university town a volume of *Epigrammatica Sacra* by a young scholar of Pembroke named Crashaw, which judicious critics have always considered a very praiseworthy performance for a youth of under twenty years of age. It is now quite forgotten, except for one line on the miracle at Cana:

Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

But one of Crashaw's Latin sacred epigrams bears much verbal resemblance to the last one in *Nova Solyma*. This will be considered in the Latin poems, and I will here simply give Crashaw's very free paraphrase of his own epigram:

ACTS VIII.—ON THE BAPTISED ETHIOPIAN

Let it no longer be a forlorn hope
 To wash an Ethiop;
 He's washed; his gloomy skin a peaceful shade
 For his white soul is made;
 And now, I doubt not, the Eternal Dove
 A black-faced house will love.

This reminds one of the negro slave who said of the great advocate against slavery: "Ah! Massa Wilberforce, he hab a white face, but he hab a black heart."

There is also another similar book of Latin epigrams hailing from Cambridge just after Milton's time, the *Poemata Sacra* of John Saltmarsh (1636, 12mo).

the building up and putting together of words, and this requires the accompaniment of very melodious phrasing. There is the grave and acute tone in every tongue, and it is the suitable and smooth commingling of these that alone can produce sounds pleasing and grateful to the ear. There can be no success for the orator or the poet who neglects this harmonious blending. Moreover, there must be in addition a certain metrical flow in the words, and the clauses and cadences must not be abrupt. These rules we apply not only to recitation and singing, but to ordinary reading as well.

"The next rule is that the style must agree with the character of the composition. If the subject is simple, so should the exposition be. Where effect is required, there should be rhetorical ornament, and in poetry a full and complete harmony is essential, for the art requires the most delicate handling, and along with correct diction the rhythmical felicity and position of each syllable ought to be duly pondered. No one can write true poetry by rule or measure simply; a critical ear is an absolute necessity. Accent, as well as the quantity of a word, has to be taken into account.¹ Correct metre is by no means everything; there is the happy interchange of vowels and consonants, the due length of the words employed, the caesura where needed, all which should be fitly and musically interwoven in order to produce a true poem. For the metre may be admirably exact, and yet the words so tortured and crabbed that all the beauty of the piece is lost. Virgil used but one metre, the heroic; but how carefully did he vary it! How skilfully in his longer lines does he throw the caesura into the next line, and so sentence follows sentence! (for in epic poetry long periods are permissible, much more so than in lyrics). How musically does he arrange the *callida*

¹ Cf. Milton, Sonnet XIII.:

Harry, whose tuneful and well measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long,

junctura! Nor, when the metre is varied, as in Sapphics and Alcaics, must this same harmonious blending of the whole poem ever be absent. In fine, every poem, as a whole, must be so blended together responsively in its several parts, that the stream of verse, with all its windings and turnings, is ever seen to be flowing in one and the same channel.¹

¹ Here the author shows himself clearly on the side of the romantic school of verse, as opposed to the classical school, which was on the point of coming into so great favour through Waller, Denham, and especially later on in Pope. He is, we see, in favour of a blending of the lines by one overflowing, as it were, into the other, or striding over into it—what the French understand by *vers enjambé*. The difference between the two schools is well put by Edmund Gosse in his book *From Shakespeare to Pope*, p. 6: "In its simplest definition the formal difference between the two classes or orders of English poetry is that the romantic class is of a loose and elastic kind, full of these successive overflows, while the classical is closely confined to the use of distich—that is to say, of regular couplets—within the bounds of each of which the sense is rigidly confined."

These two great classes of poetry have in our country enjoyed public favour in successive turns. When first poetry began to be written in modern English, then the classical, or precise, held sway. Next the romantic, when poetry revived under the Tudor monarchs; then the classical again from the Commonwealth to the French Revolution; and last the romantic again ever since.

If we ask with which school Milton ranked himself, we have his own witness and answer in his Preface to *Paradise Lost*, which first appeared in the original edition with the fifth title-page. He describes "true musical delight" thus: "Which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of light endings." This exposition is clear enough in a general way, and I hold he is even more explicit and clear in the whole passage above, and to the same purport.

It was during Milton's youth that one of the great changes took place in which the romantic school was deposed from its throne, and there was set up in its place the rigid, precise, and monotonous jingle of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is a great pity Milton's influence was not of greater avail to modify the worst features of the coming classical school; but it seems Waller had the start of him, and caught the breeze of popular favour with his jingling, clear-cut distichs before the greater poet had the opportunity of making an impression. Waller's great social influence, his wealth, and the fact that he was

"But this is enough, perhaps more than enough, to say about the Prosody and Harmony of the art.¹ Let us

in every one's mouth, all told in his favour. The public, too, was getting heartily tired of the overdone subtleties and fancies of Donne, Crashaw, and the rest of the Marinist school, and accepted the first good change that presented itself, and that was Waller, Denham, and their copyists.

¹ It has been doubted whether even Milton himself could have given a clear exposition of his own Prosody and Harmony. I think the passages in the text to which this note is appended go a great way to remove that doubt, and that we have here the best exposition and clearest account of the Miltonic method that has yet been given. We could hardly expect less if my contention as to the true authorship of this Romance be correct. There have been two or three happy attempts made by critics; for instance, De Quincèy speaks of the "slow planetary wheelings" of Milton's verse, and Professor Raleigh, most recent of all, admirably puts it thus: "His verse [Milton's], even in its least admirable passages, does not sing, nor trip with regular alternate stress; its movement suggests neither dance nor song, but rather the advancing march of a body of troops skilfully, handled, with incessant changes in their disposition, as they pass over broken ground. He can furnish them with wings when it so pleases him" (p. 193). Exactly so; and it would be difficult to find a better instance than the Armada epic of *Nova Solyma*. Of course it is Milton's heroics that are thus criticised. His lyrics *have* dance and song movement and their own peculiar grace, as all the world knows, and so have the Latin lyrics of this Romance.

Wordsworth's definition of harmonious verse is also very good, and would doubtless have received Milton's hearty approbation. Wordsworth says: "Harmonious verse consists (the English iambic blank verse above all) in the apt arrangement of pauses and cadences, and the sweep of whole paragraphs—

With many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,

and not in the even flow, much less in the prominence or antithetic vigour of single lines; which are indeed injurious to the total effect, except where they are introduced for some specific purpose."

Dr. Garnett, too, expressed the true Miltonic idea of poetical harmony very correctly in his *Life of Milton* (p. 166), thus: "The organ-like solemnity of his verbal music is obtained partly by extreme attention to variety of pause, but chiefly, as Wordsworth told Klopstock, and as Mr. Addington Symonds points out more at length, by the period, not the individual line, being made the metrical unit, 'so that each line in a period shall carry its proper burden of sound, but the burden shall be differently distributed in the successive verses,'

now consider the groundwork, beginning at the very foundation.

"As soon as beginners have acquired a good stock of words from the best authors, we try to impart life and discernment to this formless mass. We do not expect maturity of judgment and vigour of execution to come at once. We rather try to stimulate the sparks of kindling genius—boyish wit and smartness, for instance, when harmless, such as the examples I just read to you. For these conceits and double meanings abound in fun and merri-ment, and are most acceptable to boyish minds, whose first tendency lies that way. Thus Virgil¹ most realistically introduces little Iulus making his joke about eating their tables, and the great poet himself, when a boy, composed verses of this character in his *Culex* and other pieces. These quips, produced by impulse and temperament rather than by carefully taking thought, are, we think, stimulating to the mind; but all laborious compositions, such as anagrams, chronograms,² and such like, which can never be the free inspiration of an active mind, we utterly reject and condemn.

"To epigrams we add descriptions of natural objects, odes, idylls, and hymns; sometimes the subject is given,

Hence lines which taken singly seem almost unmetrical, in combination with their associates appear indispensable parts of the general harmony."

What admirable literary insight! This is exactly the plan that Milton himself (if my contention be true) says expressly in the text was the one he put before him in his literary work. It is not unworthy of a second hearing with the Latin appended.

"In fine, every poem, as a whole, must be so blended together responsively in its several parts, that the stream of verse with all its windings and turnings is ever seen to be flowing in one and the same channel."

"Ac denique integrum poema, per singularum partium tractus sibi undique respondere et quasi in eodem alveo per omnes flexuras fluere oportet" (*Nova Solyma*, p. 144).

¹ *Æneid*, vii. 116.

² Miltonic. This excludes some possible authors of *Nova Solyma*—Phineas Fletcher and others. Anagrams were much in fashion in 1600-50,

at other times they choose their own. Some of our quickest lads delight in bringing forth a new literary bantling every day. This kind of poetry requires a good choice of refined words well put together, and a certain restrained energy patent to the dullest reader.

"We next advance to the highest branch of true poetry, the heroic, as it is called, whose part it is to magnify in noble words and in the loftiest style the deeds that history tells, and, more than that, to round them off with just restraint. For it is not every one of fiery and forceful genius that turns out to be a good poet; more often is the true poet a man who has been blessed by nature with a well-balanced mind, an intellect great but sober withal.¹

"The poet must not be so modest as to dare nothing, nor so extravagant as to dare everything. Never to rise from the ground is as much a fault as to be ever on Fancy's wing. Each vigorous passage, each brilliant phrase, should have its counterpart to tone it down. There should be no affectation, no undue exaggeration. The whole poem should be instinct with a splendid, noble, and decorous spirit, yet one that will grandly stoop to the commonest things.² Right proportion and an equable flow should be preserved throughout, and above all should this be the case where the grand and sublime are portrayed.

"There are also many other precepts of the art which others have handed down with sufficient exactness."

¹ Milton himself, assuredly.

² The author, in his reflections on true poetry, is clearly a Platonist rather than an Aristotelian in his conceptions of the poetic art. The Platonist lays stress on the Divine rapture, the inspiration which is a kind of heaven-sent madness, and makes that a great test of poetic power; while, in the Aristotelian doctrine, study took the place of inspiration. In the Elizabethan age Spenser was the Platonist poet *par excellence*, Ben Jonson the Aristotelian, laying stress on art as opposed to natural genius. Milton, we know, followed Spenser and Plato,

CHAPTER IV

EPIC POETRY—JOSEPH'S ARMADA EPIC

“ I WILL now show you some examples which the gifted genius of Joseph has composed. They are rather novel, and possibly you may not have met with such.”¹

¹ It has been noticed elsewhere how frequently both Milton and our author keep referring to the novelty of their effusions: “ Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,” “ things new and somewhat daring,” “ things not attempted hitherto by Christian poets,” and many other passages; and yet, after all, there seems nothing strikingly novel except his celestial machinery and angelic artillery and personified abstractions, and many precedents for such strange poetical conceptions could have been found among the Italian neo-Latin poets, and even among some of the German neo-Latin versifiers, and no doubt Milton knew of them all. What he rather meant was, I believe, that they were effusions new and unattempted in his own country and by Christians of the Reformed Religion. The chief foreign influence in Milton’s age was the Italian, and Milton, as a friend from boyhood of Diodati and possibly his home circle, and withal a first-rate Italian scholar, would be under this influence as much as any man of learning in the country, probably more so. Among the neo-Latinists, Valmarana, Donadeus, Sebastianus Maccius Durantinus, and a multitude of vernacular Italian poets and dramatists besides, had treated Scriptural subjects in similar fashion, and Milton knew it; but they had not been so treated by Englishmen and Protestants, and were thus both new and daring. There is little doubt that Milton was habituated, from his early youth, to Italian poetry, and drew many new conceptions therefrom, and acquired also that love of new and varying metres which is so marked both in his published poems and in *Nova Solyma*. But Landor (*Works*, viii. 390) surely goes too far in this direction when he says that “ there is no verse whatsoever in any of his poems for the metre of which he has not an Italian prototype.” There is some mistake here, for the *Hymn to the Nativity* is “ his own metre,” says Keightley, and he was

So saying, he went to his desk, where he kept the best productions of his pupils in their different subjects, and, searching through the successful poetical exercises, he took out one entitled *Philippica*, and as he saw that the title rather puzzled them, he explained that the subject of the poem was the naval attack on England atrociously undertaken by Philip, King of Spain, and so successfully and worthily resisted. These names roused their attention, and with great eagerness they wished to examine the book for themselves; but the master, turning over the first page and pointing to the second, told them that there was to be found the poetical explanation of the title, which he would read to them:

I sing Hesperian¹ pomp and boast,
 A tyrant's threats and guile;
 I sing that mighty fleet and host
 That came from a far distant coast
 To conquer Britain's isle;
 I sing the puny barques so brave
 That stoutly fought their isle to save
 For their pure maiden Queen.
 O God on high, my Muse inflame!
 From Thy right hand the victory came;
 Henceforth on Thee we'll lean.

This exordium, or introduction, has three parts: the Argument, or summary of the whole book, the Invocation, and the Conclusion.

continually trying new experiments in his metrical translations of the Psalms, and there are several Latin metres in *Nova Solyma* that I have not been able to discover anywhere else. His own fine musical ear was the source from which they came. So the text is true after all, for they would be novel and daringly tentative themes in the mouth of a fellow-countryman and fellow-Christian, though usual enough in semi-pagan, Popish lands beyond the sea.

¹ Milton, in his Latin poem *On Gunpowder Plot*, line 102, written when just seventeen, uses the word Hesperia in an exactly similar connection:

And mindful to avenge Hesperia's scattered fleet.

Hispania always meant Spain, but *Hesperia* was ambiguous and was used both for Spain and Italy. *Hesperia* is preferred both here and by Milton because the Pope's influence is hinted at.

"The argument should be comprehensive, terse, clear; and that is so in this case. The author traces the cause of the war to pomp and ambitious pride, which easily lend themselves to threats and fury. Next he brings on the scene the prime actor or mover of the war, branding him "tyrant" rather than calling him "king," and by the adjective Hesperian he points to Rome's secret influence. The words "fleet and host" show that it was to be both a naval and a military expedition, while "threats" are significant of what the ostentatious pomp and boasts all ended in—viz. rattle-trap and stage thunder, without so much as a single real encounter. He contrasts the two combatants to the advantage of the weaker: a maiden with a tyrant, puny barques with a mighty fleet, bravery with guile and fury. In fact, the main incidents of the whole story are contained in these introductory verses as in an epitome.

"But the body of the poem is, as it should be, full of variety and interchange and episode, all so fitted to attract and hold fast the reader's attention that he is neither able nor willing to skip even a word. A good poem should maintain its interest right to the end, and never be tedious; one incident should naturally lead to the next, and if there must be an explanation or recital of circumstances either past or to come, this should be managed, in as few words as possible, in the course of the story.

"Our poet, as becomes a Christian, refers the issue of the war and the final victory to God. This appears in the invocation, which, after the classic manner, follows after the argument, which is assuredly the natural order. For a petition must be preceded by and built upon something which we have to conceive in our minds before we can ask for it, and the same reason holds good for an invocation.

"The epiphonema, or conclusion, puts forth the object and intention of the author—viz. to raise a poetic monument, or rather a poetic trophy where he may display God's standards¹ of Divine power and love, for all good

¹ Milton, Sonnet XVI. speaks of Cromwell as one who had "reared God's trophies and His work pursued."

men to look up to from their lowest depths of misery, and thus fix their hopes on God alone.

"I thought good to sketch this out for you as I went along, that you may understand our method of discussing with pupils the mind and sense of an author.¹ Of the verses that follow I shall say nothing beyond pointing out the plot they put forth, which is unusual and somewhat daring, but one that can be equally defended against the scruples of the weaker brethren on one side and the calumnies of the malignants on the other.

"The plot begins with a council of the heathen gods,²

¹ This division of Argument, Invocation, and Epiphonema is carried out with striking parallelism in the beginning of *Paradise Lost*, and seems strongly to suggest the Miltonic authorship of *Nova Solyma*. The very word *argumentum* is important in this connection. Milton's words are well known:

That to the highth of this great Argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

The usual contemporary division of the epic poem was different—viz. Exordium, Invocatio, Narratio, Episodia, Epilogus; and the epilogus was something very different to the epiphonema, or final object of the author, which was the same virtually in *Paradise Lost* as in the *Philippica*—i.e. the justification of God's providence. I do not remember that the source of Milton's expression "highth of this great Argument" has ever been noticed. It came from his early favourite author Du Bartas, who, in the invocation at the beginning of *Le Second Jour de la Sepmaine*, prays that his poem may in some degree respond "aux grandeurs d'un si grave argument." Milton in his poetry gives us many reminiscences of Sylvester's *Du Bartas*—i.e. the translation that was so popular in England in Milton's time; but here he preferred the original French—for Sylvester has "a theam so grave"—so Dunster was not able therefore to add this passage to the many *prima stamina* of *Paradise Lost* collected by him in his very convincing book.

² If this "council of the gods" had been preserved, I venture to say that we should have found in it a great deal of Claudian improved. Claudian was a favourite and pattern to scholars in the early part of the seventeenth century. Ben Jonson in his *Masques* (vi. 24) describes "Favonius, father of the spring," in several beautiful lines, but he took the whole passage from Claudian's *Zephyr*, in his *Rapt. Proserp.*, ii. 73. And I find that some of Gunpowder Plot University Latin poets transferred bodily whole passages of Claudian into their description

who, having anxiously observed the advance and increase of the true religion in Germany, and yet more in England, meet to check this progress by all possible means. After various opinions had been heard, Jupiter at length determines that Philip of Spain should be incited against England, and that Mars should be commissioned to carry out that purpose."

Having turned over a page or two, he stopped at a certain passage, and thus began :

ARMADA
EPIC,
Extract I.

"When this was done, Jove rose from his high throne,
Dismissing all to earth, their destined goal,
And left Olympus empty. Far and wide they go,
Urged on by sovran will ; and first of all,
Mars, glad of evil work, lays down his spear,
His golden belt unclasps, and from his side
Withdraws his sheath and sword. He next puts off
His helmet, greaves, and all war's armoury,
But still his godlike form, ethereal, kept,¹
For this he needed for his ruthless plan,
Adding thereto the outspread starry wings²
And all the effulgence of the angelic host—
A seeming messenger from Heaven's high throne.³
"Next seeks he cruel poison, devils' broth
(Nectar, by some, the draught is falsely named) ;

of that Infernal Council which they all tried to work into their composition somehow or other. Milton to some extent followed suit, and I have noticed reminiscences of Claudian in his later *Paradise Lost*, but whatever *he* took he improved. Claudian has a fragment, *Gigantomachia* ; Milton borrowed some of his sublime from this and left the ridiculous where it was, for Claudian often joined the two, but Milton hardly ever. Milton also quotes six lines of Claudian in his famous *Defensio pro populo Anglicano* (*Opera*, iii. 27).

¹ Cf. *Paradise Lost*, vi. 352 :

And as they please
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

² *Paradise Lost*, vi. 827 :

At once the four spread out their starry wings.

³ The mission of Mars begins in much the same manner as Gabriel's mission to Godfrey in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. We know that Fairfax's translation of Tasso was a favourite in Milton's youth, and

Bubbling with pride, by Furies all concoct,
But by his art in golden chalice hid.

"In such guise armed, forthwith his chariot steeds
He seeks. They long in irksome rest had stood
Together yoked, close by the temple walls
That crown the Olympian height; eager to start,
They, struggling, rampant, toss the fiery spume,
Champing their curbs; forth from their eyes
A depth of heavenly light shone all aglow,
While their wide nostrils smote the ambient air.
But now, their master seen, a joyful neigh
Of welcome greets him as he takes his seat
To guide the rapid wheels; the reins are loosed,
And through the yielding air headlong they plunge,
Speeding their flight with feet and wings alike
All unrestrained, and thus more quickly pass
The mid-aërial space in course direct;
Now leaving 'neath them the Thessalian hills,
Now borne with equal speed across the waves
Of Adria. Soon Mars descries afar

that Milton was a great lover of Tasso. It looks as if Mars and his flight through the air was a distinct reminiscence of Tasso's Gabriel.

The gentle Gabriel called he from the rest,
Out of the Hierarchies of Angels sheen,
To whom the Lord thus spake: "Godfredo find,
And in My Name ask him, Why doth he rest?"

This said, the Angel swift himself prepared
To execute the charge imposed aright;
In form of airy member fair imbarr'd
His spirits pure were subject to our sight.

Of Silver Wings he took a shining Pair,
Fringed with gold, unweary'd, nimble, swift;
With these he parts the Winds, the Clouds, the Air,
And over Seas and Earth himself doth lift.

(Tasso's *Jerusalem*, by Fairfax, i. 11-14.)

The angel's "Silver Wings fringed with gold" is not a bad conception, but I prefer the hazy beauty of the simple "starry wings" of Milton, or the *stellantes pennae* (the starry wings) of our Armada epic. Just compare the aërial equipment of Mars, as here described, with that which Sannazar gives to the heavenly messenger Laetitia when she is despatched to earth to tell the shepherds near Bethlehem of the Saviour's birth: she "adapts painted wings to mobile shoulders"! And yet Sannazar stands on the very topmost ledge of the Parnassian Mount of the Neo-Latin Muse. See note to this passage of the original Latin in Appendix.

The heights of Rome, and wide Hesperian fields
 Where Tiber flows between; he hastens then
 Across the open sea that midmost lies
 'Twixt lower Gaul and that more western coast
 To which his course was bent, passing the isles
 Whom men the rocky Baleares call,¹
 Nor drawing rein till in high flight he stops
 Above the golden spires of rich Madrid.

But now the hemisphere of impious Night,²
 Had foully hid the landscape all around
 And westward chased the flying hours of Day
 From out the sky; then on a dusky cloud.
 Mars leaves his wingèd steeds and aëry car,
 And seeks below the palace of the King.

"Chalice in hand, with deadly poison charged,
 He straightway stands beside the Royal bed,
 Whose sumptuous pillars, all inlaid with gold,
 Sparkled with studding gems, the coverlets
 Lay thick with golden threads inwrought—the spoil
 Of barbarous lands; but such things bring not sleep.

"With brain alert, and vexed with mighty cares,
 The King, in restless thought, from side to side
 Did turn, in ever querulous recount

¹ Lat. *Balearica Saxa*. The rocky coast may be meant, or perhaps an allusion to the "stones" the inhabitants were so famous for slinging.

² *Impia nox altum tenebris foedaverat orbem.*

Here impious is a most unusual epithet for Night, and, as far as I know, never once occurs among the many and varied descriptive titles given to Night by the Latin classical poets. But it would be a very likely word for Milton to choose, for we know from *Paradise Lost* and elsewhere that for him Night was connected with chaos and the unblest primeval darkness; that it could be made "foul" by "ugly dreams" (*Paradise Regained*, iv. 426), that there was no place for its utter blackness in Heaven: "Night comes not there in darker veil" (*Paradise Lost*, v. 645); and, above all, in his youthful college days he connected Night with filthy imps of Hell and baneful spectres, as we see in his college exercises. So this unusual phrase "impious Night" points to Milton as clearly as may be, and there is this additional excellent reason for the epithet, since we find Milton's opinion to be that Night came from the realms below (*ab Inferis*) rather than from above (*Opera*, ed. 1698, iii. 342). Cf. note to the Latin passage in Appendix.

Of his long list of woes : 'Belgium is lost,'¹
 He moans, 'and much besides. Ah! what remains
 Of that great host once mine? What warriors brave
 Have I for ever lost in one sad war!
 Nor hath my craft or might availed me aught.'

"So spake the King; and thus, with troubled mind,
 Did chafe and fret. But now a youthful shape,
 With countenance fresh and shining heavenly fair,
 Meets his astonished gaze; anon he hears
 Ethereal words borne in upon his sense :

"'O Philip, dear to God! the special care
 Of those immortal powers who dwell above!
 Great King! to whose proud sceptre's ruling might
 The twin Hesperian realms² obedience pay,
 To whom Sardinia, Sicily, and Solyma
 All honour yield, with part of Almany,³
 Aye, more, for now beyond the western seas
 A new and golden world has owned thy sway,
 Dost thou not see why Belgic tribes, alone
 Of all thy vassals, dare to scorn thy will,
 Resist, and hold their own? 'Tis Albion's isle
 That is thy foe. 'Tis Albion's hate to thee
 That ever does and ever will uphold
 Those rebels in their pride. Her shouldst thou strike,
 And with the avenging hand of war lay waste
 Her Saxon homes; yea, with that self-same blow
 Thy rebels daunt.⁴ Lo, now, the Eternal God,
 Who dwells beyond the starry space, hath sent
 Me as His messenger with high commands.

"'The Pope, thy Holy Father, hath his ban
 On that most execrable kingdom set,
 To thee an easy prey; all Europe next
 Shall yield, till, last, the world itself be thine.'

"He ended, and at once the nectar poured,
 A potion full, between the open jaws
 Of Spain's great monarch, who lay wondering, mute,

¹ In the original Latin *Belgia* is used. For this important point see *Excursus* (Belgia), Appendix

² Spain and Italy. "Hesperia" was used for each.

³ Germany, called Almain and Almany. Milton, in his *History of Moscovia*, speaks of "ambassadors from Almany."

⁴ Milton (*Prose Works*, ii. 353) mentioned this device in 1655. He says that the King of Spain was thinking in 1588 (the Armada year) "whether it would be more advisable to begin with subduing England, in order to recover the United Provinces."

While Mars resought his dusky cloud above.¹

"But soon the King, all trembling, found his voice,
And cried: 'O Saint, or Angel from on high,
Or, as I think, the Word of God Himself,
In Thee I trust; I follow Thy commands,
For such brook no delay. My plans, meanwhile,
And means, do Thou, O God, protect, and I
Will many a temple raise to Thy great Name
In subject lands, and fill with choirs and priests
And all the panoply of festal rites.

"Lead forth to battle these my sons; lead forth
Thy armèd hosts; for Thou the prompter art,
The chiefest and the first. Command success,
And let the end fulfil Thy promise given.'

"Such prayers flew up, I fear, in vain, for Mars
With face averse pursued his aëry way.

"Now more and more the cursed potion works,
Burning incessant in the monarch's breast.
His eyes grow wild; his brain to ecstasy
Seems rapt by that one maddening draught.
Half crazed, he rushes forth; his every word
Breathes rage and blood, and vast, obdurate pride.

"'To arms!—to arms!' he cries, and seeks the camp.
With all the confidence of victories won,
His brave old warriors to their posts he sends,
And eager youths. By his fire-darting eyes
The very air around doth seem infect,
And war's dire fever is imbreathed by all.

"Just so it is when Heaven's hurled lightning falls,
Striking the withered top of some tall oak;
The crackling branches burst ablaze, and then
From tree to tree the bickering flames rage on,
Devouring all the wood; next, open-mouthed,
They seize the ripened corn—an easy prey—
While darkening smoke creeps on from field to field.
The beasts, both tame and wild, rush madly on,
And all the hills glow red in awful glare."²

Being now tired with the exertion of reading, he rested
his voice a little, and, marking the place with his thumb,

¹ This aërial mission to Philip of Spain bears a striking likeness
to a similar journey of Satan to the Pope in Milton's *Gunpowder Plot*
poem. See *Excursus C*.

² Here is another instance of Apelles-Milton discovering himself
pretty plainly, for nearly the same simile is used in *Paradise Lost*,

he put the book down on the table for a while, and began to say :

"I am glad you are present to give an opinion on our work. It is true we admire it highly, but it must stand or fall by the outside opinion of the impartial majority. Poetry is not a matter of primal necessity, it is not the staff of life, for it is more of a spice than a food, and however harmless a spice may be, or however costly, still, if not to the taste of the guests, no good host would think of pressing it upon them.

i. 612, and the same error in natural history is committed in both passages :

As, when Heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath.

Now, as Mr. Mark Pattison observes on these lines, "lightning does not singe the tops of trees, but either shivers them, or cuts a groove down the stem to the ground." This inaccuracy or defect of natural knowledge (and Milton makes many such mistakes, e.g. *Paradise Regained*, iv. 416: "The pines rooted *deep*"; *Arcades*, 89: "The star-proof elm," etc.) still leaves both similes very fine, and the Latin one of *Nova Solyma* is much superior to an attempt by the highly lauded Sannazar, for which see note to Latin version of Armada epic in Appendix. These mistakes about the sights of Nature arose because Milton "read Nature through the spectacles of books." Thus he tells us (*Il Penseroso*, 143) of the "bee with *honeyed* thigh." This is not in Nature, but in *Georgics*, iv. 181. Indeed, Milton was not always accurate about the nightingale, his favourite bird, for, speaking of "the olive grove of Academe," he adds :

Where the attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes *the summer long*.

But every naturalist knows that Philomela is not equal to this prolonged effort, and also we know that it is the cock-bird who sings, not the hen. But in the classic poets Philomela was feminine; that was enough for Milton. He was first a learned, bookish *idealist*, and then a naturalist, but after all was a better naturalist than many of his critics. Anyhow, in his acknowledged poems, and also here in *Nova Solyma*, there are as fine and accurate descriptions of the opening eyelids of the morn as we can hope to meet with. But whether Mark Pattison or Milton be correct, we all know how full God's Word is of the consuming fire that falls from Heaven, and no doubt this was in our Scriptural poet's mind.

"Our poet, in these lines I have just read, seems to take the Gentile gods to grace his triumph. He does not proscribe them, he does not exclude them, but manifests them openly conquered and chained down with all their crimes thick upon them. He thus easily and pleasantly combines the sacred and the profane, without either truth or decorum being offended thereby; rather they are increased and elucidated.

"As for the gods of the heathen, they are declared both in the Old Testament and in the New to be devils,¹ and yet they are always called gods. Thus Beelzebub, the god of Ekron, is commonly considered the chief of the devils, as Jupiter is of the heathen gods. The witch of Endor, also, is not mentioned as being possessed by Satan, but by the Delphian Apollo.²

"At present, indeed, their idols and temples are thrown

¹ *Paradise Lost*, i. 373 :

And devils to adore for deities.

² The original is as follows : "Pythonissa non Satanae, sed Pythonis spiritu agitata memoratur." Pythonissa was the term used by contemporary theologians and demonologists for the woman in the Old Testament who had a spirit of Ob, and raised up Samuel at Saul's request. On my shelves is a curious book *Pythonissa Endorea, das ist : acht und zwanzig Hexen- und Gespenst-predigten von M. Bern. Waldschmidt, Evangel. Predigern*. Franckf. 1660. Here, in 700 quarto pages, the matter is well threshed out. A course of twenty-eight sermons on the witch of Endor ought to be rather trying to an ordinary congregation; but even as late as 1660 the subject of witches and the devil was clearly a very favourite one, and as with the priest, so with the people. In the New Testament, the girl who brought her masters gain by her soothsaying had a spirit of Python, according to the original Greek. Milton, with his Hebrew and classical studies, no doubt knew as much about the Pythonissa and Delphi as any one in England, barring Selden, and could sing of them too very musically :

The Oracles are dumb.
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can now no more divine
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspired the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.
(*Hymn on Christ's Nativity.*)

down, but they themselves still live and move in the thoughts of men, and are the tempters to do evil, and patrons of many a vice, as their own poets have said. Now, these heroics bring before you the same temptings and incitements as the Bible does, and for a similar end. The Book of Job shows us a personal devil, Satan, walking to and fro on the earth, and, by the permission of God, grievously tormenting Job by the violence of storms and robbers. Micaiah also speaks of a lying spirit sent to deceive King Ahab by the utterance of his false prophets,¹ and Paul complains that he was attacked by vexations from within as by an angel of Satan.

"Nor is it the least important duty of a poet² to bring before the mental vision of his readers, for their consideration, these secret and unseen acts which are so much apart from everyday life. It is allowed that both good and bad angels have their degrees and divisions, and it is therefore probable that they have their separate duties and offices; the bad may be all very full of wickedness, and yet in some things one may be worse than another, and more fitted for his special work. Be that as it may, there is not the slightest doubt of this, that we are provoked to crime by evil angels, and that is all our poet assumes. The ornamental or explanatory filling in of the subject is always his privilege.

"Nor need the name Jove offend our ears as being so like Jehovah in sound, and perhaps too in meaning, for it is as different as can be in its use, and it is not by the mere abstract meaning of a word, but by its customary use, that we understand it. And when the Apostle says "we are his offspring," he is referring to

¹ The text has the word *fanaticus* instead of *propheta*, which the Vulgate uses. This is Miltonic, for it was always the great poet's custom to translate his quotations in his own words, especially Biblical ones.

² An example of the figure *Litotes* often used by our author. He means to suggest that it is *the* important duty of a poet. If ever any held this view, it was Milton beyond all the rest.

the Divine nature of God, which his hearers foolishly attributed to Jove or to their unknown God. He certainly did not refer to the god represented by the statue, for he says plainly that all such are devils,¹ and yet in this great matter he used the common customary language.

"Our poet Joseph does not gloze in this matter, nor does he transpose sacred and profane things. He reveals the false gods as they are and as their worshippers regarded them, but he does not admit their divine nature. The Greeks called Olympus, their highest mountain, the seat of the gods, and he allows them their heaven and their temple there, and indeed they are called princes of the air,² cast down from their highest heavenly habitation, and so all the more powerful in this grosser sublunary sphere. Joseph makes this³ rule: he never uses Olympus in the sense of the abode of the blessed saints, nor confuses the sacred with the profane; his whole object is to keep them apart, and the farthest that may be.³

¹ 2 Cor. x. 20.

² Eph. ii. 2; vi. 12.

³ Du Bartas, in his Preface to his great work, had discussed the question of using heathen names in Christian poems some years before Milton was born. "Some critics," he says, "have wished that the names of Flora, Amphitrite, Mars, Venus, Vulcan, Jupiter, Pluto, etc., had been banished from my book. I admit they have some reason for what they say, but I beg them to consider this, that I am very sparing in their use, and even then it is only by metonymy, or by an allusion to ancient mythology. This has always been an allowable custom in Christian poems. In fact, these heathen deities have been so long the common property of all poets that they can only be discarded little by little. I have made the first step and the first attack; some one else, I hope, will follow me and clear out the whole monstrous brood bag and baggage."

What if Milton took this hint and acted upon it in *Nova Solyma*? For Milton's views and methods in regard to this subject, cf. *Paradise Lost*, vii. 1-12, among other passages. As to improperly mingling Helicon and Zion in a drama or poem there was a fierce literary discussion when Milton was a young man. Heinsius wrote a tragedy entitled *Herodes Infanticida*, and mixed up in it angels and furies, Michael and Alecto, Tisiphone and Gabriel, Megaera and Raphael. Le Sieur de Balzac wrote to Huygens a letter strongly condemning such incongruities, which was published. Thereupon Heinsius replied, defending himself with equal vigour; and then the great Salmasius,

"In like manner, the nourishing nectar of the gods, which is the potion sent to overcome Philip, is described as consisting of pride and cruelty, for bad angels are nourished on sin,¹ as good angels are on holiness, and Satan often instils sinful desires under the form of an angel of light.

"So the gist of the verses I have read is that these lost at the request of Menagius, interposed with a most ponderous learned letter of seventy-seven pages quarto, and decided against Heinsius. Milton, we know, took an interest in Herod, so likely enough he read the controversy, and for this turn at least would be on the side of his future great opponent.

The two specially noted exceptions to the use of profane names in Christian themes which we find in *Nova Solyma*, namely, the two proper names Jove and Olympus, are used several times in *Paradise Lost* and elsewhere. Erebus is used twice in *Nova Solyma* for Hell. This we should hardly expect. But as Milton uses the same word for Hell in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 883, and also in *Comus*, 804, this fact is rather for than against my contention.

¹ This view throws considerable light on a debated passage in *Paradise Lost*, where Milton was supposed to have made an undoubted slip. It is in vi. 332, where Satan is described as wounded by the sword of the Archangel Michael :

From the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flowed,
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed.

Bentley suggested *ichorous* for *nectarous*, and it has been wellnigh universally allowed that here he made the right emendation, the only one, curiously enough, where the learned doctor perfectly succeeded among all his good attempts ; at least, so thinks Professor Jebb in his *Life of Bentley*, p. 87. Homer (*Iliad*, v. 1340) speaks of "such ichor as floweth in the veins of the blessed gods." The emendation certainly seems indisputable *à priori*. Indeed, as the learned Professor proceeds to say, "the form of Milton's verse—'such as celestial spirits may bleed'—indicates that he was thinking of the *Iliad*, and no poet was less likely than Milton to confuse nectar with ichor."

But I am afraid *Nova Solyma* will rob Bentley even of that one shot in eight hundred which was supposed alone to have hit the target. For we here see that *evil* angels give nectar as it were poison to inflame and pervert the hearts of men, and that their own sanguine disposition is to be attributed to the nectar they imbibe and on which they are nourished, a cruel, noxious liquid (*crudele venenum*), as the Armada epic puts it. So Milton did not forget and did not blunder in *Paradise Lost* ; he only recalled his own youthful original fancy.

spirits, enemies of mankind, are sworn foes to the people of God, and incite tyrants to injure them, and often do so under the guise of affected piety, with the result that these tyrants think they are pleasing God, whilst they are really persecuting to the uttermost His most true and faithful servants. And, in addition, when a king's mind is poisoned, it generally follows that he can induce many of his subjects to rush headlong with him on his mad career.

"This doctrine is, I think, a very useful one, and well brought out. Now let us see how our poet brings the armies of Heaven into the contest."

With this he took up his manuscript, and having read a few lines about the Spanish preparations, he turned over to another page farther on, and began the account of the marshalling of the heavenly host under the direction of the great archangels and supreme command of Christ.

ARMADA "The fleet draws near, and soon there comes in sight
EPIC, The goal of Spain's fell rage, the wished-for prize
Extract II. Of all this great endeavour—Britain's isle,
Rising defiant from the swelling waves
That break in foam along her sinuous shore,
Quite safe, though foes surround. For Christ above,
Marking these plans of hate, allows success
And lulls to easy confidence, until,
The end in view, He wields His sovran power
And makes the glorious issue all His own.
So calling forth Architheus, the chief
Of all the godlike Powers,¹ thus spake Heaven's Lord:
 "O thou, of all My captains mightiest,

¹ Here the attribute given to the angels is *Divus*, which carries with it the meaning of a Divine nature, and often is classically used for *Deus*, and so is equivalent to "a god." Now, this is a most unusual way of speaking with regard to angels, and I know of no writer, whether poet or theologian, who gives the name of "God" to angels except Milton, who does this several times in his great poems—e.g. *Paradise Lost*, v. 117:

Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unreprieved,

where Newton justly remarks that "God" must signify "angel," for

To whom the care of Mine elect is given,
 See how Hell rages ; see how Philip, armed
 To blot out sea-girt Britain's name and fame,
 Doth threaten sore, unless I intervene.
 Call out, at once call out thy hosts ; turn back
 This mighty fleet ; this spawn of Hell impede
 With Heaven-sent chains ; that so they fear to meet
 The unequal fight, beset by shadowy forms,
 By cries and horrors vague ; while all the winds
 Do drive them pitiless across the deep
 To Gallic quicksands and Hibernian rocks,
 Batavian waves and Caledonian seas,
 To all a booty and an easy prey.
 So perish men who Me and Mine provoke.'

" Thus spake He briefly ; more He did not add,
 For time was ripe. Nor did He wait reply.

" Forthwith the Archangel winged his rapid flight
 Through all the courts of Heaven, and summoned forth
 The leaders and their vast confederate hosts,
 All anxious to obey supreme command.
 Tall Syntheus leads the way ; his right hand grasps
 A spear immense. His quiver-bearing host¹

God cannot be tempted with evil, as St. James says. Again, *Paradise Lost*, v. 59 :

Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor man ?

and once more in *Paradise Regained*, i. 115, of the fallen angels :

Led their march
 From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light ;
 Regents and potentates and kings, yea, Gods
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.

And to make the case stronger, Milton, in his posthumous *Christian Doctrine*, insists much on the name of God being ascribed to angels (Bohn's ed., v. 105, 106), resting on many texts of Scripture (Psalm xcvi. 7, 9, etc.), and it is in this Scriptural argument that Milton's Arian tendencies come out so unexpectedly. But they are in *Paradise Lost* in a lesser degree, and in *Nova Solyma* too. And if they are in *Nova Solyma*, who could have put them there in this particular and peculiar form but John Milton ? The remarkable way in which angels are named and considered in *Nova Solyma* seems to me to point indubitably to Milton.

¹ This use of arrows in Heaven is Miltonic :

For this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture right, no dazzling shower,
 But rattling storms of arrows barbed with fire.

(*Paradise Lost*, vi. 544.)

Him follow close behind. Next Zatheus
 On fiery steed his flaming sword uplifts,¹
 And pricking forth, with golden rein in hand,
 He urges on his numerous chivalry.
 All eager for the fray, they form themselves
 In martial order fair. Now comes their chief,
 Architheus, on two-horsed chariot borne,
 In radiant sheen, soaring the air sublime,
 His brow with laurel crowned, while in his hand
 He waves the iron sceptre of his rule.²

"His joyful office is to guard and keep
 All meek and pious souls, but 'neath his feet
 The proud to crush. Along with him there came
 A throng of angel-comrades, crowned in light
 And clad in radiant sheen, like unto gold.
 Their numbers fill the sacred fields of Heaven;
 Their chariots ride upon the hastening winds.
 "On all sides, up they flew like sparks, as when,

¹ A similar conjunction occurs in *Paradise Lost*, vi. 17 :

Chariots and flaming arms and fiery steeds.

² This expression, *ferratum sceptrum*, or iron sceptre, is peculiar and very Miltonic. For sceptres are generally of gold or ivory, not of iron. But *Paradise Lost*, ii. 327, gives us the explanation, and tends much to fix the line above on Milton. It is in Beelzebub's speech at the Infernal Council :

For He, be sure,
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole King, and of His kingdom lose no part
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with *iron sceptre* rule
 Us here, as with His golden those in Heaven.

Thus we see that evil angels and rebels against God are ruled with an iron sceptre, but those who were faithful with a golden one. This was the Miltonic idea in the passage from *Paradise Lost*, and there is the same fancy in *Nova Solyma*. The source doubtless is Biblical (Psalm ii. 9): "Thou shalt bruise [Vulg. rule] them with a rod of iron [or iron sceptre]; thou shalt break them in pieces like a potter's vessel." Milton looked upon the superstitious Church of Rome, represented in its most tyrannical form in Spain, as an apostacy, or rebellion against God's sure commands, and therefore it was the *iron sceptre* of God's wrath that was appropriately borne by Architheus, God's vicegerent, in *Nova Solyma*, and by the "Begotten Son, Divine Similitude," in Milton's great English epic.

In night's thick, darksome gloom, the Chalybes,¹
 Amid their cave-like forge, some huge red mass
 Of glowing iron, with alternate strokes,
 On groaning anvil weld.

"But now has Christ
 Refulgent with Eternal Majesty,
 At Heaven's high gate His throne set up.
 His royal crown He wore, and in His face
 Shone pure humanity. With His right hand
 He held His honoured sceptre, and His left
 Bore up His ransomed world. Around there stood
 His faithful ministers, His chieftains holy.

"First stands Ergotheus, in council wise,
 With torch in hand. This made his diadem
 One blaze of light. His flowing cloak was girt
 With golden cincture, drawn beneath his arms,
 Broïdered with rich inlay. His comrades too
 Were in like guise. But one above the rest
 Stood out pre-eminent, Mystotheus,
 The sacred bard, in radiant cloud ensphered.
 And next God's messenger Opsitheus,
 The angel of His Presence, brightly limbed,
 Ethereal, as all the angels are,
 But hid from view by glare of fiercest flame,
 Red-glowing, dense; as when the sun, new-risen,
 Leaving with joy his chamber in the east,
 Shoots out his upward beams of liquid light,
 And seems a fountain pouring forth the day,
 Unveiling earth to all men's longing eyes;
 Then soon these upward-streaming rays of light
 Are conquered and submerged; for fiercer flames
 Burst forth, and lo! one universal glare.

¹ The Chalybes were a people living near Pontus in Asia Minor, famous for their skill in welding and tempering iron. Aeschylus refers to them in his *Prometheus* (715). English literature seems not to know them, for there is but one reference or quotation in the great New English Dictionary. But that one is from Milton:

The hammered cuirass,
 Chalybean-tempered steel, and frock of mail,
 Adamantean proof.

(*Samson Agonistes*, 133.)

However, our literature knows the term "chalybeate" well enough, for does not the *locus classicus* tell us that "a very strong flavour o' warm flat-irons is the killibeate"? But what a descent from the Chalybes of John Milton to the killibeate of Mr. John Smauker!

"Next come behind a chosen band of youths,
 His guards and satellites. Their breasts are bare,
 Upon their shoulders nought but airy wings.
 Onward they fly, their King in burning rows¹
 Encompassing, the while they echo forth
 One joyful concert of celestial song.²

As when swans, sated, in long order rise
 From off their feeding-grounds to meet the skies,
 Then hear we, from their numerous liquid throats,
 An airy charm of such melodious notes,
 So high-resounding that it seems to be
 A challenge to the stars' sweet harmony.
 So passed the angelic throng.³ Doritheus next
 In order came; his brow with garland wreaths
 Was crowned; his hands loaden with fairest fruit—
 God's gifts to man. Natheless, such cates as these
 Can never vie with God's great gift of Grace,
 Can never equal his who followed next—
 Charitheus; his form sublime, his face
 As fair and smooth as ever virgin had,
 While on his neck his golden hair fell back,
 And all his visage glowed with rosy light.

"Yet reached not even he to that great form
 Supreme, the image true of God Himself,
 Autotheus, a form no mortal men
 Could gaze on unabashed, nor hosts of Hell.

"Such was this vast ethereal host, and such
 Heaven's fiery vigour that within them lay.
 With conquering might they drive the rebels down
 To Tartarus, and gladly thus fulfil
 With godlike strength the Eternal Father's will."

"This theme is somewhat novel," said the tutor, "and has hardly ever been attempted by any Christian poet as yet; still, it rests on the very ancient foundation of revealed truth. The sacred text shows that our Saviour, after He had determined on the salvation of man, always protected His own. It was He whom God promised to

¹ Miltonic. Cf. *a Solemn Music*, 10:

Where the bright Seraphim in burning row.

² This line, apparently a favourite one, is repeated farther on in this book, in the song *Away, ye lightsome minds!*

³ For illustrations and remarks on this fine Miltonic simile, see note to original passage in *Excursus E*.

Moses to send as a leader to drive out and conquer the enemies of God's chosen race, and to be revered with godly fear; and it was He who met Joshua, and said He would be Captain and Leader of the host, and in consequence received Divine honours not permitted to saints or angels. Indeed, we find it expressly said of Christ that He must reign until He has put all His enemies beneath His feet. Now, He refused a kingdom in this world among men, and took upon Him the form of a servant, though He was the Heir and Lord of all, so it is surely a probable truth that He is King of the angels, and that they are His ministers, as was Michael when he fought against the Dragon. The heavenly angels also minister, as we know, to the heirs of salvation;¹ surely they perform this office by favour of their King.

"Nor must we forget what is related of Elisha's servant, who saw, when God opened his eyes, the air filled with angels and their chariots round about his master.

"Our poet does not go beyond these Scriptural truths, nor does he make curious, vain enquiries into the nature of angels, as if they were really divided into the orders he names,² nor does he ever put them forward as objects of worship, but, as was said before of the evil angels, he gives poetical colour and circumstance to what ought generally to be believed about them. For instance, they excel in power and wisdom and in the love of God. Wisdom is higher than power, and love than either. As to power, the first degree is to be on God's side, the next to be inflamed with ardent zeal, and the highest degree of all the thorough subduing of all the evil that is against

¹ Henry Lawrence, a Member of Parliament and a friend of Milton, says (p. 19 of *Militia Spiritualis*, London): "It is cleare that the tutelage of the good Angells belongs only to the elect (Heb. i. 14)," which is also the passage our author is referring to; and at p. 25: "It's good to be a saint that ye may have the tutelage of Angells, *this honour have all the saints and none but they.*"

² Here our author follows Calvin closely, who says: Si ritè sapere volumus, relinquenda sunt nobis illa ματαιώματα qua ab otiosis hominibus de angelorum ordinibus absque Dei verbo tradunter (*Instit.*, Lib. I., c. xiv., § 4).

us, and the never-ceasing happiness of the victory therein gained.

"As to knowledge, the lowest step is meditation on the works of God, the middle one the interpretation of prophecies and mysteries, the highest of all is to behold the face of God Himself.

"In like manner as to love. It is something to love God for His benefits, and not, as some, to value the gift above the Giver. It is better still to love God for His exceeding love¹ and grace to us. It is best of all to love God for Himself.

"The fictitious names, too, of the angels in their orders are purposely chosen in the reader's interest ;² they all

¹ *Charitas* in the Latin text, which is the word that Milton prefers to use in his posthumous *De Doctrina Christiana*.

² These fictitious names of the archangels suggest strongly the Miltonic authorship of *Nova Solyma*. For as Milton *invents* names of angels in *Paradise Lost*, the same is done here, the method of invention being exactly similar in both cases. In *Paradise Lost* he invents from the Hebrew: Zophiel, Watchman of God (vi. 535), Ithuriel, Searcher of God (iv. 788), Abdiel, Servant of God (v. 805), Uzziel, Might of God (iv. 782), all names of angels unknown to Scripture or to Rabbinical literature, and therefore his own composition.

In *Nova Solyma* we have the three hierarchies of angels poetically distinguished by the attributes of power, knowledge, and love, and the nine choirs of angels have their captains in—

Orders.	1. Architheus, Captain of God,	} Power.	Hierarchy I.
	2. Syntheus, Ally of God,		
	3. Zatheus, Majesty of God,		
	4. Ergotheus, Work of God,	} Knowledge.	Hierarchy II.
	5. Mystotheus, Mystery of God,		
	6. Opsitheus, Countenance of God,		
	7. Dorotheus, Gift of God,	} Love.	Hierarchy III.
	8. Charitheus, Grace of God,		
	9. Autotheus, Very God of Very God,		

With the exception of Zatheus, a word occurring in Homer and in the Greek anthology, though not with reference to angels, every one of these names was coined by the author of *Nova Solyma*.

I repeat, this points to Milton. He delighted in forming names from his own head—*e.g.* the four Horses of Night, in his Latin poem *In quintum Novembris*, i. 70, and elsewhere, and although he had the choice of names of 147 angels given by Simon Majolus in his oft-printed

end in a suffix meaning God, as do our Hebrew names Michael, Gabriel, and the rest.

"And now, since I cannot send you away without book *Dies Caniculares*, he would have none of them, but chose his own as above.

Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, v. 748, speaks of—

The mighty regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees,

and in this he had been preceded by his favourite poets Spenser and Tasso :

Like as it had been many an angel's voice
Singing before the eternal Majesty
In their *trinal triplicities* on high

(*Faërie Queene*, i. 12, 39) ;

and again :

There they in their trinal triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend.

(Spenser, *Hymn of Heavenly Love*.)

Also Tasso, cant. xviii., st. 96.

But these three hierarchies and nine orders, or choirs, originally came from the Schoolmen, the idea being started by Dionysius Areopagita, a pseudonymous writer who obtained great fame and authority in the Middle Ages as the pupil and convert of St. Paul when at Athens.

Our author in *Nova Solyma* does not follow out strictly the traditional *schema*, but, quite in the manner of Milton, strikes out a new plan based on the old foundation. The influence and development of these angelic orders in the Middle Ages is an interesting subject, but cannot be handled here. I must refer the curious reader to Jacobus Ode, *De Angelis*, 1739, pp. 704-32, which book has the fullest account of the angelic hierarchies that I know of, even though I happen to possess that most rare, curious, and ponderous work of Thomas Gastaldus, *De potestate Angelica*, 1651, in three volumes folio, and more than two thousand pages of double columns. The old literature on angels is of surpassing extent, both Catholic and Protestant, and it has no doubt caused considerable astonishment that the hard-headed Puritans of England, Holland, and America should have given themselves up in bygone days to accept such a mass of absurdities concerning demons, angels, and witches, as we know, on the plainest evidence, was the rule with them all. Not even the acute and original mind of the youthful author of *Nova Solyma* could quite escape from the oft-repeated and authorised fancies, as we see here and elsewhere in his book. As far as the Puritans were concerned, I am afraid it was their

hearing of the naval victory and the wonderful issue of it all, I will give you the main points from another book of the *Philippica*.

ARMADA "With massy timbered sides, the ships of Spain
 EPIC, High on the surface of the burdened deep
 Extract III. All lumbering lie. In order close they form,
 Together chained; curved in such crescent shape
 As wears the Cynthian Queen of Night, ere yet
 Her face is seven nights old, or when her month
 Wanes to the end. Forthwith in speediest sail
 This crescent fleet opes wider still her horns,
 As gaping to enclose the opposing barques,
 And, with insatiate maw, engorge them down.

painful and conscientious preachers who were responsible for the mischief (and there *was* great mischief, at Salem and elsewhere) arising from such delusions.

In those days the religious views of the rising generation of Puritans were almost wholly in the minister's hands, whose continual duty it was to impress the Word of God, as revealed in Scripture, upon their flock. Angels, witches, and demons were all in the record, and could not be excluded from the teaching without bringing on the minister a suspicion of atheism, as it was then called. Prodigies, omens, signs, and wonders were also naturally expected by the elect people of a God who was the active providential Ruler and Sustainer of His own created universe. Hence, not even the great mind of a youthful Milton or of his admirable tutor Thomas Young could be expected to rise superior to the established views, and we must not therefore take the strange episodes of *Nova Solyma* as being unlikely to proceed from the lofty intellect of our illustrious poet.

I may here add, apropos of Milton and the angels, that, in the early days of Miltonic criticism, one of the highest compliments (and one of the hardest hits) ever given to Milton was in 1709, when the following lines by Mr. Yalden appeared in a collection of verse entitled *Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems*. They were edited by Elijah Fenton.

ON MILTON'S PROSE WORKS BEING PRINTED WITH HIS POEMS

Like the fallen Angels in their happy state
 Thou shar'dst their Nature, Insolence, and Fate;
 To Harps Divine, immortal Hymns they sung,
 As sweet thy Voice, as sweet thy Lyre was strung.
 As they did Rebels to the Almighty grow,
 So thou prophan'st His Image here below.
 Apostate Bard! may not thy guilty Ghost
 Discover to its own eternal Cost,
 That as they Heav'n, thou Paradise hast lost?

"So, when some whirlpool, with vast, foaming ring
In middle channel roars, the raging gulf
Sucks underneath all things that venture near,
Then finny tribes and heedless keels alike
Go twisting down into the jaws of Hell.

"To meet such ponderous strength, how vain
The attempt of Albion's barques! So here and there
The little fleet tacks round her mightier foe,
Plaguering from far, with cautious arts of war,
Spain's wooden castles huge.¹

"Just so we see
Some hungry wolf with restless prowl beset
Hibernian cows. They, in a circle driven,
Stand closely packed, unanimous; their young,
Not used to fight, retreat, with lowings soft,
Behind the rampart of their mothers' horns—
Horns wildly tossing with unwonted ire.
The agile wolf, all frustrate of his prey,
Prowls famished round; he would not go unfed,²
Yet dares not meet that curvèd line of rage.

"Christ, seeing this, determines now to help
The weaker side. Forthwith He moves their minds
To fill some keels with fiery pitch
And blasting-dust, dark-colour'd, sulphurous;
Then next He calls from His attendant train
Dositheus, of all the angel-gods
Most swift of wing, to whom He thus began:

"Go, speedy one, go, cleave thy rapid course
Through intervening clouds to Terror's cave.
Thence call him forth, and bid him scatter far
The chained and ironed fleet of cruel Spain.'

"Thus Christ commanded, and the angel sped,
Quicker than eye could follow, through the air,

¹ Lat. *silvosa castella*. This description is a very appropriate one. Spain was in the sixteenth century far more a military power than a naval one. Her ships were really floating *fortresses*, garrisoned by troops, with a crew of sailors (often very inadequate) and galley-slaves to direct their course and manage their movements. Guns and cannons were not much relied upon; a conflict at close quarters was considered the decisive method for victory. *Silvosa* is oddly used as qualifying *castella*, for the word means "full of trees"; but this coining a word or meaning is, as we know, very Miltonic. However, Vitruvius has the expression *silvosa arbor*, so the coinage may pass muster, and do we not know that Milton read Vitruvius with his two nephews?

² This simile is from Virgil's *Aeneid*, ix. 59. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, 184; *Comus*, 504; *Tasso* (Fairfax), x. 2.

Most like to flash of thought; instant he flew,
And summoned Terror from his dark abode.

"Far from all places known to men, his cave,
Of amplitude almost immense, was fixed
In those far limits of the Arctic seas
Where dwells perennial Night. Huge beetling crags
Loomed all around; uplifted, imminent,
They seemed about to fall on that strange shore
Beneath, where sea-calves played, and unlicked bears,
And many a monstrous form of Nature's sport,
While harpy-footed vampires fluttered by,¹
Foreboding ill. Around the entrance stand
A crowd of lemures,² ghosts, and spectres dim.³

"There, too, were evil signs and prodigies,
And dangers hazardous to fame and life,
With cowering Fear, and Horror brooding vast.

"Lo, last there rushes forth, roused by the call
Of such a summoner, an awful Form,
A phantom, monstrous, volant,⁴ bodiless,
Of terrors all compact—the King himself.
Him thus the heavenly messenger addressed:

"Dire King of Terrors, leave thy hollow cave;
Disperse the Spanish fleet. Thus Christ commands.
So take thou in thy charge, and arm at once,
With all the arts thou hast, those ships of fire,
The last resource to weary Britons left.'

¹ The Latin is *stryges*. These were, properly speaking, night birds who were supposed to lay wait for children and suck their breasts or their blood, wasting their strength generally. Ovid (*Fasti*, vi. 133) describes them at some length. Later on they became connected in popular thought with night hags and witches who abused human entrails, and later still, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Italian word *streghe* was the usual term for the witches who went to their Sabbaths on brooms and goats. "Harpy-footed vampires" was the best expression I could find to gather up in one all these dim and horrid ideas. Milton knew them (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 662).

² Milton (*Hymn on the Nativity*, 191), has the following line:

The lars and lemures moan with midnight plaint,

where *lemures* is Anglicised to scan as a dissyllable. I have used the same licence.

³ *Comus*, 429:

A cavern shagged with horrid shades.

⁴ Cf. *Paradise Lost*, xi. 561: "His volant touch," etc. The Latin in text is *volans*. This points to Milton.

"Than these no words could better please or move
 The grisly King. Then, overjoyed to take
 His share in such wild deeds, that awful Shape,
 As answer, raised a peal most horrible
 Of echoing laughter long and loud, far worse
 Than rumbling roar of twin contending seas,
 Or when the pregnant thunder-clouds displode¹
 From hill to hill. A tremor ran along
 The Arctic ground; the mountain tops were rent
 By that dread peal; it flawed the eternal ice,
 Thick as it lay upon the Cronian Sea;
 E'en Heaven itself did tremble to the pole.²

"Not so the angel; he, all undismayed
 By any earthly sound, led on the way
 Across the waste of unfrequented seas,
 Until they found their quest. Terror at once
 His post as pilot takes. Instead of sails,
 He fits his craft with swift ærial wings,
 And steers direct for the Hesperian fleet.

"Like arrows from the bow, or weapons hurled
 By strong right hand, the fiery vessels sped,
 And as they drove a passage through the fleet,
 Terror on both sides scatters fiery arms
 And flaring torches and black sulphurous dust,
 And with them Panic Fear. Then, last of all,
 He shows, in all his horrid guise, himself,
 Roughly importunate, the while he shakes
 His iron wings before their shuddering face,
 Daunting their heart.³ They turn in haste
 To quit their anchorage, courting such winds
 As best they may. No thought of victory now,
 Or mad desire for glory or for gain;

¹ The Latin is *displosa tonitrua*. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, vi. 605:

In posture to displode their second tire
 Of thunder.

² On this very fine conception of the awful effects of Terror's laugh, see remarks on the original Latin passage in *Excursus D*.

³ These iron wings strongly point to Spenser, a well-known favourite with Milton. Cf. *Faërie Queene*, II. vii. 23:

And over them sad Horrour with grim hew
 Did always soar, beating her iron wings.

This weird thought of iron wings is again met with farther on in the *Bridal Song of Love*, and was clearly a favourite one with the author of *Nova Solyma*.

That awful Shape still drives them on and on,
Possessed by unimaginable fears.

" Brave Albion's sons, when first they saw their foes
(Of blackest night begot) in such sad plight,
Their forces ranged; and then with one consent
Their whole flotilla follows up the foe
Close on his broken rear. He, sore dismayed,
And still in middle danger set by fire
And flames and Terror's breathèd spell, now hears
As well the shouts and taunts of the pursuing fleet,
And more: loud guns belch forth their sulphurous blasts
(In happier times unknown),¹ sending withal
Their balls of massive ruin through the sides
Of many a galleon huge. Within is heard
The piteous groan of wounded men; without
The waves are all pollute with impious blood;
While still th' unceasing hail of shot and shell
And fire comes pouring in. And now the flames
Seize on the pennons fluttering to the breeze,
And now the mast of some great ammiral
Falls with a mighty crash. The stricken sea.
Resounds. Dark Night is all ablaze with flame."²

" Here we meet Terror personified and clothed in poetic garb. We are all familiar with the harmless custom poets have of regarding dumb, inanimate objects as living persons—for instance, when they call Death the King of Terrors, use Phoebus for the sun, Mars for war, and Mercury for a messenger. We see the same even in the sacred Scriptures, and Christ Himself more than once speaks of Mammon, the Syrian god, as a personification of riches.³ These things lead me to say a little about the use of fable and fiction in poetry.

¹ Cf. *Paradise Lost*, vi. 465-507, where cannons and the invention of gunpowder are ascribed to Satan.

² For further remarks on this Armada epic, see *Excursus C*.

³ The personification of an abstraction is here noted and defended. Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 648, uses the famous allegory of Sin and Death seated before the gates of Hell. To personify metaphysical entities as Milton did there has been severely criticised, but it was evidently the work of the great poet's deliberate poetical conviction. Here we see the Miltonic conviction in this passage of *Nova Solyma*, and it is upheld against possible criticism. Milton personified Mammon in *Paradise Lost*, i. 678. His favourite Spenser had done so before, in his description of Mammon's cave.

"My view is that our senses comprehend things intuitively, but our mind by discourse and inference, requiring much labour and study, for the fall of our first parent was the cause of the weakening and corruption of our best faculties. Whence it happens that our senses give us clearer knowledge and keener pleasure than our mental faculties do, and so, if we wish any concept of the mind to be more clearly understood and more effectually presented, of our own accord we make use of sensible objects to convey our meaning. Thence arose metaphor, followed by allegory, and allegory begat the parable, and these, with their original moral, were by degrees extended to embrace all that belongs to man's life and history, and so arrived at what we call Poetry.

"Poetry may be likened to wine in this, that they may both be either a soothing medicine or a strong poison, according to the way it is taken; but of what great use the art may become is clear from Christ's use of the parable in His teaching. There is scarcely any hard thing to be said against this art which cannot be refuted from the Scripture use of it. If you say it turns sacred things into jest and ridicule, you accuse Christ and God as well, who, although He wishes no graven image or likeness of Himself to be made by men, yet is willing to come down to the theatre of our mental fancy and affect it by the things of sense—for does not faith come by hearing, and worship by seeing, and in the rapt poetic strain so frequently met with in God's prophets, have the senses anything to do with the origin of the marvel beyond the utterance or writing down of the words given? Is it not God who sensibly impresses the poetry on the prophet's brain?

"If you condemn poetry as full of falsehood and fiction, then you condemn Christ and the truth as well. For who can be less deserving of the charge of falsehood than he who relates fables in order to bring to view in clear light truths unobserved or concealed?

"If you condemn the way poetry has of mingling the false with the true, consider, I pray, the parable of the

rich man and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, which we must allow to be partly invention, and yet permitted to take its place in God's Word.

"The one necessary caution with regard to the great poetical licence that is allowed is this: that nothing should be admitted which is contrary to reasonable faith and morality, for it is less harm to recommend the noble precepts of virtue and piety by personages of fiction than to relate seductive and impious evil deeds with every element of truth and circumstance; nay, the first deserves the highest praise, the last the highest condemnation. Our Joseph most righteously avoids this last fault.¹ You will notice he does not style himself a poet: he avoids the title; it is the pleasant exercise and advantage of the art that he cares for. David, Solomon, Imperial Majesties² have written poems when their minds were full of the most grievous trouble. If poetry gets possession of a volatile mind, the native restlessness is soon absorbed in the art; if the mind be serious, then poetry enlivens and matures.

"As for dramatic poetry, we do not disallow it altogether. It is practised chiefly in our schools as the best training for gesture and the proper control of the voice. We do not, however, allow our pupils to personate a drunkard or a fool, nor yet to take the part of a parasite, adulterer, cut-throat, or blackguards of that sort; for to do this is unbecoming in a gentleman, nor can any one do justice to such a character without a tendency to the vice in himself, either inherent or assumed.

"Just as the old Gentile world did not allow the grosser crimes to be perpetrated before the audience, but had the custom of only announcing them by the chorus, so we by messengers or in the dialogue of the piece hint simply at those crimes which are not to be named among

¹ So did Milton throughout his whole life, more so, perhaps, than any of his cultured contemporaries. Even Sam Johnson had to allow him full credit for that, it was such a marked feature of his poetry.

² Lat. *Caesares*. Our author's general term for a nation's autocratic ruler, used elsewhere in *Nova Solyma*, as I think, for Charles I.

Christians. As for allowing any representation on the stage of the Deity or of imps of Hell, we are against it entirely. But I have perhaps dwelt on this subject too long already, so now I will come to the last prize pen."

This pen showed more variety than any of the others, both in shape and in the metals of which it was made. When he had sufficiently showed it to them, he said:

"This is for the most unfettered sort of literature we have; the ancients rarely exercised themselves in it, but of late it has been much praised. All styles of writing are permissible, and any subject may be included. It is akin to poetry, but written in prose with fragments of verse interwoven here and there.

"Many have lately written in this style specious tales of so-called love and honour,¹ and by the interest and attraction of their plots have been the cause of many innocent young minds, whom the crude mention of vice or indecency would shock, becoming inclined to pride, luxury, intrigue, and such splendid sins of the world of pleasure. Wherefore in our republic all such books are put on the Index as the worst infection and plague that can be for the rising generation, and we have good cause to suspect that two of the worst evils that are rife among the more educated and wealthier classes are due to these romances. The first is that often the readers become so interested in the heroes and heroines of the tales that they cannot rest till they imitate their doings, and bring themselves frequently to ruin by some silly love adventure or some unhappy marriage.

¹ Romances. The author is probably referring to the flood of heroic and pastoral romances which threatened about his time to swamp all the other reading of the upper classes, especially those of the softer sex. And there were also the *picaresque romances* hailing from Spain, and the suggestive *Celestina*, which was translated into many languages (English in 1631). And then there was the acted romance, which disgraced often enough both actors and audience by its lascivious nature and allusions. All these lacked the high serious tone which was Milton's distinguishing note, and were by him considered a constant danger for the rising generation. See this fully stated in *Apology for Smectymnuus*, iii. 118, 119 (Bohn).

"The second evil is that they foster duelling, and young men of the highest lineage will challenge each other to the horrid crime of homicide, and fight to the death like common gladiators, led on by their false views of manly courage, which they have imbibed from such foolish tales, whereas true courage is never dissociated from the fear of God and the love of justice.¹

"There are few authors indeed who do not follow this bad fashion; one we have heard of who is trying, as doctors do, to extract an antidote from the poison, and to use this style of writing to make the world better rather than worse. He has concealed his name, and given this distich motto instead:

Who wrote this book, do you ask? Why start such a bootless enquiry?

If you but read and enjoy, you will have made it your own.²

"The very motto instructs us that the author is not eager for notoriety, nor cares to cozen vain and foolish readers, but wishes to spread abroad solid, healthy, literary pabulum. It says the book shall be his who has learned to use it, that no portion of it can be gained in any other way, nor can the reader have it for his own on any other condition. For each man has his greatest pleasure from his own works and, if he be a wise man, the greatest profit therefrom as well, by which I mean that each man's mind and conscience afford him higher examples than he can

¹ Milton took interest in the subject of duelling—p. 19 of his *Commonplace Book* is devoted to it. His citations show him to be adverse to the practice. He refers to the noble and staunch reply of Caius Marius to his Teutonic challenger.

² Milton's *Comus*, when first published by Lawes without the author's name, bore a Virgilian motto which, all critics agree, was certainly supplied by Milton:

Eheu, quid volui misero mihi! floribus Austrum Perditus.

Ah, wretched me!

Why have I yielded to my own undoing?

Why thus expose my buds to bitter winds?

Mottoes from concealed authors were unusual in published works. A good later example is Junius and his *stat nominis umbra*.

reach unto or fully imitate. Moreover, he does good to the common weal¹ whoever puts forward these strivings after a more perfect life, and describes with genuine candour what things they be that seekers after virtue should aim at. For the way of obtaining knowledge is often as far removed from the law of perfect reason as a busy, active life is from that of a student.

"The author, then, who truly follows out this idea, and is constantly recurring to it under one form or another in his works, deserves, I think, a gracious pardon for any slight error or slip. For he does not claim that he is absolutely correct, and that his magisterial decision should be accepted by all as of divine right; he simply presents an abundant succession of incidents and observations, which every reader, according to his power of comprehension, may dwell upon, or skip, or censure. He has not the inpatient audacity of those rash reformers who are for tearing up the old foundations, for putting civil and political life on a new basis, and for carrying out specious schemes which are as costly as they are dangerous, in order to overturn what has stood the test of many generations.

"The argument of this book is the history of a life that is free, that has received a liberal education, and has been well and religiously brought up; it keeps within the limits of the humanly possible, and deals, as a rule, with the middle ranks of life, who are perhaps the best, and certainly not the least numerous. I would gladly extol it more, except that I should seem to be praising my own nation, for by a novel and daring fiction the scene of the tale is laid here in Nova Solyma and the author long ago described in his book, more as a prophet than as an historian, the life we lead in this present age. We owe him something truly for opining so well of us; not that we believe in any power to forecast the future—he only wrote what he hoped might be, and what he thought no one would take for truth. But whether the work is fact or fiction is a minor point compared with the

¹ Milonic.

intention of the book—that is to say, the right ordering of a Christian's life (*institutio*). Thus it came at last to us, and we hear that, though many criticise and censure, there are more still who reap benefit from it."

All this time the head tutor had been speaking with great fluency, as one who by natural ability and constant practice was thoroughly used to communicating knowledge, and delighted in it. Nor were his hearers less pleased to listen than he to speak.¹

¹ Our author seems to have considered that a lofty-minded, pure, and edifying novel or romance, written with the style and diction of a master artist, was the very highest type of literary endeavour, and one of the most well-adapted means for permeating and uplifting the whole body of public opinion and morals.

He seems to have placed such a work above both oratory and poetry, as being the most free from all arbitrary fetters, and so comprehensive both in matter and style that both rhetoric and poetry could be intermingled with it, as he has shown by his excellent example in the present book.

Our author puts forward the opinion, an extremely original one at the time he wrote, that a prose romance dealing in a pure and natural manner with the ordinary incidents of human life, especially the life of the immense middle class, would be an extremely effective literary instrument for promoting the general good of the commonwealth. It should not, he thought, deal either in impossibilities or in puerilities, much less in immoralities or conventional follies. It should have a healthy Christian tone and should aim high, and in that case, as to general effect, it would rank higher than even history, poetry, or the drama.

Surely these thoughts were before their time, and showed much literary foresight. I think it will be a surprise to those who are acquainted with the Elizabethan and early Stuart romances when they discover how in *Nova Solyma* the foolish love episodes, the ridiculous euphuisms, the impossible escapades of knights and dames, and the many other literary abominations of the period are singularly absent, while every now and then the delicacy and sentiment of the modern love story or the tale of manners is most unexpectedly present.

Our anonymous writer evidently saw with clear vision the immense power of the novel, romance, or prose epic, if found worthy to live beyond the passing fashion of the hour and age. He ranked it as supreme, the last pen, *ultimus calamus*, the most finished expression of literary style. And now, after two hundred and fifty years, the increasing experience of many generations has confirmed his early forecast.

It is the novel in its many varieties that now claims millions of readers, while other branches of literature can only claim thousands and hundreds. It is the novel that can alter the very habits of thought of a generation or a people, even as Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley Novels* are by many considered to have started that wave of High Church principles and aristocratic feudal conservatism which spread so rapidly later on among our universities and cultured classes. Indeed, a novel or romance which has been found worthy to live, and to stir the hearts of unnumbered readers from generation to generation, has surely a right to rank with the never-dying epics of the world, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the *Aeneid*, the *Divine Comedia*, and our *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*. For such a novel as our author imagined *is* an epic—a prose epic—and they are almost as few in number as the world-epics above. This has been well shown by the following line of argument, which I accept and amplify.

Poetry is the *metrical* literature of the imagination; the novel or romance is the *prose* literature of the imagination. Just as there are three kinds of poetry—lyric, narrative or epic, and the dramatic—so also a corresponding threefold division can be made with regard to the prose literature of the imagination, the novel or romance. To lyric poetry corresponds oratory and rhetorical prose rhapsodies; to drama in verse corresponds drama in prose; and there remains narrative poetry (including epic), which corresponds to or is the counterpart of the novel. And as of all narrative poetry that class which contains the great epics of the world is the most permanent and most worthy to endure from generation to generation; so of novels and romances, those that belong in any way to the epic class (though, alas! worthy specimens are rare) are the ones that alone can hold their own through the course of passing centuries. Baron Bunsen seems to deserve the credit for this ingenious piece of literary criticism, and he declares it to be verified by experience. "If we pass in review," he says, "the romances of the three last centuries, we shall find that those only have arrested the attention of more than one or two generations which have satisfied this (*i.e.* the epic) requirement." And we are told further what this epic aim or requirement is for verse—*viz.* "A poetic representation of a course of events consistent with the highest laws of moral government, whether it delineate the general history of a people [*the Iliad* as type], or narrate the fortunes of a chosen hero [*the Odyssey* as type]."

This lofty epic standard or aim by which a novel or romance can endure through the centuries is indeed a trying one, and how few modern authors seem likely to attain to it! What shall we say of Kipling, or Hall Caine, or Corelli, or Ouida? And what of many names more popular than theirs? Why, surely this—that the winnowing fan of an exacting and continuous criticism will leave but little solid wheat sound and weighty enough to be garnered in the granaries of the ages. Bunsen gives one example of the lasting kind of prose epical

literature—*Don Quixote*—a solid grain of wheat not blown to the winds, but garnered for the common use of the Republic of Letters now for many years; and there are others.

I have sometimes thought that Milton, who in his old age produced one of the very few *verse* epics destined to be eternal, did also in his youthful fervour half believe (for he had no mean opinion of his own powers) that he had produced to an audience fit but few a *prose* epic in *Nova Solyma* which might perchance be of the Aeonian order, or by a little further care and embellishment might be made to belong to it. If my conjecture be true, how strange has been the issue of this youthful hope of that immortal genius we Englishmen so much admire.

Perhaps this is the best place to say something with regard to the objection that Milton, a constant Puritan throughout his life, would not be likely to write a Romance at all; but especially not likely to write one dealing with the follies and vagaries of Love, such as we see in *Nova Solyma* in the tales of Philander and in the strange incident of Antonia's immodesty. Indeed, this last incident struck a learned friend of mine as being one of the very few things in the book not consistent with Milton's known character. I recognise the *prima facie* force of this objection, and fortunately can meet it with very little difficulty. It is well known that Milton in his youth was an interested reader of romances of love and chivalry, for he tells us so himself: thither, he said, "my younger feet wandered."¹ And in his *Areopagitica* he mentions two under the generic title of "Arcadias" and "Monte Mayors." We may thus reasonably infer that among the many romances he devoured in his boyhood the *Diana* of George of Montemayor, translated from the Spanish by Barth. Young in 1598, was undoubtedly one of them, and probably his favourite one, as he picks it out from all others along with Sidney's *Arcadia*. Now, there are clear signs that the history of Philander's love for Joseph, and her donning lad's attire so as to be near him, was written by one who knew his *Diana* very well, and had, consciously or unconsciously, framed his tale of Philander from the Spanish romance. I admit that for a lady to disguise herself as a page or otherwise so as to be near her lover is one of the most common incidents of the Italian novels and early British dramas of the period, and if we had nothing but Philander's history to go upon, the argument would be very weak. But the strange and rather repulsive episode of Antonia's passion for the boy who is really a girl comes from the *Diana* as well. The death of Antonia and her prototype, and the angry disappointment of the lady when the boy-girl would not accept her advances, are very similar both in *Diana* and in *Nova Solyma*. Now, these are *not* common incidents of Renaissance romance, and the fair inference is that the author of *Nova Solyma* borrowed from the *Diana* of George of Montemayor.

¹ *Apology for Smectymnuus*, iii. 118 (Bohn).

CHAPTER V

THE GYMNASIUM VISITED—THE LOVE TROUBLES OF THE YOUNG ENGLISHMEN

BUT at this juncture Joseph came in, which gave an opportunity for concluding the discourse. The papers were carefully replaced in their proper drawers, and the listeners, who were profuse in their thanks, were handed over to the further guidance of Joseph, who took them on to see the gymnasium. Here the boys went through all kinds of exercises and games—running, leaping, games of ball and the quoit, swimming in the baths, riding, drill, and evolutions in heavy marching order, as well as light skirmishing exercise.¹ Just then they were at their studies, and when these were over, they were not only freely encouraged to do gymnasium work, but even obliged to go through it as a task if any try to shirk. Masters were present at these athletic contests, some to give hints or a little coaching, others to watch their behaviour and check anything improper, for nowhere is a boy's natural disposition more clearly discovered than when in excited play.

"They warn the lads against any trickery or mean cunning in their sports as being a low and despicable thing for a boy to attempt. They impress upon them

¹ With regard to these military evolutions and exercises, which are recommended both here and in Milton's Letter on Education of 1644, Professor Morris, of the University of Melbourne, in his Introduction to Milton's Letter, says: "The military nature of the exercise is probably due to the fact that the civil war was actually going on when the tractate was written and published." The war may have raised present interest in such exercises, but the original idea came from the old Humanist educators of Italy—Vergerius, Castiglione, etc.

also that they should not be grasping after the money value of their athletic prizes,¹ but consider it more as a spur to their exertions and a token of victory, reminding them of that law of Nature that a man is to live by toil and merit and mutual help, and not by games and play.²

"If they show temper, or are sulky when they come off second best in a contest, the masters intervene and put a stop to angry discussion, making them see that if they cannot conquer others, they may, if they try, conquer themselves, and need not lose their prize and their temper too."

During these remarks Joseph had taken them all over the gymnasium, and they next passed into the room for general study. Perfect silence reigned here ; not a sound, except the voices now and then of a master or a reciter. The rest were busy at their desks, and did not stir when the strangers entered, but each, like an automaton, went on with his task. Joseph gave a parting glance to his brother, and the three friends left the boys to their studies.

As soon as they were outside, the subject of boys' training was naturally discussed.

"Ah! my friends," said Joseph, "it is not without the greatest reasons that we train our boys as you have seen. To take only this reason, is it not clear that religion has always flourished most in a learned age and among cultured people, in spite of the fact, which I admit, that religion has found its sturdiest opponents in the same circumstances?"

"Religion is at its highest point of excellence when it best agrees with right reason and real goodness, viewed in the pure light of God's truth. Now, all the false religions break up that pure light as if by a prism into many gorgeous separate colours, and take pride in covering and adorning themselves in their vanity with showy rags, which are, after all, only part of God's Divine ray of truth,³ though His pure light does sometimes, to emotional souls,

¹ As is the case with the "pot-hunter" of to-day.

² Bookmakers would be at a discount in Nova Solyma.

³ Ornate rites and ceremonies—a touch of Milton, surely.

pierce through this ceremonial covering as through the cranny of a cave. Hence false religion (being of man's making) acts always as a tyrant, and represses free discussion, and fears free opinions. I agree that mere honesty and morality can hardly deserve of themselves the higher Divine grace, but end in their own endeavours—a dangerous state doubtless, but still God values them, and they are with Him, not against Him.”¹

Here Politian raised the objection that even good and sensible men had been most determined enemies of true religion, and, on the other hand, wicked and impious men very often made a profession of it.

“That happens,” said Joseph, “from a defect in the nature of some men, who are either blinded so as not to perceive the true Light, or by obstinate hardness of heart they turn away from it. So it comes to pass that either by an overweening self-esteem, or by the heat of fleshly lust, or weighed down under the yoke of God's just decrees, they savour of earthly things, and, like owls, they love darkness and shun the light and the day.

“But as knowledge is the servant of morality, so both are true servants of religion; they place us face to face with her, they make us acquainted with her. And so to our lessons in culture and conduct we always join the teaching of religion in our schools, and indeed I may say almost in our cradles.

“Although all do not attain unto eternal salvation, the religious influence imparted to them does certainly, through its elements of fear and reverence, make them inclined to a more respectable and honourable life. The power of goodness extends its influence by affinity and alliance throughout the whole world of nature. As much as religion owes to human virtues, which are her satellites and protect her from injurious attack, she pays quite as much back when she in turn impresses on the minds of men the desire for what is right and just with a force and sanction far greater than any human law.”

¹ No thorough Puritan would thus speak up for the “filthy rags” of man's righteousness.

They had now arrived at the outer gate of the building, through which they passed, and proceeded home through the town by another street, for Joseph intended paying a visit to his aunt, who lived there. When he arrived at the door, the servant told him that the mistress and her niece had gone out into the town, so he came away. His two friends, however, were not a little disappointed at losing such a good opportunity, which they had reckoned on, and preferred to all the sights of the day. The simple mention of the sister raised their hopes to the highest, and now they were dashed to the ground. They both wished to suggest some excuse to wait for her return, but both were afraid to reveal what was in their mind. Politian passed it off by asking Joseph, in a voice of assumed indifference, whether his sister had her abode there, and both took notice of the house, for they had never been there before, and had not lately seen the damsel at her father's home. Joseph gave some short answer, and began to speak on some other subject; but he found poor listeners, for one seemed listless, and the other kept looking back at the house, and no doubt both envied even the servants and the walls, who could enjoy that dear presence from which they themselves seemed exiled. Even the society of Joseph and the hospitality of Jacob seemed less acceptable than of old; thus does love balefully influence our eyes and minds, and the best of all other pleasures is as nothing beside it.

On reaching home the three friends separated: Joseph to see his father on some business matter, Politian to the garden, as if to find healing herbs for a love-sick mind, for, though the darts of love were rather late in conquering his well-disciplined affections, the more obstinately did they remain. Eugenius went and shut himself up in his chamber, and throwing himself on his bed, he covered his face with his hands, and gave himself up to the deepest reverie. His thoughts rushed on like a torrent, now accompanied by a sigh, and now a groan.

"Oh! Eugenius," he murmured, "what madness is this? What hope are you vainly cherishing? You have become

the cruel sport of Love, and are mocking yourself as well. When first on that fatal day you saw the heavenly vision, what foolish fondness could it be that made you think your glances were returned, as if you two had found your mutual fate, and soon, without a check, would be united in the bonds of ardent love? Ah! what indeed? And yet I ever love to dwell in memory on the charm, the joy, the draught of heavenly pleasure which my poor soul drank in at sight of thee. For then my soul looked from the windows of my eyes, whither it had flown at the unexpected vision of thy most gentle form, and, lingering but an instant there, flew to thee as to a more congenial home.¹ And then, when there, it seemed to find a quiet, mutual welcome. Oh, what dreams of utter blessedness stole over every sense!

"'Twas one of Love's blind errors and a short-lived one, but the wound it has left behind will never heal. Oh, what misery often follows Love's vain dreams! Why has Nature given us this desire of the unattainable, this perfect joy that never can be ours? Nature feeds the hungry, and the thirsty can drink of her rivers. Why does she mock the stronger cravings of lovers with philtres and potions only? Surely she either ought not to have raised the flame, or else, when raised, quenched it at Love's own fount!"

At this he rose from the bed, and, folding his arms and with eyes abased, he strode restlessly hither and thither, now complaining, now self-accusing, and at times pausing to reason with himself.

"To think that, after having enjoyed her dear, innocent company in her own home, you have now lost that pleasure, and she is sent as a vestal virgin from her father's house. When a fortunate opportunity takes you to her new home, alas! she is not there. All things conspire against you; why not, thus hapless, drive her from your thoughts?"

¹ Cf. Milton's *Elegia*, vii. 69:

Nunc ciliis haesit, nunc virginis ore.

This was his May Queen. Cowper translates:

Now to her lips he clung, her eyelids now.

Then he would be sorry that he was vexed without reason ; then he would think how badly treated he was ; then again he would flatter himself that he would win her after all.

"I am not so beneath her that I may not ask for her as my bride. Laggard that I am, why not go and plead my suit with her brother Joseph, and ask his good offices with her father?"

This seemed such a brilliant idea that he was about to act upon it, when suddenly his courage failed him, and it seemed too daring a venture. For he remembered that he was a fugitive from his country and his parents, and would add much to his disgrace if he married unknown to them, and he felt sure that Joseph would view it in the same light. "Nor," he added, "are you such a low-bred lover, I hope, as to want to make her yours without being able to win or deserve her love. Every chance of marriage is, I see, now gone ; but I will, as far as I may, continue our present intercourse. I will give her back freely that love for her which she wrought in me, and did so well deserve. No longer will I deceive myself with dreams of joys to be shared with her. Yet would that she could be a friend, as close as Joseph, whom I could purely love in the chaste school of Plato ; or would that she might count me as a brother beloved, that so I might enjoy her intimacy, even as Joseph does. If this might be, gladly would I renounce all other hopes of her, and yield my ardent love to friendship's pure and most holy rule."

Such were the vows and such the vain figments of the brain by which he tried to cool his passion. Then he bethought him of some songs and tunes to soothe his troubled thoughts. Presently, as he was leaning against the window, he espied Politian walking in the garden. He seized the chance of going to him for advice, hoping that his friend would perhaps lighten the heavy burden of his anxious thoughts—not knowing, indeed, that he also had a burden no less heavy to bear.

When they met, Politian noticed at once an unaccus-

tomed pallor and distressed look in the other's countenance, and his first question was: "Are not you well?"

"No," replied he, "indeed I am not, though I feel shame in admitting your just surmise. I shall certainly soon be brought to the last extremity, unless you will prescribe for me and undertake the cure of a wounded mind."

At these words Politian, without waiting to hear what more he might wish to say, and eyeing him most austere, said: "Is it thus you pervert and pollute the sanctity of home and the laws of hospitality? Has not this exemplary family of itself, beside the good advice of your many teachers and friends (though you may despise mine), been enough to restrain you from so base a deed? Well, if you are so weak, let us return home at once, and so avert the committal of a most unworthy act."

He said all this so forcibly and impressively that Eugenius was by mere shame driven to a kind of sorrowful admission; but later on, when thinking it quietly over by himself, it struck him that Politian had neither been so friendly or yet so considerate in this affair as he usually was, and he began to suspect that he was in love with the lady too, and, calling to mind again what had occurred, he determined to keep a stricter watch in future.

Politian, although he had clearly perceived for some time the ill-concealed love of Eugenius, was much annoyed to hear such an open avowal of it, and now began to regard him with disfavour, as likely to be a serious and difficult obstacle to his own happiness. So terrible is the power of love, and so insatiable its rage, that not only does it master all our other feelings, but it can separate the firmest friends if it should come between them.

EXCURSUS A

THE PROBABLE "BEGETTER" OF *NOVA SOLYMA*

WE have to show how Hartlib could be in any sense the begetter of *Nova Solyma*. It would be somehow thus. It is well known that Milton was closely connected about this time with a small clique of most active reformers—not exactly the kind of men we understand now by political reformers, but men wishing heartily to improve their country generally, and to get rid of prominent abuses of all kinds. The leading and most active members of this band were Samuel Hartlib, John Durie, Theodore Haak, and William Petty, then a rising young man, afterwards to become much better known. But Hartlib, "philanthropist and polypragmatist," as Dr. Garnett felicitously styles him, was the mainspring of the whole work. In 1642 he had written *Macaria's Happy Kingdom*, his conception of a happy ideal State, and from that time onwards the idea of Reform possessed him. Pamphlet after pamphlet came from his active brain: *The Reformed Husbandman*, *The Reformed Commonwealth of Bees*, and others with similar titles and object. He was ever ready to write a preface and see through the press any books tending to reformation as he understood it. He urged his friends to produce them and send them to him to publish; and when John Durie, Milton's great friend, wrote *The Reformed School* and *The Reformed Librarie Keeper*, Hartlib, who calls himself the publisher, addresses the reader thus: "Learned Reader! these Tracts are the fruits of some of my solicitations and negotiations for the Advancement of Learning"; and again: "In mine own part, I shall confesse freely that amongst all

the Objects whereunto I have dedicated my thoughts and pains there is not any one which doth lie nearer my heart than this of the Education of Children in the way of Christianity." This was only about a year after he had, according to my contention, procured his friend Milton's permission to let the world see his complete views on education, even if under the strictest mask of secrecy.

Hartlib had obtained from Milton by "earnest entreaties and serious conjurements" a divided and transposed account of his former thoughts on the subject. This we learn from Milton's own words at the beginning of his Tractate of 1644; but later on, about the year 1647, Hartlib became taken up with Reformation work more than ever, and it was now that he presented to the High Court of Parliament "certain considerations" on reformed education and the redressing of "Publike Evils" for the advancement of God's "Universale Kingdom" and the general communion of His saints, this last being a phrase that occurs more than once in *Nova Solyma* where we should otherwise hardly expect it. He asked for the establishment of an "Office of Communication and Publike addresse for the Glory of God and the Happinesse of the nation," which he would undertake to manage, and make "his Adresse towards all that are of eminent parts, or of any singular abilities and straines; whether in Publike Places or not, to give them some objects to work upon, and exercise their faculties in, to the end that all knowledge may abound in Love, and the Discovery of one Truth may beget another."

He contemplated especially being a book producer (p. 50), for he recommends an annual special committee to take into consideration what books shall deserve to be published in print for the public benefit and the advancement of Divine and human learning.

What book could be more to his purpose than *Nova Solyma*, if he could obtain it? and this was in 1647, and Milton was his firm friend, one of the inner circle of the small reforming party.

In 1648, the very year our anonymous Romance appeared, Hartlib is again pressing his suit with "A further Discoverie of the Office of Publike Addresse," etc., asking *sans phrase* to be appointed "Generall Superintendent" with an allowance of £200 a year, and a convenient great house. He adds that some effect has been already produced and more would have followed "if the danger of this last Commotion had not employed all the strength and attention of the Parliament to save from sudden shipwrack."

In November, 1649, when *Nova Solyma* was already published, Hartlib issued and edited a work by Durie about this "Agency for the Advancement of Universall Learning," as the title seemed then to be. Mr. Durie, a great friend of John Milton, but whether in the secret of *Nova Solyma* or no we cannot tell, begins by saying :

"We [*i.e.* the Hartlib-Durie-Milton-Haak-Petty combination] are upon the design of a Publike Reformation ; herein everybody is one way or other, if not engaged yet concerned, some more, some lesse, some in a Private, some in a Publicke way. This work hath been long in hand, many stones have been moved about it, much dust is raised in it, and to the outward appearance we are further from our purpose than at the beginning."

At the end of this discourse Durie adds that "they should have a peculiar presse for printing. Many excellent feats of learning in men, and in manuscripts, be dead and buried in oblivion, and cannot be brought to any perfection for want of some patronage." Could he be thinking of poor *Nova Solyma*, that "excellent feat of learning," with its meagre title-page, its lack of all prefatory remarks or laudatory verses, and the total absence of either publisher or patronage? We are not likely ever to know ; but I hope this long but necessary account of Hartlib and his darling project has led my readers to infer what I have been aiming at—viz. the probability that our present book of 1648 was drawn from Milton by Hartlib or some other partisan of the reforming school, and printed as best they could, and distributed

to a few friends of the cause at home and abroad, but never in those troubled times even looked at, much less purchased, by the reading public.

Moreover, at no time of his life was Milton more likely to be tempted to put forth such a tentative work as *Nova Solyma* than about this same year 1648. As we know, he began teaching in 1639, just after his return from Italy, beginning with his two nephews, then about nine and ten years old respectively, first for a very brief period in lodgings near St. Bride's Churchyard, then for five years in Aldersgate Street (1640-45), with such other few pupils as could be accommodated, and then (1645-47) in his new and more commodious house in Barbican, which had been expressly taken to provide room for additional scholars. In the spring of 1647 Milton's father died, and old Mr. Powell, his wife's father, having predeceased him by a month or two, the Powell kindred took their departure, and there was a great clearance in Milton's household. In consequence, pupilising rose now to its highest point in Milton's career. "The house looked again like the house of the Muses only," says Edward Phillips, the elder nephew, who was there as an eye-witness, and he ventures to conjecture that his uncle had now some idea of putting in practice his peculiar system of education on a larger scale, and becoming the head of some such public academy as had been described in the notable letter on Education to Hartlib a few years before. If Milton's early MS. musings, his history of a liberal education sketched off in the heat of youth with those new and bold touches (*novo atque audaci commento*) peculiar to that aspiring period of life—if these were to influence the thinking public both in England and abroad, now was the time to try.

A reform in national education had for some time been in the minds of all who were enemies of Privilege and Prelacy, and they were many in those seething days. So near our date as May, 1647, there was an Ordinance of Parliament for the Visitation and Purgation of the University of Oxford, and that brought the burning question

again into evidence. The Invisible College, too, gave great attention to it, and at its small meetings, destined later on to develop into the great Royal Society, the members would read papers, and discuss the boldest themes concerning this important subject. And the members were important too. They were not fanatical nobodies; they were men of glorious ability. Petty, Wallis, Pell, Boyle—that particular Boyle who was “Father of Chemistry and brother to the Earl of Cork”—and Hartlib the multifarious, the man of many hobbies, the friend of Milton, who was, in fact, brought first into public correspondence with him on this special hobby of education, as was also Petty in 1648 on the similar subject of *Ergastula Literaria*.¹

All these things go to show the likelihood of Milton bringing out to the public his youthful endeavours just at this period.

I do not suggest that Milton had much sympathy with the methods of the Invisible College; his own strict education on the old classical and scholastic lines both at school and college no doubt precluded much knowledge of or fellow-feeling with the Baconians. As Professor Masson says (not in his *Life of Milton*, but in his article on Milton in his *Cyclopaedia of Education*): “For all that appears in the Tractate [*i.e.* the letter on Education to Hartlib, which was all that the learned and painstaking Professor could have before him on this subject] the works of Bacon were to Milton a book with seven seals. There is a blind reverence for antiquity both in (1) literature and (2) practical knowledge.” The first is shown by Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare being utterly ignored; the second by Cato, Varro, and Columella being put forward as teachers in husbandry or farming.

Now, all these just remarks go still farther to prove my contention about the Miltonic authorship of *Nova Solyma*

¹ *The Advice of W. P. [Sir William Petty] to Mr. Samuel Hartlib* (London, 1648, 4). This was on the plan of a trade or industrial school. W. P. advocated a technical institute under the above Latin name.

for in this much more extensive educational romance, this English complement of Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*, we find absolutely nothing to point to Baconian methods or new science, but a stern and rather unprogressive adherence to the classical and pre-Baconian deductive school, and when the author indulges in really excellent critical remarks as to what true poetry should consist of, there are not the slightest allusions to Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, or, in fact, to any modern authorities whatever. Both in his acknowledged Tractate and his anonymous Romance, while speaking of the Teaching and Art of Poetry, Milton totally ignores Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologie for Poetry* of 1595 and Puttenham's *Art of English Poesie* of 1589. In the Romance this may be thought due to the plot being laid in that Utopian locality where the vernacular was Hebrew; but since two of the principal interlocutors and auditors were Englishmen, Eugenius and Politian, this marked abstention of any reference to the great English exponents and authorities is certainly unusual, and points to Milton. For Milton's great authority was always himself and his own consciousness: he would not yield himself to "subscribe slave" to any man's dictation; to no one could the hackneyed Horatian line *Nullius addictus*, etc., be more applicable than to him. And this same unconventional spirit appears most strikingly in *Nova Solyma*. Here we have views on duelling, almsgiving, Divine worship, the mortality of the soul, and much more, altogether different from what was generally held, and agreeing almost completely with all we know of the accredited opinions of the great poet. This is, as I freely admit, only good internal evidence of two writers and two books having the same high, reserved, and self-sufficient tone and the same unconventional views. But my contention is considerably strengthened when we remember that one of the two writers was the illustrious, the world-renowned, and, in his own line, the incomparable, John Milton, a personality who stood upon a pedestal, as it were, apart, upon an eminence of "plain living and high thinking,"

to the sublime heights of which few had ever aspired or attained. In that age there was not one assuredly so high as he. Who, then, was the other anonymous contemporary author who seemed in a literary sense to be so nearly in the same category, and to wear on his heart and conscience that same protecting *robur et aes triplex* which no common, unjust, or mere conventional arguments could successfully pierce through, and in whom striking similarities of style and subject were so obvious? Who but Milton himself? In that age, whether in English or in Latin, all judges now admit of John Milton that

None but himself can be his parallel.

(*Quæris Alcidae parem?*

Nemo est nisi ipse.)

But before I leave this endeavour to connect Milton with *Nova Solyma* through the educational theories that are common to the two and through Hartlib in his eagerness to obtain from his friend Milton some literary fuel for the great cleansing fire of Reform, so much desired by both, I ought to give some reason why Hartlib, who was always writing to somebody or other about new books and literary matters generally, never mentions *Nova Solyma* at all, although it undoubtedly would be of the highest interest to him personally. It does seem very strange, especially as Hartlib mentions *Olbia*, a hare-brained Utopian work of John Sadler, more than once to Worthington, and is always recurring to his own pet *Macaria*. I can only suggest that he was bound to the strictest reticence by Milton; neither was he to disclose the author, or draw any attention to the book. Milton wanted unprejudiced criticism entirely. Perhaps also he was not anxious to be held responsible just then for the many singular opinions he had propounded.

The ever-busy Hartlib was pre-eminently a middleman between authors and their public. He saw to the printing and publishing, and usually put a prefatory letter or dedication of his own to the work. There is a good

example in a book which Hartlib arranged to have printed for Thomas Underhill in 1658. In the prefatory letter, signed in full by Hartlib, he says: "I having this treatise from the author to dispose of it in Publick, as I should find Cause, could choose no other patronage for it." He dedicates it to the heads of colleges at the two universities, and it was a production of his friend John Durie. So here we see Hartlib and Underhill and Durie carrying through their literary business, just in the same manner as we suggest that Milton's first letter on Education was carried through by Hartlib and Underhill and Milton. May we not shrewdly conjecture that *Nova Solyma* also was a case of Hartlib and Underhill and Milton?

To sum up this rather wandering statement of facts, it seems pretty clear that there was a small band about the middle of the seventeenth century in England who were very active and enthusiastic on the great question of the education of the rising generation. They rightly felt that this was a matter of primary importance if the work of general reform, in which they were so much interested, was to continue at all in the generations to come. Hartlib was the prime mover and agent in this work, and the principal personages of the little band who were in sympathy with him, and worked for him when called upon, were Durie, Petty, and last, but certainly not least, John Milton.

Hartlib's work, as far as we have the record of it, seems to have consisted chiefly in introducing books on educational and other reforms to the public. He would get the author's MS., and carry through the publication, and put a preface or introduction to it, signed with his own name. He was a busy man, delighting in work, and would take all the publishing trouble off his contributors' hands.

I have many books in my library with his prefaces, generally introductory letters to the Christian reader; and if the author of *Nova Solyma* had not, for the nonce, strictly desired to be a second Apelles, and well out of sight, very probably we should have had some forewords

from Hartlib in this case also. Milton and Hartlib were not merely casual acquaintances; they often met and conversed on this subject of the education of the rising generation. Milton admits this unreservedly. "Thus, Mr. Hartlib, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several times I had discoursed with you concerning the best and noblest way of Education; not beginning, as some have done, from the cradle, which yet might be worth many considerations, if brevity had not been my scope. Many other circumstances also I could have mentioned, but this . . . may be enough."

This points out distinctly that Milton had much in reserve on the subject, and that younger boys were worthy of educational schemes as well. Hartlib, of course, was aware of this, and it adds probability to the suggestion that he induced Milton to give his "former thoughts" and the considerations which he had reserved, to be published to the world with less brevity in *Nova Solyma*, and so help the work in which the band of reformers took such interest and thought of such high importance for the coming age.

It is pleasing to notice that at this beginning of the twentieth century there is a body of active enthusiasts who hold similar views as to the extreme importance of the education of youth. These, like the earlier, belong to the Evangelical-Puritan-Nonconformist stamp, and their mouthpiece (among others) is Dr. Clifford, who in the first January of the new century delivered himself thus: "The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century was the truth that the best national asset was not the Army or Navy, or gold-mines, or commerce, but childhood; and the training of children was a primary obligation upon the parent, the Church, and the State." One great requirement, he said, was that they should be brought over to the ranks of self-denial from the ranks of self-indulgence. "The great danger of the new century lay in self-indulgence." Here, indeed, we have Milton and the author of *Nova Solyma* alive again—"two gentlemen rolled in one."

EXCURSUS B

MILTON'S NEPHEWS—HOW DID THEY PROFIT BY THEIR UNCLE'S EDUCATIONAL THEORIES?

AFTER such excellent and just remarks on the education of young lads, which, though much fuller, agree unreservedly with what Milton published to the world in 1644, the thought naturally comes into one's mind, How could such training bring about such unfortunate and inadequate results as appear in Milton's two most constant pupils, his nephews Edward and John Phillips? or, expressed in other words, How could the greatest private tutor (for Milton was not a schoolmaster) of his time turn out such disreputable literary hacks and such unworthy pupils as these were, especially John Phillips, a boarder, and under constant supervision and instruction from the early age of nine? Before attempting a reply, I would first quote what Mr. Lecky justly observes in his last work (*The Map of Life*, 1899, p. 244): "One of the most fatal mistakes in education is the attempt which is so often made by the educator to impose his own habits and tastes on natures that are essentially different. It is common for men of lymphatic temperaments, of studious, saintly, and retiring tastes, to endeavour to force a high-spirited young man starting in life into their own mould—to prescribe for him the cast of tastes and pursuits they find most suited for themselves, forgetting that such an ideal can never satisfy a wholly different nature. . . . Such an education generally begins by producing hypocrisy, and not unfrequently ends by a violent reaction into vice."

Next I would quote what Godwin says in his *Life*

of Milton's nephews. He calls their case the most striking and conclusive that ever occurred of a trial of the antagonist powers of nature and education, and goes on thus: "They cannot be denied to have been persons possessing a competent share . . . of good natural powers. They were educated by Milton. Helvetius could scarcely have chosen a more qualified tutor, upon whose experiments to have tried the truth of his theories. Milton discharged the functions he assumed

As ever in his great Task-master's eye.

Seldom he allowed himself 'a gaudy day,' but had at all times his thoughts awake to observe and his lips prepared to instruct."

"His manner of teaching," says Edward Phillips, "never savoured the least anything of pendency." How could such training end in such deplorable failure? This is always a stone the enemies of Milton can easily pick up and throw at him. Dr. Johnson delighted to sneer at "the wonder-working Academy of Milton."

The only satisfying answer that I can give myself is this: Neither of these nephews and pupils of Milton was anything like so bad as he has been painted. As for Edward, the elder, between 1660 and 1668 he was appointed tutor to the only son of John Evelyn; after that to Philip, seventh Earl of Pembroke, and then to the only daughter of the Earl of Arlington. Edward Phillips issued many books quite worthy of a scholar, and wrote a brief but invaluable life of his uncle, which shows both good taste and feeling. His only unworthy book was a rambling compilation of imaginary conversations, poems (not his own), models of letters, etc., all of a silly, profligate, and debauching character, entitled "Mysteries of Love and Eloquence." The initials "E. P." subscribed to the Preface—the same initials that appeared on the title-page of *The New World of Words* in the year following—issued by the same publisher, Nathaniel Brooks, are the chief reasons for ascribing this heap of literary refuse to Milton's nephew. May not Brooks

the publisher have had another E. P. among his jackals? This seems, I must admit, quite as reasonable and probable as that Milton's learned pupil should write such abominable rubbish¹ and then be chosen a year or two afterwards by John Evelyn, a man of the strictest moral character and a hater of the Court profligacy, to superintend the education and life-training of his only son.

There were three John Websters living at this very time, all well known men in the world of letters to their own acquaintances, but their identity was confounded by many when they were yet alive, and even now all the great authorities hold John Webster of witchcraft fame to be the very John Webster of *The Judgment Set and the Books Opened*, while one of his contemporaries supposed him to be the "quondam player," thus going one better than the dramatic confusion of the Dromios and the Amphitryons. My view is also strengthened by Evelyn describing Phillips as "a sober, silent, and harmless person."

As for John Phillips, no doubt when he was a boy he was what is vulgarly termed "a pickle," and we are told that Milton's young bride, among other disturbing influences in her new home, was distressed by the cries of young John being beaten by his uncle. The lad was of a rugged disposition, no doubt, as Godwin suggests, and moreover high-spirited, abounding in mischief, and of a satirical turn of mind, and later on too fond of claret and boon companions of a rowdy royalist stamp. He had conceived a hatred of the Puritans, and the *Satyr against Hypocrites* is pretty certainly his, and is a work of considerable talent, of which he need not be ashamed. But he did a large amount of good literary translation work from Plutarch and Lucian in Greek, several long romances in French, *Don Quixote* from the Spanish, and many controversial political and theological treatises. Several foolish astrological and facetious books have been

¹ A game for ladies and gentlemen something like our modern "Game of Forfeits" is described. Some of the penalties given are unspeakably suggestive and obscene.

ascribed to him because they bore "J. P." on the title-page or at the end of the preface; some he certainly was not guilty of composing, and others more probably could be fathered on other J. P.'s, *e.g.* John Partridge and John Playford. He apparently had no patrimony, and made money when he was in need by the methods of Grub Street, and his literary productions show the reaction of a rugged, buoyant nature against the serious, self-respecting conscientiousness of his uncle-tutor. But surely these facts in their worst aspect do not condemn Milton's system, any more than Nero's mad escapades can be laid to the charge of Seneca's bad preceptorship. These two nephews, and especially the younger, are good examples of the trite Horatian maxim: *Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*" But although they did "throw back" in many respects, still, the chosen and approved tutor of John Evelyn's only son, and the younger brother who worked so hard for his living as to bring out two or three immense and useful folio translations in one year, must have owed somewhat of character and assiduity to the careful and conscientious tutelage of their illustrious uncle.

In addition to the three John Websters above mentioned, there were living in 1643 three Henry Wilkinsons, all Oxford men and all Parliamentarians. Two were distinguished by the nicknames of Long Harry and Dean Harry, but this was not enough to prevent Neal (in his *History of the Puritans*) from confounding the two. There were also three named Thomas Taylor, all contemporaries (*c.* 1630-1700): (1) Thomas Taylor, Quaker; died 1681. (2) Thomas Taylor, of Kimberley, Norfolk; Puritan; B.A., Caius College, Cambridge; died 1645. (3) Thomas Taylor, Editor of the *Acts of Witnesses*; Muggletonian; died 1695. Venn (*History of Caius College*) confounds (2) and (3).

John Phillips was a much commoner name than we might suppose. I looked in the Index of the Calendar of State Papers for the name, and took down successively all the volumes between 1650 and 1660, and in hardly a single one did I fail to find a John Phillips, and some-

times two or three of that name. Nathaniel Brooks was John Phillips's publisher—that seems clear enough; and the worst case against Brooks and Phillips is the publication of *Sportive Wit; or, The Muses' Merriment*, in 1656. This outrageous book was condemned by the Committee of the Council to be seized, and all copies to be publicly burnt. Cromwell signed the order "for burning the book called *Sportive Wit*" the very next day, April 26th, 1656. It is stated in the Order Books that Nathaniel Brooks was the *Publisher*, and *John Phillips of Westminster* the author of the *Epistle Dedicatory*.

This is the chief indictment against Milton's younger nephew. No doubt he was a literary Bohemian, and associated with "shady" publishers, and perhaps lent his name sometimes, for a consideration; but I cannot help thinking that Brooks used the name of John Phillips, or his initials, as a cover for much trash and obscenity which never came from his pen. Certainly I hold that the *Mysteries of Love and Eloquence*, by E. P., was a book *not* written by Milton's elder nephew, nor indeed in his style at all. Edward seems to have been a comfort and a help to his uncle, but John broke away for some unknown reason about 1655, and afterwards did not show a very respectful tone to his uncle or his works.

But, in spite of certain defects of character in the younger nephew, we may fairly say, considering the turbid times in which these two brothers lived, that they passed their days in credit to the grave. They seem to have had no inheritance, and, though of course splendidly educated, were bred to no profession. They were therefore thrown on their own resources entirely, and had to make their way as they could. This is always somewhat dangerous to young men in a large city. Yet they did not incur any disgrace whereby they lost their position or the respect due to it. They both earned their bread by persevering, intellectual work, and the younger and more wayward nephew was the most industrious writer and translator of all his contemporaries. Milton's influence, then, was not altogether without results.

I have just noticed in Quaritch's Catalogue, issued June, 1900, one of these books which I consider to be falsely attributed to John Phillips. It is the rarest of them all, and Godwin has several pages about it in his *Life of Edward and John* (pp. 305-10). He attributes it unreservedly to John, because the advertisement prefixed to it reminded him of the publications of Montelion forty years before, and because it was signed "J. P." But Montelion was probably Flatman, and "J. P." calls himself "Student in Astrology," so this is not much proof. Quaritch asks £30 for it, and cautiously (and wisely, in my opinion) says nothing whatever about J. Phillips, or even Godwin, to whom this copy most likely belonged, judging from a MS. note which Quaritch quotes. It is a trumpery book, of no value except as a curio of occult literature, and "J. P." would easily stand for John Partridge, or some other semi-quack, rather than for Milton's learned nephew.

•EXCURSUS C

ARMADA EPIC

IT is well known, and has been mentioned elsewhere, that Milton in his first prose work, *Of Reformation in England*, published in 1641, gave a very plain hint that he intended to offer at a convenient season some great poem of his own: "at high strains in new and lofty measures to sing and celebrate Thy Divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages." The poem, we see, is evidently to be on a British theme.

A little after this, in the same year, he returns to the subject in his *Reason of Church Government*.¹ The great work is still to be taken from British history, but he is doubtful whether it should be treated in the epic, dramatic, pastoral, or lyric manner, and he gives examples of the way it could be worked out which present many remarkable parallels to the examples which we have discovered in *Nova Solyma*.

This projected *magnum opus* never came forth, and we hear nothing more of any great epic, national or otherwise, from our poet till *Paradise Lost* appeared more than twenty years later. Many critics have amused themselves and their readers by conjecturing what this great work on British heroism would be like. It has been thought (Keightley) that it would have been a poem vying with the *Faërie Queene* in romantic beauty, and far exceeding it in dignity and sublimity. This is assuming that Milton remained in the peaceful seclusion of Horton, and did not enter the political or theological arena. His Horton muse was gay, cheerful, and romantic.

¹ *Milton's Works*, ii. 478-82 (Bohn).

But as soon as he descended to hoarse conflicts with prelates and royalists, the Spirit of Romance seemed to have left him, till it, in some degree, came again to him years after, in his blind old age, to adorn the tale of Adam and Eve in softened and more solemn strains. And now, in later age, religion seemed to pervade every region of his phantasy.

The general opinion is, that if written before his public controversies, and before that "long interval during which the author had much to occupy his mind, and much to disturb his thoughts" (author's remark at end of *Nova Solyma*), it would have certainly belonged to the Romantic School, and would probably have been widely different from anything that later generations have ever imagined.

Mr. Mitford thought it would be of that chivalrous romantic class that Cervantes laughed to death by his *Don Quixote*, but that it would have been surpassing wonderful of its kind. He says: "We should have had tales of chivalrous emprise, 'of gentle knights that pricked along the plain,' the cruelty of inexorable beauty, and the achievements of unconquerable love. Its scenes would not have been laid in the bowers of Paradise, nor by 'the thunderous throne' of Heaven, nor where the wings of the Cherubim fan the mercy-seat; but amid royal halls, in the palaces of magicians, and islands of enchantment. . . . What youthful warriors, the flower of British chivalry, should we not have seen caparisoned, and in quest of the Holy Sangreal! . . . Every warrior would have been clothed in pyropus and in adamant. We should have watched in battle, not the celestial sword of Michael, but the enchanted Caliburn; we should have had, not the sorrows of Eve and the fall of Adam, but the loves of Angelica and the exploits of Arthur."

But all such imaginative conjectures are vain, for no such epic on an English historical theme was ever given to the world by Milton. He did not fulfil that promise. But since the unveiling of *Nova Solyma* I claim that we are in a much better position to make surmises as to the kind of epic Milton would have produced. We

have now made clear to us the principles of poetry on which Milton depended and worked, and we have some good samples of his earliest epic attempt. So we stand on firmer ground now than did Mitford when he wrote his fanciful account.

Milton, too, in his peroration to his first prose work in his native tongue, refers very feelingly to the Armada victory: "That we may still remember in our solemn thanksgivings, how for us the northern ocean even to the frozen Thule was scattered with the proud shipwrecks of the Spanish Armada, and the very maw of Hell ransacked and made to give up her concealed destruction ere she could vent it in that horrible and damned blast" (Milton: *Of Reformation in England*, ed. Bohn, ii. 418).

Milton even seems to give his readers of 1641 a hint that if victory favoured the party of Christian freedom to which he adhered, then perhaps there might soon be heard a poet celebrating in lofty strains the mercies of God to this great and warlike nation of England, and that would of course include the great and glorious defeat of the Armada.

Our great poet had some fragments of such strains in safe keeping at home, as I believe, but he said not a word about them in his *Reformation in England*. That was not the time nor yet the place for him to put on his singing robes. He was now an Anti-prelatist pure and simple. But not even that prosaic post could withdraw or silence a charm of sublime harmony which, when the inspiration fell, accompanied and glorified every word that he uttered.

After mentioning, as above, God's mercy to England in the matter of the Spanish Armada, Milton goes on to refer to the dangerous enemies and confederacies that were raising themselves up against his country, specially mentioning Philip of Spain and the Pope. "And now we know, O Thou our most certain hope and defence, that Thine enemies have been consulting all the Sorceries of the Great Whore, and have joined their plots with that sad Intelligencing Tyrant that mischiefs the world with

his mines of Ophir, and lies thirsting to revenge his naval ruins that have larded our seas. But let them take counsel together, and let it come to nought; let them decree, and do Thou cancel it; let them embattle themselves and be broken, let them embattle and be broken, for Thou art with us!

"Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of Saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate Thy Divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on to that high and happy emulation, to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day when Thou, the eternal and shortly-expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and distributing national honours and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming Thy universal and mild monarchy through Heaven and Earth, when they undoubtedly, that by their labours, counsels, and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive, above the inferior orders of the Blessed, the regal addition of Principalities, Legions, and Thrones into their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of Eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over-measure for ever."

Oh what a burst of fervid sublimity is here! How truly can I say: *Decies repetita placebit!*

Professor Masson says, "It is a passage of prose-poetry to which I have found nothing comparable yet in the whole range of English literature." How truly can I here say: "Ditto to Mr. Burke"! But I can add something more—I can add my firm belief that there are many perorations and purple patches in *Nova Solyma* which seem to be the natural seeds and signs of such glorious and unmatched rhetorical flowers as we have just admired.

Again, the personifications of the Armada epic strongly recall Milton, and so does the supernatural machinery of the fragment.

(1) Horror is personified in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 989. We read of Satan :

His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plumed.

And there are many similar personifications in Milton's Gunpowder Plot poem—Murder and Treason, Craft and Calumny, Fury, Fear, and Horror, all appear in the horrid cave there described (*In Quintum Novembris*, 139 seqq.).

Milton gave form to his thick-coming conceptions, from the beautiful personifications he had read and remembered in Spenser and the two Fletchers, Giles and Phineas. The many remarkable parallelisms and similar expressions that can be produced between Milton and these older poets sufficiently prove this. The author of *Nova Solyma* uses these same personifications in a manner that no other contemporary poet affects, and, what is more, defends their use, *more Miltonico*, by a philosophical and Scriptural disquisition.

(2) The supernatural machinery of the Armada epic is framed on exactly the same lines as Milton's fine youthful poem on the Gunpowder Plot, which is itself a short epic. The parallelisms are far too close to be merely casual ones, and point to the work, in both instances, of one exceptional brain—a brain receptive of all the best past and present conceptions of supernatural drama, and a brain, too, that would afterwards, no doubt unconsciously, reproduce these same conceptions amid his own lofty verse. There they would appear gloriously transfigured and raised still higher above the mists and clouds of the habitable earth. Such was the brain of John Milton. He has been called a plagiarist. Well, what of that? Is not all, or nearly all, our knowledge *borrowed* knowledge? The way in which we return what we borrow, and its condition when we restore it to the Commonwealth of Letters, is the distinguishing mark of the gifted ones

among their fellows. Some minds, by a wondrous alchemy, can transmute into the finest gold whatever base or inferior ore may come within their ken. Such, again, was John Milton.

Now, there were certain poetic fancies, as it were, in the air, when Milton was young. I mean there were certain poetical methods in common use whenever the Deities of the Upper Heaven or Lower Hell were brought upon the stage. There was a stock of stage furniture which was always ready when the Christian poet essayed to wing his flight beyond the clouds of earth.

First, there would be that well-worn stage property known as the "Council of the Gods." It might be on Olympus with Jove as presiding ruler, with his eagle and thunderbolts beside him, and the other deities there assembled, to be ordered hither and thither at his supreme command, if need arose. Or the council might be in the Courts of Heaven, where the omnipotent Eternal Father sat on His "Imperial Throne of Godhead," and sent forth His winged messengers to perform His will upon the nations of the earth. Or the council might not be in the regions of the upper air, but in the gloomy and infernal realms of Pandemonium, where the apostate angels gathered together, defiant though fallen, and Satan sat among them "high on a throne of royal state." And there would be wily conference and dialogues of devils, and much plotting, pride, and unconquerable hate; and there, too, would be messengers of Satan, eager to go at their master's behests, to and fro among the children of men.

Here, indeed, was a vast and almost illimitable field of view where the poet's eye in fine phrenzy rolling would have grand scope for the most sublime and extensive vision. And poets were not slow to avail themselves of it, when the way was shown to them. Homer was the first to show the way when the world was young; but it was left to a later and a Christian or semi-Christian age to work out at greater length and with much florid ornament these councils and speeding messengers of the

supernal and infernal worlds. As I have said elsewhere, Claudian seems to have the best claim to the starting of this poetical supernatural machinery in the post-classical world. After him, and a long way after, for the dark night of the Middle Ages lay between them, came Vida with his *Christiad*, and then Tasso,¹ who improved on Vida, and last Milton, who improved on Tasso; while there were many minor poets, in Italy especially, and some few in Germany, who dealt in councils and winged messengers in a more or less perfunctory manner.² And then in our own country there was Phineas Fletcher, who was contemporary with Milton, and of the same university. He published his *Locustæ* in 1633, and in this fine, short Latin epic (or epyll, if Dr. Garnett's pretty word can be naturalised) we have the greater part of the poem taken up by a "Council of the Infernal Deities" in the Stygian realms, and also an "aërial messenger"—viz. the eagle of Jove sent from Olympus to tell the English peers of the Jesuitical (as he makes it) Gunpowder Plot, so that it might come to the knowledge of King James and be frustrated.

This shows how such things were "in the air" in those days, and is so far an argument that some contemporary "concealed poet" might have tried his hand with *Nova Solyma*. But there is this to be said on the other hand, that no concealed poet of that time, nor indeed any one of our mortal race in any age, ever attained to that grandiose and sublime manner which our great English poet made peculiarly his own in those immortal epics of his blind old age. This brings me back to my contention concerning the parallelism of Milton's youthful short

¹ Besides Tasso's well-known "Council of Hell" there was also his Gabriel's mission to Godfrey, very similar to Mars's mission to Philip of Spain. See *Armada epic* (first part).

² A good early example for Italy is to be found in the praises of Caesar Borgia, as put forth in the poetical works of Justulus Spoletanus, printed at Rome in 1510. The winged messenger Cyllenius (*i.e.* Hermes) is sent from Jupiter to Caesar Borgia at Rome in order to urge him to action, and to take the war-path to glory.

epic of the Gunpowder Plot and the epic we find in *Nova Solyma*.

Warton said of Milton's acknowledged youthful epic that it was "an early and a promising prolusion to *Paradise Lost*"; and Professor Masson added his authority and said, "I can confirm the observation." This, then, we may take for granted. So now, if we can show a striking similarity of treatment in the two youthful epics we are dealing with—viz. the *In Quintum Novembris* of Milton and the Armada epic of *Nova Solyma*—we shall have gone very far in showing the probability that the Armada epic seems also "an early and a promising prolusion to *Paradise Lost*;" and if so, what gifted youth was there in England or elsewhere equal to so high a strain?

The two epics should of course be read together in the original Latin for the full force of the comparison to be brought out; but the following remarkable similarities will be patent to every one:

There is first a long ærial voyage in both epics, and in both cases we have a supernatural evil messenger visiting in disguise a great ruler among the kings of the earth with a view to stir him up from his apathy and negligence, and to incite him against the faithful people of God. Both journeys take place towards night, and both messengers arrive when the great earthly potentates have retired to their chamber for the night. One is found just dozing off to sleep, and the other is turning from side to side in the early watches of the night. Both are roused, taxed with their shortcomings and want of energy in their allotted work, and advised and commanded (as if from on high) what acts to perform and how to begin them. One ærial voyage is the mission of Mars, the God of War, who assumes the form of an angel of the Most High, and comes from Olympus, flying over many countries and seas till he reaches the guarded palace at Madrid, where Philip, King of Spain, is roused to take action against England, and prepare that mighty fleet which was to bring against our northern isle—

The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

The similar aërial voyage in the other epic is that of Satan, who eventually assumes the form of a Franciscan friar, and enters by night the citadel palace of the Pope at Rome, having first crossed in winged flight the English Channel, the snowy Alps, the cloudy Apennines, and the lands contiguous to Tiber and the sea. Here again in similar strain the disguised messenger rouses the Pope to collect his forces and send his myrmidons to inflict such a blow on heretical England and its Parliament as shall avenge the defeat of the Armada and all the butcheries of good Catholics in days gone by.

These two voyages are strikingly parallel both in general construction as well as in detail in both epics, but this is by no means all. There are four aërial missions, two this time from the good Powers on high to counteract the designs of evil, and one from the Pope, who sends for help to the cave of Murder and Treason against the English Parliament, and a similar one from Christ, who sends Dositheus to the cave of Terror and Horror to create a panic amongst the Spanish crews.

In the Gunpowder Plot epic the Lord, "who laugheth to scorn the vain imaginings of the wicked," sendeth forth His thunder and summons Fame from her lofty, brazen tower to carry the news of the coming popish plot throughout the land of His faithful people; while in the Armada epic Christ calls Architheus to Him, and orders him to summon the celestial warriors in their companies, and to go forth to terrify the Spanish fleet with storms and frightful driving winds, till they be scattered and wrecked in Gallic shallows or against Hibernian rocks or on that iron northern coast that faces the Hebrides.

These caves in both epics are Spenserian in style, and we know how Milton admired and followed Spenser. So altogether there seems pretty strong internal evidence for the Miltonic authorship of the Armada epic. There is, as I well know, one great and obvious objection to my theory, viz. this: "Where is the well-known sublimity of Milton in this unnoticed Armada epic?" My answer is: "It is there in embryo, even as it was in his other acknowledged epyll."

Surely, then, when we consider not only the subject-matter of the epic, so congenial to Milton's tastes, as being the triumph of his own countrymen against tyranny and superstition, but especially when we note the remarkable personifications and supernatural machinery which pervades the Armada epic from first to last, we shall not, I think, fail to recognise our illustrious poet's hand and style.

Indeed, who else was there in England at that time to treat such great themes in such a way? If we unfold the scroll of contemporary fame, where shall we find the writer that we seek?

However long the scroll may be, our selected authors must of necessity be few and far between. For mark how much our list is limited. The Great Unknown must be:

(1) A Latinist of the first rank; (2) of sublime and lofty imagination; (3) of serious and religious mood, averse to literary quips and cranks; (4) who cares not for the fame of authorship, but keeps his precious MSS. locked in his desk for years; (5) who writes for public use and public profit; (6) who takes the Scriptures as his rule, and not the Fathers or the Church; (7) one who shows himself, again and again, in a higher sense than it was said of Spinoza, "a God-intoxicated man," and one who claimed "the invisible things" as a poet's own province; and (8) a man of thoroughly independent mind, who had a religion of his own.

Who is sufficient for all these things? Who can satisfy, these varied requirements? I think there is but one. Run through the following list of names, and try them by the eight-fold test above: James Duport, Bishop Hall (of the *Mundus Alter et Idem*, if, indeed, he wrote that), Thomas May, Francis Rous, Sir Henry Wotton, Thomas Selden, Bishop Usher, Archbishop Sancroft, Cowley, Marvell Edmund Waller, Phineas Fletcher, Lord Herbert of Cherbury (died 1648), Old Alexander Ross (a capable Latin poet, but qualification 4 cancels him), R. Crashawe, Thomas Farnabie.

Of all these good Latinists (a *sine quâ non*, of course) Phineas Fletcher seems to me to stand the tests best. But

he was a Royalist, an anagrammatist, a parish priest who signed his registers last in 1648, and was heard of no more, and we have no record that he took any special interest in education or the universities.

Thomas May was an excellent Latin hexameter maker, and was equal to writing the Armada epic; but, alas! he was, as Wood tells us, "a *débauché ad omnia*" and a bit of an atheist to boot—this settles *him*. Crashawe, another fine Latin scholar and sacred epigrammatist, author of one of the neatest pentameters ever made—

Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit—

was capable enough, but he was a Roman Catholic—that settles *him*; and so on through the whole list.

But some doubting reader may retort upon me with an unpleasant *quid pro quo*. I mean that somebody may presently discover something in our Romance which absolutely upsets the Miltonic authorship, and may say to me of Milton, "That settles *him*." I have often contemplated such a catastrophe. It is, of course, quite possible; no man's literary acumen is infallible—"not even a Junior Fellow of Trinity." But as yet I cannot see from what quarter the blow is to come, and therefore I *hopefully* send forth my book to the discerning criticism of the Republic of Letters. I say hopefully advisedly—I do not say *confidently*, for there may be gross incongruities of thought and diction in our Romance which would put Milton "out of court" at once and palpably, and I may have overlooked them. There is no reason why some one should not treat Milton's claims as I treated Crashawe's and May's. Milton can be "settled," for I once settled him myself. It was in this way.

There was a book ¹ published in 1697, containing a new poem attributed to Milton. I looked up this poem one day, and had not read far before I came to a line beginning with these words: "Noah be d——d." "Ah!" said I, "that settles *him*."

¹ *Poems on the Affairs of State, written by the Greatest Wits of the Age* (London, 1697).

Finally, there is a good Miltonic proof in our epic—viz. an undesigned coincidence of a distinct character. In Milton's third elegy, written when he was only seventeen, we find this line:

Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces

(i.e. "All Belgium wept for leaders that were lost"). But instead of using *Belgium*, which was the right name of the country, and had been so from Julius Caesar's time and earlier, Milton uses *Belgia*. His great literary opponent Salmasius does not fail to attack him for this in his very rare *Responsio ad Johannem Miltonum*, which he never lived to publish, but which was sent forth by his son in 1660. "Who is this Milton?" says Salmasius; "no one heard of him till his *Defensio pro populo Anglicano*. He boasts to his father that he was born a poet; but he is as bad a poet as he is a citizen, for he breaks the laws of metre as well as the laws of his country, and defies correct Latinity. Why, he puts *Belgia* for *Belgium*; he might just as well put *Gallium* for *Gallia*," etc.

Now, the remarkable coincidence is that in the Armada epic, i. 56, we have Mars telling King Philip of Spain that among the nations none can resist his might, with the one exception of Belgium:

Una tuos excussit Belgia fœrenos

and here again is that very word—that atrocious, peccant word—which raised the great scholar's scorn. Surely it is Milton who is the careless sinner, and no one else. *Belgia* is not to be found in the dictionary, but what matter that to Milton? He who had a religion of his own, a Pythagorean philosophy of his own, and a soul of his own (a "soul apart"), might well have a dictionary of his own too. And so he had, especially for proper names, whether of angels, devils, places, or countries. It was in this dictionary of his that he found the names for the four horses of Night—Melanchaetes, Siöpe, Acherontæus, and Phrix. Cf. *In Quintum Novembris*, 71, and the plant "Haemony" in *Comus*. But more will be said in the *Excursus* O (*Belgia*).

Whether Milton wrote the Armada epic at college or at Horton it does not seem possible to show with any certainty. But what Mr. Edmund Gosse remarks in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1900, is much to the point: "He [Milton] had become conscious of a mind made and set wholly on the accomplishment of greatest things. Nor was he much in doubt what form his work should take, 'in English or other tongue prosing or versing, but chiefly this later, the style by certain vital signs being likely to live.' In this solemn confidence, in this stately temper of self-consecration to the art of poetry, Milton left Cambridge toward the close of 1632."

Now, the "other tongue" would of course be *Latin* for although Milton could write Italian sonnets, there are no signs of his meditating any prolonged work in that language. I hold, therefore, that this Armada epic and that pastoral drama of Divine love which ends the Romance are fragments preserved to us of his great idea in college and Horton days. Later on, in 1639, his visit to Italy dispelled the idea as far as any great Latin achievement was concerned, and he turned his thoughts to his native language, but kept his youthful hobby in his desk, till it was "drawn" in 1648.

EXCURSUS D

TERROR'S LAUGH (ARMADA EPIC)

THE imagery of this passage is so unusually grand and lofty that it will be worth while to consider it more closely, and to compare it with similar fine passages of other poets. This will require the original Latin. We must remember that the angelic messenger, sent by Christ, had summoned the Awful Form from his weird northern cave, and had delivered to him by word of mouth the high commands of Heaven against the Spanish fleet. Then comes the passage in question :

Tali sermone ciebat

Laetantem nimium tantos miscere tumultus :
Ille fremens, quantum displosa tonitrua reddunt,
Et quantum freta quà sese gemina aequora rumpunt,
Horrendum attollit risum : tremit Arctica tellus,
Diffissaeque jugis rupes, aeternaque ponti
Fracta sono glacies, moto coelum axe tremiscit.
At non mortali turbatum voce ministrum
Pone premens, vasti sequitur super avia ponti, etc.

This piece of compressed sublimity I have expanded thus :

Than these no words could better please or move
The grisly King. Then, overjoyed to take
His share in such wild deeds, that awful Shape,
As answer, raised a peal most horrible
Of echoing laughter long and loud, far worse
Than rumbling roar of twin contending seas,
Or when the pregnant thunder-clouds displode
From hill to hill. A tremor ran along
The Arctic ground ; the mountain tops were rent
By that dread peal ; it flawed the eternal ice,
Thick as it lay upon the Cronian Sea ;

E'en Heaven itself did tremble to the pole.
 Not so the angel ; he, all undismayed
 By any earthly sound, led on the way
 Across the waste of unfrequented seas, etc.

The passage which most invites comparison with the above is Virgil's description of the awful shout that blind Polyphemus sent forth from the sea-shore when he heard his enemies rowing away in safety from his impotent rage. It is found in *Aeneid*, iii. 672, as follows :

Clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes
 Intremuere undae, penitusque exterrita tellus
 Italiae, curvisque immugiit Aetna cavernis.

Pope's rendering is :

With that he roared aloud : the dreadful cry
 Shakes earth, and air, and seas ; the billows fly
 Before the bellowing noise to distant Italy.
 The neighbouring Aetna trembling all around,
 The winding caverns echo to the sound.

Professor Conington's is :

To Heaven he lifts a monstrous roar
 Which sends a shudder through the waves,
 Shakes to its base the Italian shore,
 And echoing runs through Aetna's caves.

R. C. Singleton's is :

A thundering yell he lifts,
 Wherewith the deep and all the billows quaked,
 And inly frightened was Italia's land,
 And bellowed Aetna in its winding vaults.

There cannot be much doubt that it was this passage in Virgil that first suggested Terror's laugh to the author of *Nova Solyma*. In one case we have a terrific and mighty cry (*clamorem immensum tollit*) ; in the other it was an awful and horrible peal of laughter (*horrendum attollit risum*). The later author has been careful to retain the significant spondaic metre of the earlier one, and has, I will venture to say, improved upon him in the sublime details of the effects that followed. But to how few is

it given to improve upon Virgil! Milton was one, assuredly; but who is this unknown writer who bids for a place in so limited and select a class?

This conception too, that "e'en Heaven itself did tremble to the pole," is one that was congenial to Milton in his youth. This we know from his famous *Hymn on the Nativity*, where he is dealing poetically with "the wakeful trump of doom," truly a more formidable sound than the shout of the Cyclops or Terror's laugh. Here we have a similar thought:

The aged Earth aghast
With Terroure of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,

which is not very diverse from the *moto coelum axe tremiscit* of our text, especially when we remember that this *coelum* was not our Heaven as it is popularly conceived, but the Ptolemaic Heaven with its rather rigid constituents—the crystalline sphere and the impenetrable shell of the *primum mobile*.

And who was more likely to make "Heaven tremble to the pole" in his lofty rhyme than Milton, whom we find frequently referring to the "wheeling pole," the "dusky pole," the "starry pole," and in *Paradise Lost* (vii. 214) is so daringly sublime as to speak of—

Surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole?

What young man of that period, I ask again, was more likely to write of such a theme as these mighty tremors of the created worlds than he who in later years, in one poem alone, dwells four times on these sublime imaginings? First, when another "shape," worse indeed than Terror, for it was "fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell," shaking "a dreadful dart," come on to meet the "undaunted Fiend," we are told:

Hell trembled as he strode
(*Paradise Lost*, ii. 676);

and again a few lines farther on :

I fled and cried out "Death!"
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded "Death!"
(*Paradise Lost*, ii. 788.)

Here, surely, too, is the *curvisque immugiit Aetna cavernis* of the Polyphemus passage above, recalled by Milton in his blind old age.

The third passage is where God's great oath and promise of the future creation of man is pronounced before the assembled angels, or, as Milton so often calls them, gods :

So was His will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath
That shook Heaven's whole circumference confirmed.
(*Paradise Lost*, ii. 351.)

This, of course, can be traced back to Virgil first, and then Homer, whom Virgil imitated so often :

Annuit, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum
(*Aeneid*, ix. 106);

He said, and shook the skies with his imperial nod
(*Dryden*);

μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὀλυμπον
(*Iliad*, i. 530);

which last passage is thus expanded by Pope :

High Heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook

The fourth passage is perhaps best of all. It was when Adam took the apple, "fondly overcome with female charm," and "scrupled not to eat." Then came indeed a mighty tremor. We read :

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan.
(*Paradise Lost*, ix. 1,000.)

All these lofty ideas bear the stamp of one and the same unmistakable genius, and the ideas contained in the Latin

hexameters of this passage of the Armada epic seem to me to come from the same intellect, the same genius—the *genius Josephi*, as the author of *Nova Solyma* puts it—and Joseph is Milton, as we have seen repeatedly.

My translation is very inadequate, but I have done my best. I have added the epithet “Cronian” for the sake of euphony. There is no adjective to “sea” in the original Latin

Aeternaue ponti
Fracta sono glacies;

but the “sea” was the Polar Sea, and as Milton in *Paradise Lost* (x. 290) used “Cronian” for the same sea, I took the liberty to introduce it. Otherwise I have adhered to the sense of the original as closely as I could throughout.

As we have here been dealing with “Laughter” in its terrifying aspects, I would add that Milton is acknowledged to have surpassed all preceding and contemporary poets by his description of a “smile” in its most awful form :

And Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile.
(*Paradise Lost*, ii. 846.)

Homer tried (*Iliad*, vii. 212, of Ajax) :

μειδιῶν βλοσυροῖσι προσώπασι.

Statius tried (*Thebaid*, viii. 582, of Tydeus) : “formidabile ridens” ; and Cowley (*Davideis*, Book III., of Goliath) :

Th’ uncircumcised smiled grimly with disdain ;

while Ariosto and Tasso could rise no higher than the pretty expressions, “aspramente sorrise,” and “sorrise amaramente.” Truly, as Bishop Newton says, “Milton has greatly exceeded them all.”

May I also suggest that our concealed poet, our hidden Apelles-Milton, long mute and inglorious, has treated Terror’s laugh in even a grander and more effective fashion than our great known poet used with his “smile

of Death" in *Paradise Lost*? The only other descriptive passage that I have met with of a somewhat similar kind which can approach "Terror's laugh" in elegance and lofty thought is one in which the advent of the angel with joyful news to the shepherds of Bethlehem is thus poetically imagined :

Volat illa per auras
Obscura sub nocte nitens, gratantur eunti
Sidera, jam festas meditatur Luna choreas ;
Exultant Hyades : gaudet mutata Bootes
Plaustra auro, totosque auro fulgere juvencos.
Tunc primum visa est, miseri post fata parentis
Risisse Erigone et longum posuisse dolorem,
Armatoque ensis subducitur Orioni.

(Sannazar, *De partu Virginis*, iii. 118.)

Here we have a *L'Allegro* to compare with the terror and melancholy of "blackest midnight born" which greet us in the present passage of *Nova Solyma*. Both surely are fine: I leave it to the critical and classical taste of the reader to award the palm.

Very lately the highest in our land have been privileged to hear an echoing shout and blast—not of terror, but of praise and homage—which will long live in their memory. This time, as before, it was again called forth by an angel—the angel, in the Apocalyptic sense, of the Church in Canterbury. The scene was no longer a dark cave, but the ancient Abbey of Westminster, suddenly lit up as by an enchanter's wand.

"Sirs," said the Archbishop, "I here present unto you King Edward. Wherefore All you who are come this day to do your Homage, Are you willing to do the same?" Then rang forth through the Abbey the simultaneous shout of the Westminster boys, "God save King Edward"—a shout mingled with a trumpet-blast so loud and shrill—

That Thames did tremble underneath her banks
To bear the replication of the sound
Made in her concave shores.

May such like loyal shouts never be done away with in our great earthly Fatherland!

EXCURSUS E

THE ANGEL-SWAN SIMILE (ARMADA EPIC)

IN this simile, which is one of the finest in the whole book, we have a remarkable foreshadowing of a grand comparison afterwards used with great effect in *Paradise Lost*. As being thus connected with the question of authorship, it is worth our while to consider it more closely.

In the Armada epic, Part II., we are told how the angelic hosts were summoned forth in their hierarchies to gather themselves together against the foe :

Onward they fly, their King in burning rows
Encompassing, the while they echo forth
One joyful concent of celestial song.

Then comes the fine "angel-swan simile" :

As when swans, sated, in long order rise
From off their feeding-grounds to meet the skies,
Then hear we, from their numerous liquid throats,
An airy charm of such melodious notes,
So high-resounding that it seems to be
A challenge to the stars' sweet harmony.

So passed the angelic throng, and this is the cultured classical form in which the author expressed it in *Nova Solyma* :

Cum totidem pasti fugiunt ad nubila cygni,
Ordine surgentes longo, caeloque volantes
Solvunt ora modis, perque humida colla canoros
Effingunt numeros, et sydera voce lacesunt.

Now this, we find, is evidently taken from Virgil, and, as usual, improved in the borrowing. Virgil is referring to an army uniformly moving in harmonious order, singing

as they march the praises of their king. He likens them to swans :

Ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cygni
Cum sese e pastu referunt, et longe canoros
Dant per colla modos.

(*Aeneid*, vii. 698-701.)

Milton, in his blind old age, recalling this and the other army and bird similes of classic antiquity (*Iliad*, ii. 459, iii. 2 ; *Aeneid*, x. 264), left to the world for all time his own attempt, and if he therein robbed them, he has left us rich indeed. He is speaking of the "bright legions" that "stood for Heaven" against "that godless crew rebellious." Raphael says to Adam :

On they move
Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread. As when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summoned over Eden to receive
Their names of thee.

(*Paradise Lost*, vi. 86-76.)

My readers need only glance through the references I have given to their old school classics, and they will see at once how very far Milton has surpassed his ancient models both in the propriety and sublimity of his simile—in propriety, because the angelic battalions were moving through the air "high above the ground," and therefore much more like birds than were the warlike hosts of classic times ; in sublimity because Milton presents to us "the total kind of birds," which more vividly expresses the thronging thousands of angels in their different orders than does the classic simile of one particular kind of bird, whether swans or cranes.

And now I come to my point, for I hold that not only did Milton, when old and blind surpass the classic models then lying absorbed in his retentive brain, but that the same Milton, when in the "heat of youth" and early

scholarship, did in a similar way surpass those same classic models in the Armada epic of *Nova Solyma*. He was then an unknown Joseph, an undiscerned Apelles, and has remained so till now, but his methods were the methods of a Milton. There was the propriety of the simile, just as above—the winged angels thronging through the air with joyful cries, truly more like an army of birds than men. And there was the sublimity as well, for the birds, though there were nought but swans, yet the liquid notes that passed the easy channels of their throats were such as seemed to vie with Heaven's sweetest music—the music of the spheres. *Sydera voce lacessunt*, they challenge the quiring orbs on high! they provoke to rivalry the music of the spheres, the sirens of Plato and Pythagoras! O Joseph-Apelles-Milton, thou hast disclosed thyself! For who was it who discoursed so creditably and learnedly in the *Scholae Publicae* of Cambridge, and took for his subject "the Music of the Spheres" ("*de Sphaerarum Concentu*")? Who was it that, even while life's young blood was warm, was fain to say that if we lived chaste and pure as did Pythagoras, we might perchance now be blessed with the hearing of those sweetest of all sounds (*suavissima illa stellarum circumeuntium musica*)?¹ It was even thou, O Lady of Christ's, pure and fair—thou who in thy youth didst first, in *Nova Solyma*, show forth, as from behind a screen, that lofty genius and those noble thoughts that did possess thee, first in the Latin tongue and through the heroic and lyric beauties of the Latin Muse, and then, at last, in thy blind old age, in thine own vernacular, our glorious English tongue, that had in thee so noble an exponent and has since thy time spread so far—

Beyond the seas, and over all the earth.

But whether Latin or English, whether in late or early years, whether in *Nova Solyma* or in *Paradise Lost*, the young-eyed cherubim in "mighty regencies" and "burning rows" were ever there. They were the darlings of the

¹ *Opera*, Latin ed., 1698, iii. 345.

poet's brain, both first and last : Ergotheus, Opsitheus, Dorotheus,—Ithuriel, Abdiel, Uzziel. Early they were with him—

In college rooms and Horton's fields among ;

and later in life when—oh the pity of it!—he had to take—

His sightless Muse to Chalfont's safe retreat.

Still, as I believe, first and last, these ethereal forms were ever present to the poet's inner eye—

Winging their way athwart the ambient air.

These early soarings above the Aonian mount, which we meet with in our poet's first *magnum opus*, were in a certain sense, like the last, "made in the dark," for they were anonymous, and the author was as careful as he could be that no light, either internal or external, should reveal the personality behind the screen. I have tried to apply the search-light after nearly three hundred years of dim obscurity, and to me the strange, unnoticed figure seems to stand out now in bold relief with the clear-cut and well-known lineaments of one of my most illustrious countrymen. It may be a case of mistaken identity—if so, I shall soon be told of it ; meanwhile, the search-light process has at least given me many happy hours.

EXCURSUS F

THE JEWS (IN 1648) AND *NOVA SOLYMA*

THE unusual Jewish elements in this Romance require some notice.

There were no Jews in England in 1648 except furtively, nor had there been any allowed to settle since their expulsion three hundred and fifty years before, nor were they, as a people, a subject of much interest to the untravelled Englishman, who most likely had hardly ever seen one face to face. However, as a result of the general impulse given to Letters by the Renaissance in the fifteenth century, and the Reformation in the sixteenth, the Hebrew language and literature began to be diffused through the literary world, and especially did this knowledge advance by leaps and bounds in the period 1600-50. It was a favourite study with the Puritan ministers, and the Messianic hopes and promises of the Scriptures and rabbinical books were much dwelt upon by them, and towards the middle of the century (1644) there began a great ferment among the Jews on a report that large numbers of them (presumably the ten tribes) had been found in America, and many learned rabbis and others began to think the time of their return to their own land was not far off. John Sadler, Town Clerk of London, friend of Hartlib and Cromwell, and most likely of Milton and Durie also, says there was an old prediction in their Zohar which fixed the time for the year 1648. The Zohar gave 5408 (= 1648 A.D.). In fact, both Puritans and sectaries began to take the greatest interest in Jewish Messianic matters just before King Charles I. was executed, for they were most of them thinking of some new reformed

commonwealth, some new communion of saints, some Macarian republic, some peaceable kingdom of Truth and Justice, which should not be overturned by malignant men, and they connected the Restoration of Israel with this scripturally. That was one reason why Sadler and Cromwell and others were favourable to the Jews coming back to England, for it was thought that they must be dispersed throughout all the world before the Lord should return to set up His millennial kingdom, and thus England stopped the way for the coming One. On January 5th, 1648-9, only a few days before the King's execution, a petition was presented to the High Council and State in favour of the Jews' return to England, and was well received, but of course at that critical time other matters took precedence. We know, too, that in later life Milton thought that the whole twelve tribes would return to Zion, and at the period that *Nova Solyma* was printed he was in close connection with the Durie-Hartlib-Sadler coterie, one member of which (Hartlib) wrote *Macaria, the Prosperous Kingdom*, another (Sadler) wrote *Olbia, the Happy Kingdom*, with Hartlib's name on the title-page, and the third (Durie) wrote *The Commonwealth of Israel* (1650) and *Israel's Call to March to Jerusalem* (1646). So I think no one need be surprised that Milton, their fellow-labourer and sympathiser in many of their projects, should in 1648 anonymously (an old custom with him) commit to the world *Nova Solyma*, his idea of *The New and Happy Commonwealth*.

Moreover, Milton at this time had quite left the Presbyterian party, being disgusted with their State Church policy and want of toleration, and had joined himself to the Independents and Cromwellians of the army. Now, all these would be inclined to look with favour upon the resettlement or other privileges asked for by the Jews, for their view was this :

Whatever strange opinions any religious congregation or body might hold, so long as the members did not claim a share of political authority, and did not break the public peace, or show themselves notorious evil livers, then

Cromwell and his associates were willing to give them free scope for themselves. Especially was this the case with the Jews, and the arguments accepted in their favour were both religious and commercial.

The Millennium was at hand, and it was mainly England that delayed it. Jews were to be found everywhere else, even in America, so it was reported, and therefore it was to the inestimable advantage of England that she should not prevent the fulfilment of the "Hope of Israel" and the ardent desire of God's people throughout the world.

Others took the commercial view.

Roger Williams, who was one of John Milton's personal friends, thought that Jews may make good citizens, though heretics.

Hugh Peters, Cromwell's famous army chaplain, partly took the commercial view, and was in favour of the readmission of the Jews on the score of national advantage, and partly "that it may not be said we pray for their conversion with whom we will not converse."

John Sadler, M.P., and Town Clerk of London, a friend of Hartlib's and much esteemed by Oliver Cromwell, was a champion for the Jews on more than one occasion in Parliament and in Committee, and his protection was of considerable service in the debates.

Hartlib, who lived for a long period in Duke's Place, was thus, so to speak, in the very centre of the small colony of the crypto-Jews, or Marranos, who had settled as merchants in London in the latter part of the reign of Charles I., and it is most improbable that a man so fond of foreign correspondence and Continental news as was Hartlib should fail to make frequent acquaintance with members of such a colony. Now, Hartlib had been a great friend of Milton's from 1644 and earlier, and we may reasonably infer from Milton's remarks in the Letter on Education that they had frequent talks and discussions together.

Then there was Moses Wall, a learned scholar and ardent Republican, who translated and edited Menasseh ben Israel's *Hope of Israel* for the English people

(1649-50). He was another friend of Hartlib's, as we learn from Worthington's Diary, and had also a correspondence with Milton which has been preserved, and is given by Masson.

These little facts may not seem much by themselves, but, taken together, I hold they certainly show the likelihood that Milton should take interest in the restoration of the Jews to Zion, and should introduce the subject into a romance. Moreover, he was a good Hebrew scholar, and one who was well read in the rabbinic fancies, and a most ardent Republican who certainly wished for no king but King Jesus, and His kingdom was not to come till the Jews should return. Again, there was no other first-rate Latinist in England who took any special interest in Jews at all, as far as I can remember; indeed, it was only such people as the Independents, Fifth Monarchy men, Traskites, and the Millennarian believers who so much as mentioned the subject.

Now, no man of high classic culture and fine poetical instinct had anything to do with such enthusiasts or their books except John Milton. He began to separate himself from the Presbyterians gradually about the years 1644-5, and Professor Masson believes "that could Milton's acquaintanceships in London be traced onwards and recovered, they would be found to have been chiefly among the Independents, Anabaptists, Antinomians, Seekers, and other Tolerationists." Captain Hobson, the husband of Lady Mary Ley, was a great friend, and their house was a centre of union for people of liberal principles. Roger Williams was an acquaintance about this time, and later possibly John Goodwin and Paul Best; but, at any rate, one can hardly doubt that the works of any ingenious or daring innovators in the sphere of religion would be well known to Milton, either by personal perusal or through the channels of conversation.

I think that all who are in any degree acquainted with the rise and progress of religious enquiry in John Milton will think the Professor's surmise accurately founded. Anyhow, it strengthens my *Nova Solyma* theory. For the

author of that Romance, who tells us that he had revised it from time to time, and leads us to infer that the last revision was a recent one, was certainly a man of many heretical and sectarian views, although they were not prominently brought forth in the book, which was written for another purpose than that of defending heresy. The author of *Nova Solyma* was against the baptism of infants, a believer in the mortality of the soul—or, rather, its sleep till the Resurrection—and had many similar opinions alluded to elsewhere. But so had Milton at this time, although no one thought of such a thing for quite a hundred and fifty years after his death. Indeed, the suggestion would have been ridiculed; but his posthumous work, discovered in 1825, changed all that, and now we have *Nova Solyma* corroborating very strongly.

So far, then, as to the interest taken by the sects and enthusiasts generally in the question of the Jews' return to the Holy Land in 1648, the time when *Nova Solyma* was published. This may have been one of the causes helping to draw the book forth from its author's keeping at that time, and perhaps revise it; but according to internal evidence it was mainly written many years before, when the author was a much younger man (*in aestu juventutis*). Was there anything to prompt him to take up such an unusual subject in those earlier days? I think there was. A scarce book in my library has led me to this opinion.

In 1621, when Milton was thirteen years old, there was published by William Gouge, B.D., and Preacher of God's Word in Blackfriars, London, an anonymous work of 244 pages in quarto entitled *The Calling of the JEWS*, in which is predicted a world-wide empire for them very soon. In the Epistle Dedicatory "to all the Seed of Jacob, farre and wide dispersed," the last words were: "Thou shalt sit as a Lady in the Mount of comelinesse, that hill of beauty, the true Tsion, and heavenly Jerusalem, to the worlde's admiration. And for myselfe, I shall thinke, I reape abundant fruit of these my travailes, if in the day of thy rejoycing, in the day of the gladnes of thy heart, when God shall doe these great things for thee, it may be sayd

that I have layd one stone, (say it be but a peble stone) toward thy spirituall building."

The contents and purport of the book caused King James to consider it a libel, and consequently when the anonymous author was discovered to be Sir Henry Finch, he was at once arrested, in April, 1621, but was set at liberty on disavowing all portions of the work that might be construed as derogatory to the sovereign. The book was suppressed, and became extremely rare. It caused considerable sensation at the time. Mr. Joseph Mede (of Milton's college at Cambridge) writes to Mr. Stuteville on April 17th, 1621, concerning the book, and says he cannot but feel inclined to assent to the arguments. "God forgive me if it be a sin, but I have thought so many a day."

What touched King James was the thought of having to go to Jerusalem to do homage. As Mede says: "The King says he shall be a pure King, and he is so auld that he cannot tell how to do his homage at Jerusalem."

Laud, too, in a sermon in July, 1621, took occasion to animadvert on the book, and no doubt the Puritans would be the chief sympathisers with its arguments and language.

What could be more likely than for young Milton to hear of it in his home circle, and to hear also the opinion of Thomas Young, who had now (1621) been his Puritan tutor for more than two years? I merely suggest this for what it is worth. For Sir Henry Finch, see *National Dictionary of Biography*, s.v.

Since the above was written there has been published an excellent account of the mission of the Jews to Oliver Cromwell in the person of Menasseh ben Israel in 1656, and a good selection of documents connected with it. It is written by Lucien Wolf for the Jewish Historical Society, and gives the English reader all that is to be found on this interesting subject. But with regard to the present Romance, which is as much unknown, I suppose, to the Jewish Historical Society as it is to the rest of the world, I found nothing to add to the account already written.

However, I ought to state here that in course of further reading I have discovered that the Jews were more numerous in England towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and also during James I.'s time, and when Milton was at college (1625-32), than I had supposed. I think it is clear that the "Lombards," as the money-lenders of the aristocracy and youthful spendthrifts were termed, were very many of them Jews. Generally, no doubt, they were "concealed" Jews, but there is also some evidence of professed Jews who managed to live in England for some time without molestation. For instance, in Elizabethan times there is the case of a Jew named Jeochim (Joachim?) Gaunz (c. 1581), and the better-known case of the famous Rodrigo Lopez, who, seeing that he married a wealthy Jewess of Antwerp, was probably a professed Jew. Shylock, the play called the *Jew of Malta*, and other productions of the Elizabethan dramatists point the same way.

In 1581 Jeochim Gaunz proposed to the government new methods of manufacturing copperas and vitriol, and of smelting copper and lead. He made experiments in the mining district of Keswick, in Cumberland. For eight years he lived in Blackfriars, but in September, 1589, he visited Bristol, and Richard Crawley, a minister there, finding he could speak Hebrew, and himself knowing somewhat of that language, these two had discussions often on various subjects. Eventually it came out that Gaunz disbelieved in the divinity of Christ, and admitted he was a Jew, born in Prague, strictly brought up in the Talmud, never baptised, and did not believe any articles of the Christian faith. He was brought before the magistrates of Bristol, and they, in doubt how to deal with him, sent him to the Privy Council at Whitehall, and he was probably banished.

But it looks as if 1618 may be fixed as a period when Jews began to be more numerous than formerly in England, for in that year the section in the *Statutum de Piscatoribus* prohibiting Christians from buying meat from Jews appears for the first time.

Anyhow, in 1625 a rare tract entitled *The Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen* (reprinted in J. O. Halliwell's *Books of Character*, London, 1857) positively asserts that "a store of Jews we have in England; a few in Court, many i' th' citty, more in the country."

Among the Jews "in the country," the most interesting was the young Jewish teacher at Oxford Jacob Barnett. Dr. Kilbye, Regius Professor of Hebrew, gave his sanction to Barnett's teaching of Hebrew to the students. Isaac Casaubon met Barnett in 1613, when he was on a visit to Oxford, and was much struck by the young Jew's learning and natural capacity. He read Hebrew with Barnett (who, fortunately for Casaubon, knew Latin), and eventually induced him to come to London and live with him. After a little time with Casaubon in London the Jew showed favourable signs of embracing Christianity, and Casaubon, making considerable flourish of trumpets over so distinguished a convert, arranged with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Kilbye, the Regius Professor, to have a grand University function on the day of this famous Jew's baptism. The Archbishop ordered a special sermon, and the Vice-Chancellor named a special preacher. But when the great day arrived the Jew had vanished suddenly, and the ceremony thus ended in a disappointing fiasco. The prepared sermon was changed by the resourceful preacher into a violent tirade against Jewish perfidy, and the country was scoured by horse and foot to find the missing man. He was caught on the road to London, put in gaol by the Vice-Chancellor, and eventually banished from the country.

On the other side the Jews made converts, it seems, more successfully. In 1624 James Whitehall, of Christ Church, Oxford, was persecuted for preaching Judaism (*Cal. State Papers*, 1623-5, p. 435), and there are some Englishmen who found about this time (1623 and 1625) their final earthly resting-place in the Jewish cemetery at Amsterdam.

Mr. Lucien Wolf gives many interesting facts about pre-Cromwellian Jews in *The Middle Age of Anglo-*

Jewish History, (London, 1889), and I thankfully acknowledge my obligations to him for some of the foregoing instances.

I remember, too, that Professor Thorold Rogers wrote to *The Academy* some years ago, stating that he believed that a colony of Jews had been sheltered in Oxford from the days of the expulsion (!), and that they shrunk to a very small number at last, and that eventually the remaining relics were scattered when a calamitous fire occurred in their quarter, then called Pennyfarthing Street, "a name," he says, "since altered by a stupid and ignorant Local Board to Pembroke Street."

The Professor may be right as to his rather remarkable idea of the Jews remaining in Oxford through all those eventful centuries unnoticed and unknown, unharried by either town or gown ; but, personally, I feel rather doubtful about this statement, nor am I so sure that his Oxford Local Board was so stupid as he wishes to make out. If any members of that Local Board owned property in Pennyfarthing Street, I should consider them very wide-awake in what they did. Their rents would go up, their empty houses would be let, their balance at their bankers would be larger. Pennyfarthing Street, indeed ! What an address to have on a visiting card ! What genteel family would even take apartments in such a mean street ?

Lastly, there was a Jew named Antonio de Verona (probably not converted), who was known to the authorities of both Universities during the years 1623-6, when Milton was beginning his college career. He was a *protégé* of Queen Henrietta Maria, and probably known to her as a friend of Felix Montalto, her mother's trusted Hebrew physician. Montalto and his brother Amatus Lusitanus resided at Verona in their early years.

Such, then, was the status of the Jew in 1648. How vastly different from what it is in this beginning of the twentieth century wherein we live ! A wondrous tale could be unfolded of wealth, influence, and progress in some countries, and of almost unparalleled misery and

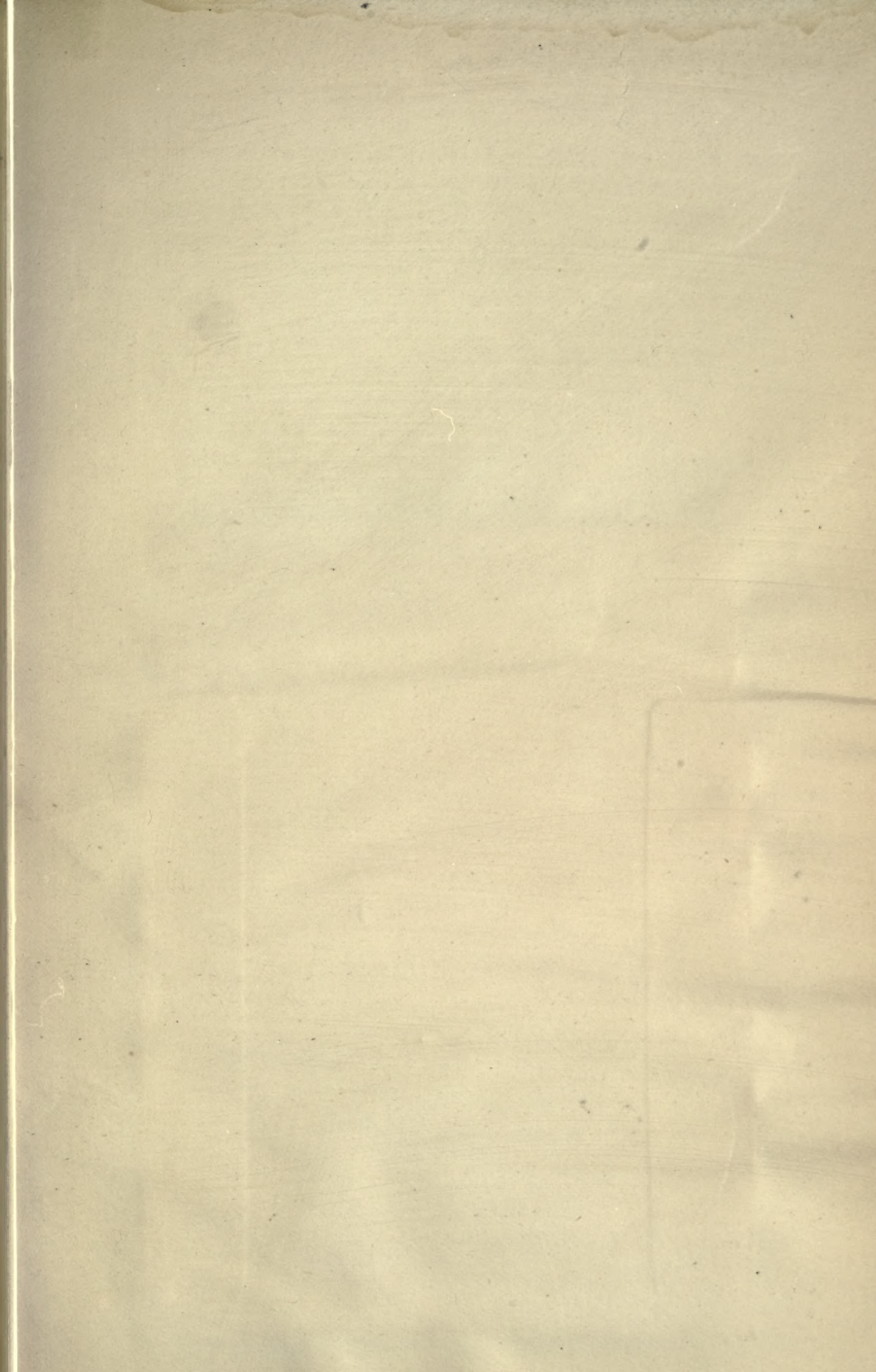
injustice in others, but it does not belong to my subject. What is more in accordance with *Nova Solyma* is the question whether the Hope of Israel be the same or different from what is assumed in the present Romance. That is to say, does modern Jewry long for a New Zion in their own Fatherland? Do thoughts of a Nova Solyma ever enter into the musings of Israel nowadays? Yes, they do; it cannot be denied. Five annual Congresses have borne sure witness to the fact. In spite of the love of mere wealth and materialistic comfort which are such noted features of the modern low-class Jew who has made his pile, there are yet many among the children of Israel who have their faces turned towards Zion, and look forward to the redemption of Israel and to the bringing back of the dispersed among the Gentiles "to their own land." Zionism is in the air just now more than it has been for many, many generations, and it "aims at establishing for the Jewish people a publicly and legally assured home in Palestine."

This is the general definition of the Zionistic projects accepted unanimously at the morning session of the first Congress at Basel, August 30th, 1897. There have been now five Congresses and no real alteration of the original project. The additions to it accepted and promoted from time to time, such as the Jewish Colonial Bank and the Jewish National Fund, have all been in the direction of occupying their old Fatherland and of making therein a New Zion of Refuge. Agriculture is put more to the front in the present-day projects than Milton places it in *his* New Jerusalem Romance, but otherwise there are some interesting points of agreement between the *Nova Solyma* of 1648 and the New Zion of the five Congresses, as modern Jews look upon the scheme.

Even so short a time ago as September 10th, 1902, there was a well-attended demonstration in favour of the Zionist movement in one of our largest north-western cities, and a prominent speaker remarked: "If the Jews were enabled to return to the land ever associated with them, they would not be celebrated for big armies and

navies or great commercial trusts, but would produce a social condition of things, a form of government from which the world might perhaps take a model." If the author of *Nova Solyma* could have been present in the flesh, how he would have rejoiced to hear that speaker's augury, for it was just another such augury as we find accomplished and described in this present work.

END OF VOL. I.



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